

No. 16
FALL
ISSUE

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE



Leading COMICS



featuring
NERO FOX
THE JIVE-JUMPING
EMPEROR OF
ANCIENT ROME!

QUIET!

MY CHILDREN
ARE **ASLEEP**
IN HERE!



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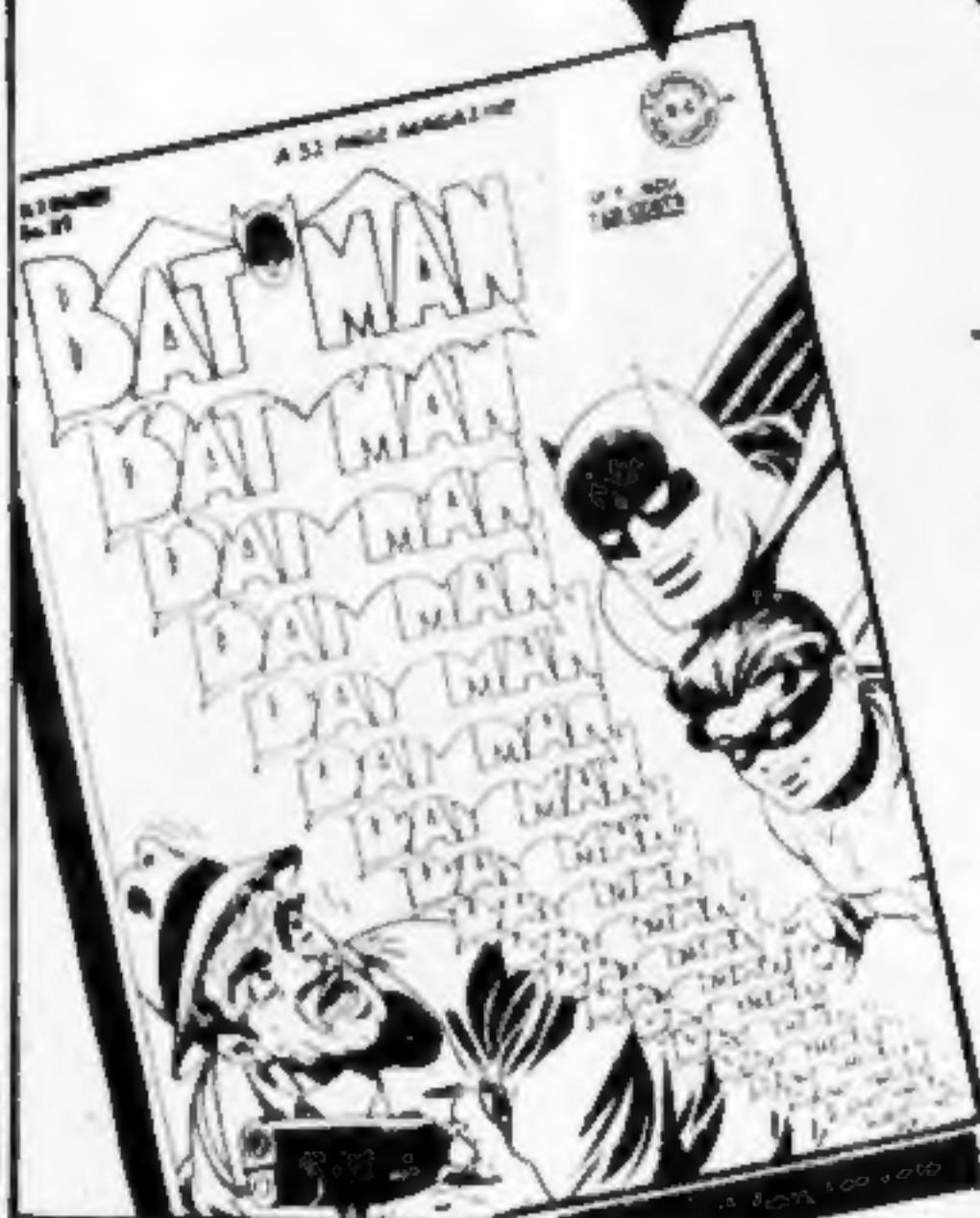
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trademark as your guarantee of
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ACTION COMICS
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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



is for
BEAVER

WHO CHEWS TREES
AND BARK
BUT WHEN HE'S
REAL "CHEWSEY"
HE LOOKS FOR
THIS MARK!



- ON THE COVER OF
BATMAN
FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN **ANY**
COMIC
MAGAZINE!

NERO FOX

SCREE

BLAD
BLAHOOOOO



THIS WISE OLD WORLD HAS WITNESSED MANY A DUEL, BUT WE'LL BET A SUGAR-COATED COOKIE THAT NEVER ON THE FIELD OF HONOR WAS THERE SUCH A COMBAT AS WHEN **NERO FOX**, RHYTHM-MAD RULER OF ROME, CHALLENGED HOTCIO LIPSICUS TO A JAM FEST WITH NO NOTES BARRED, THEREBY EXPOSING HIMSELF TO THE PERFIDIOUS PLOT OF...
"TREACHERY ON THE HIGH 'C's!"

HUZZA!

'RAY FOR NERO!

BRAVO!



NERO FOX, EMPEROR, AND UNDISPUTED JIVE-DIGGER OF THE CITY OF SEVEN HILLS, HEARS THE WORST...

YOUR EXCELLENCY, I HAVE BAD NEWS TO REPORT!

IF IT'S BAD, IT ISN'T NEWS—BUT GO AHEAD, BARKUS. WHAT IS IT?



THERE ARE RUMORS THAT THERE IS A PLAN AFOOT TO BOOT YOU OUT OF THE EMPEROR-SHIP! BUT I CAN'T DISCOVER WHAT THE PLAN IS!

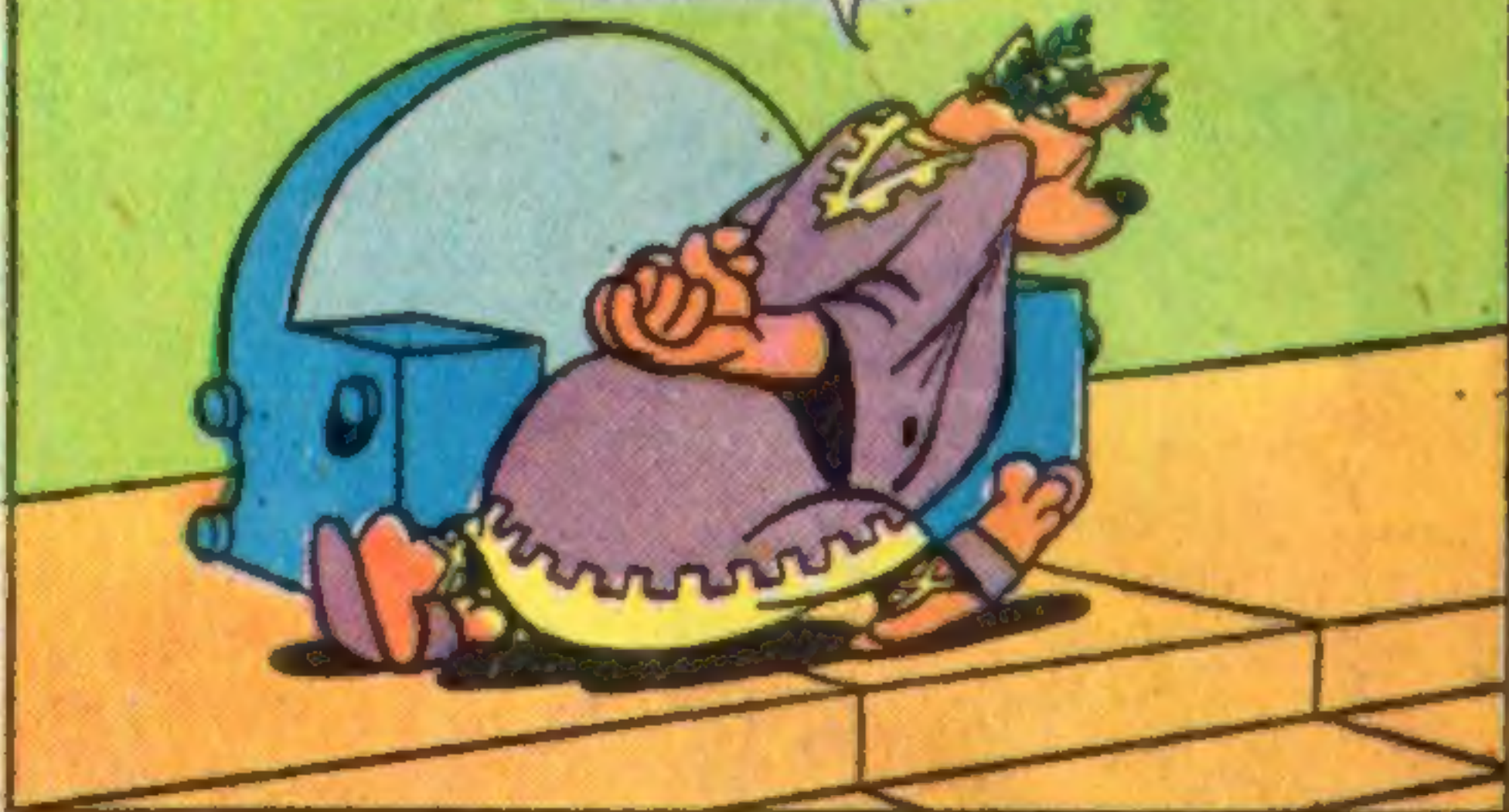
I'LL BET SOME ONE'S SORE OVER MY TAKING SUCH A BIG CUT OFF THE JUKE-BOX CONCESSIONS. BEGONE, BARKUS. I MUST THINK THIS OUT.



LET'S SEE NOW...
WHO COULD IT BE??



AS THOUGH IT WERENT ENOUGH TROUBLE
THINKING UP FRESH WAYS TO GYP THE
POPULACE, WITHOUT THIS DE-EMPERORIZING
BUSINESS COMING UP!



I HAVE IT! THAT NEW
COMBINATION OF RIFF,
STICKY-MACK AND WA WA
I COMPOSED ON THE GOBBLE-
PIPE IS BOUND TO WIN
OVER THE MOST
REVOLUTIONARY
SOULS!

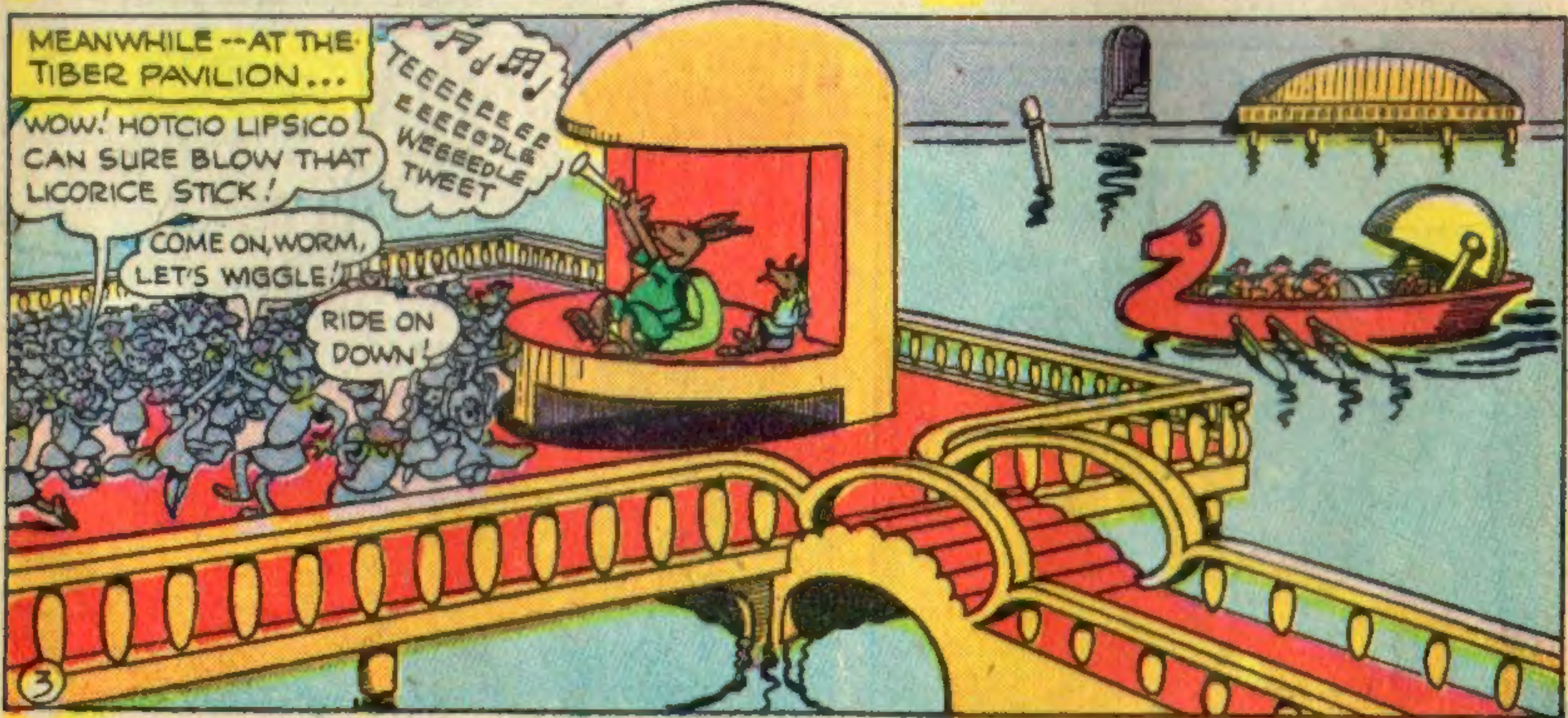
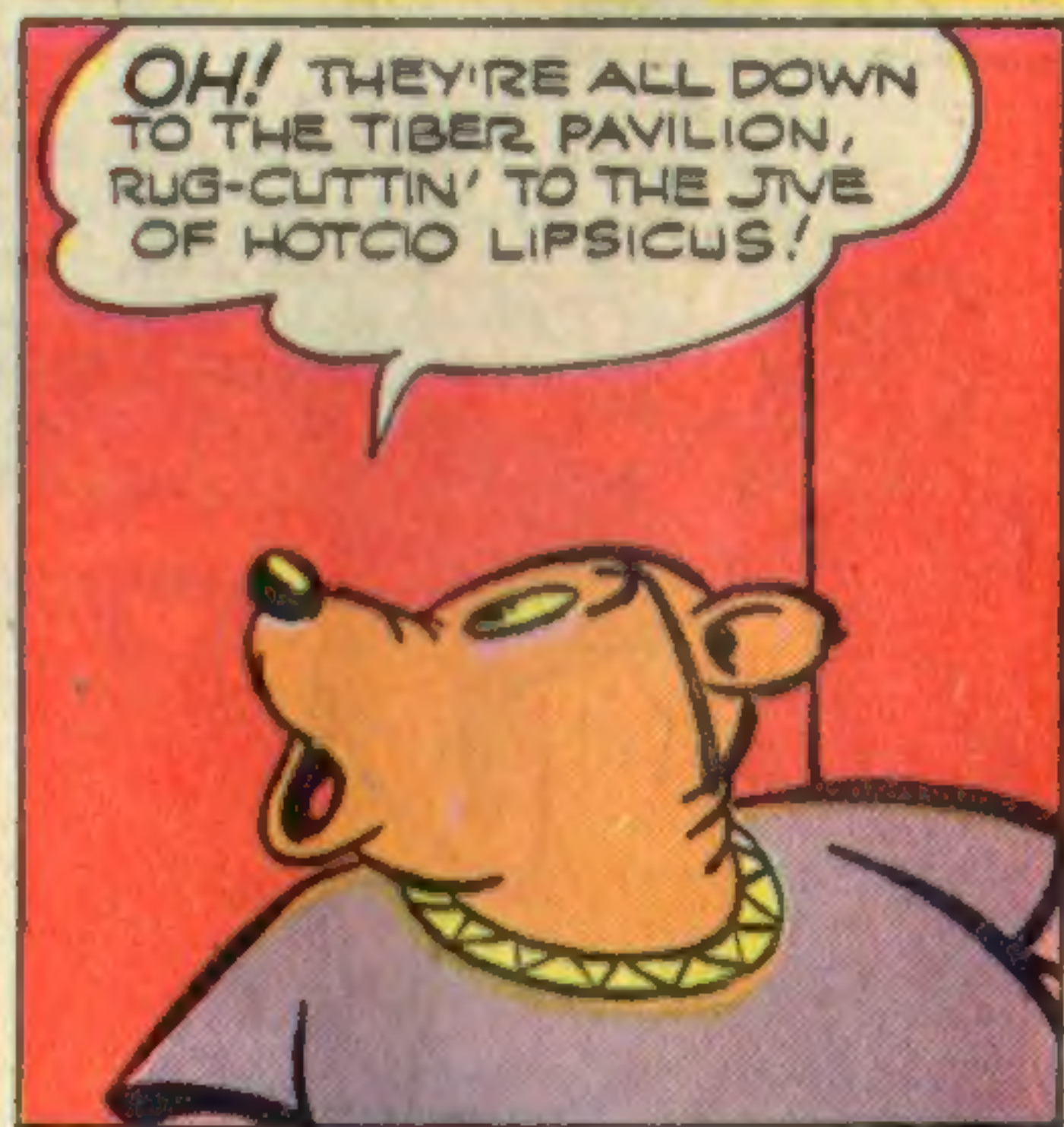


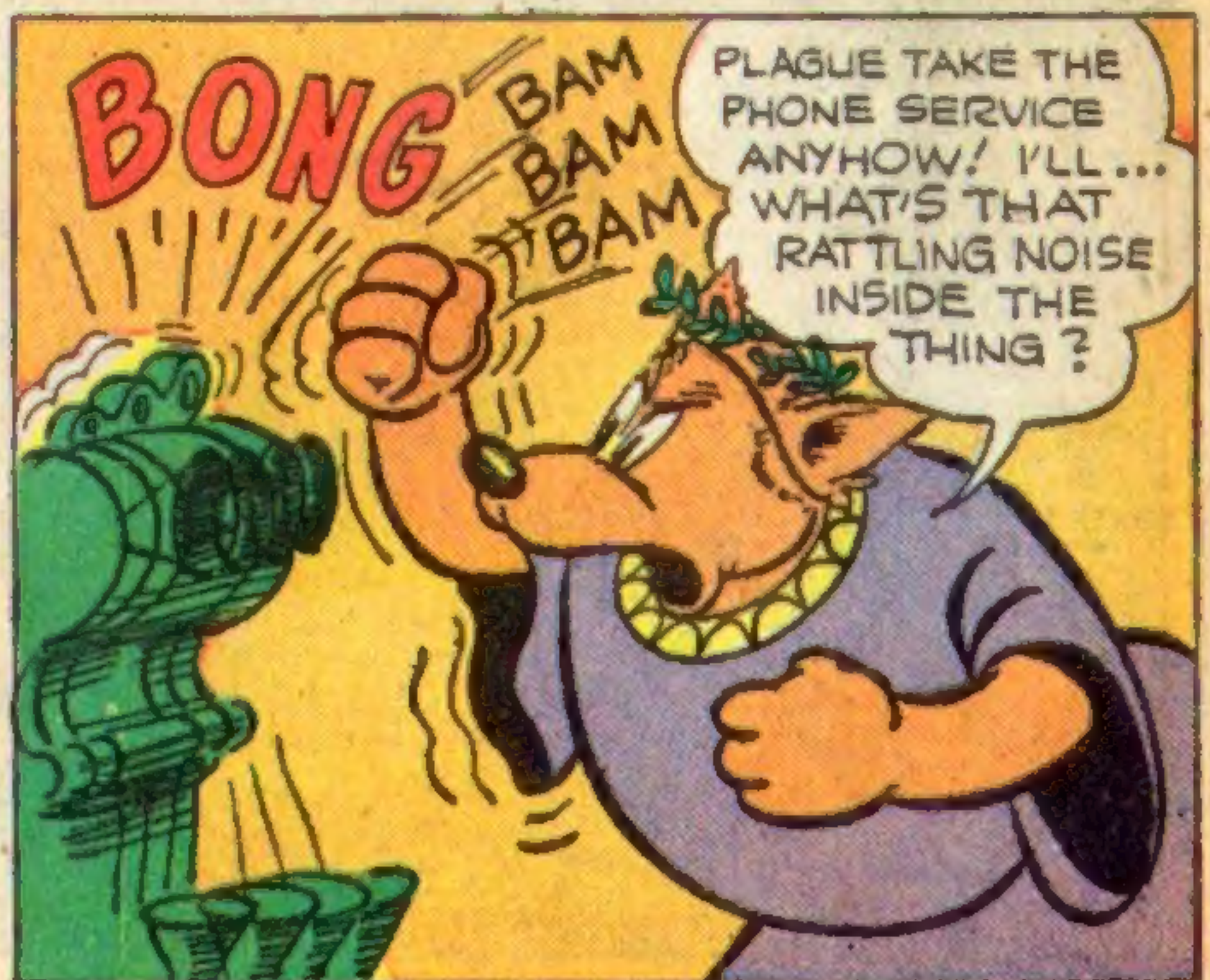
NO WONDER ???

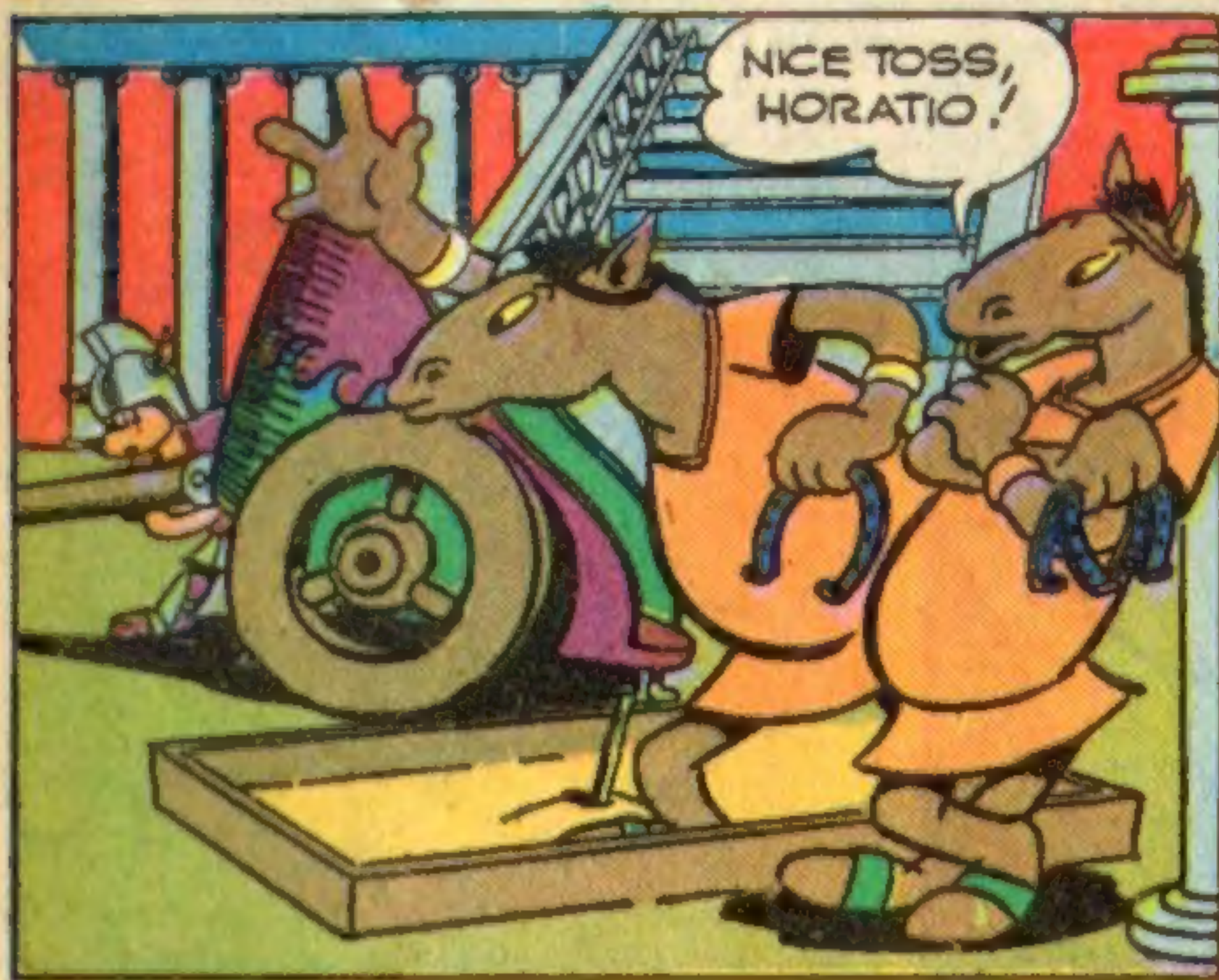
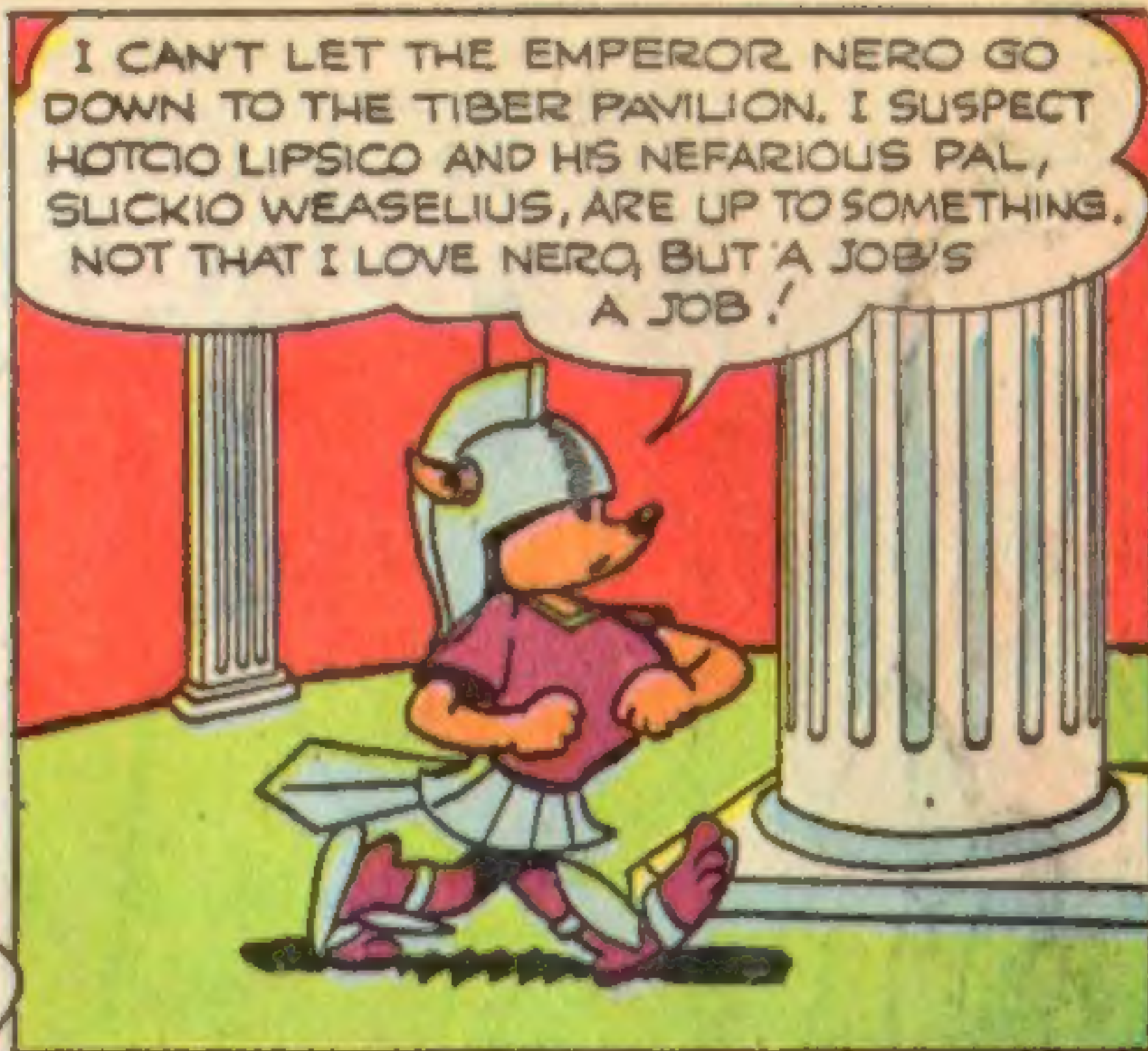
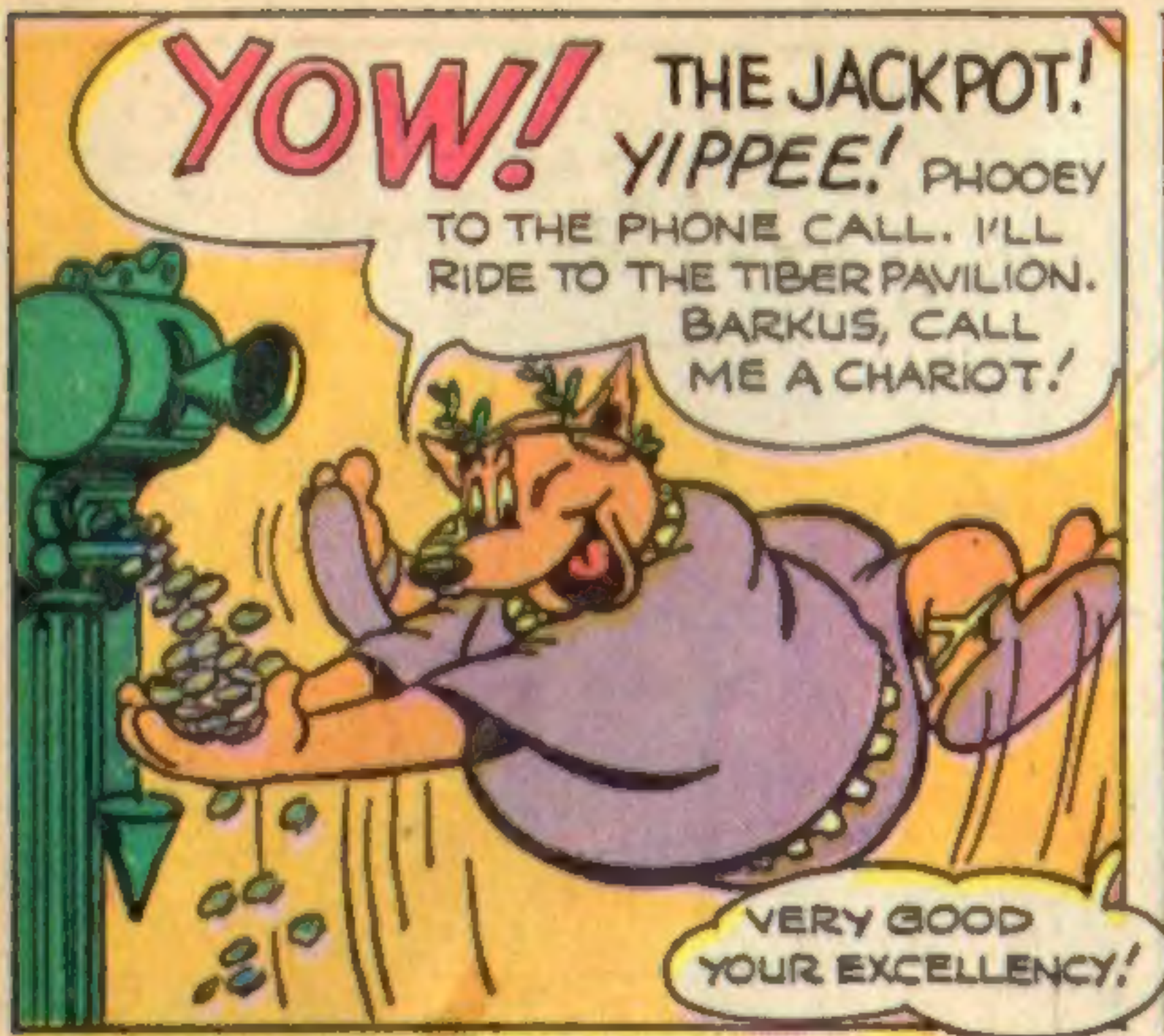


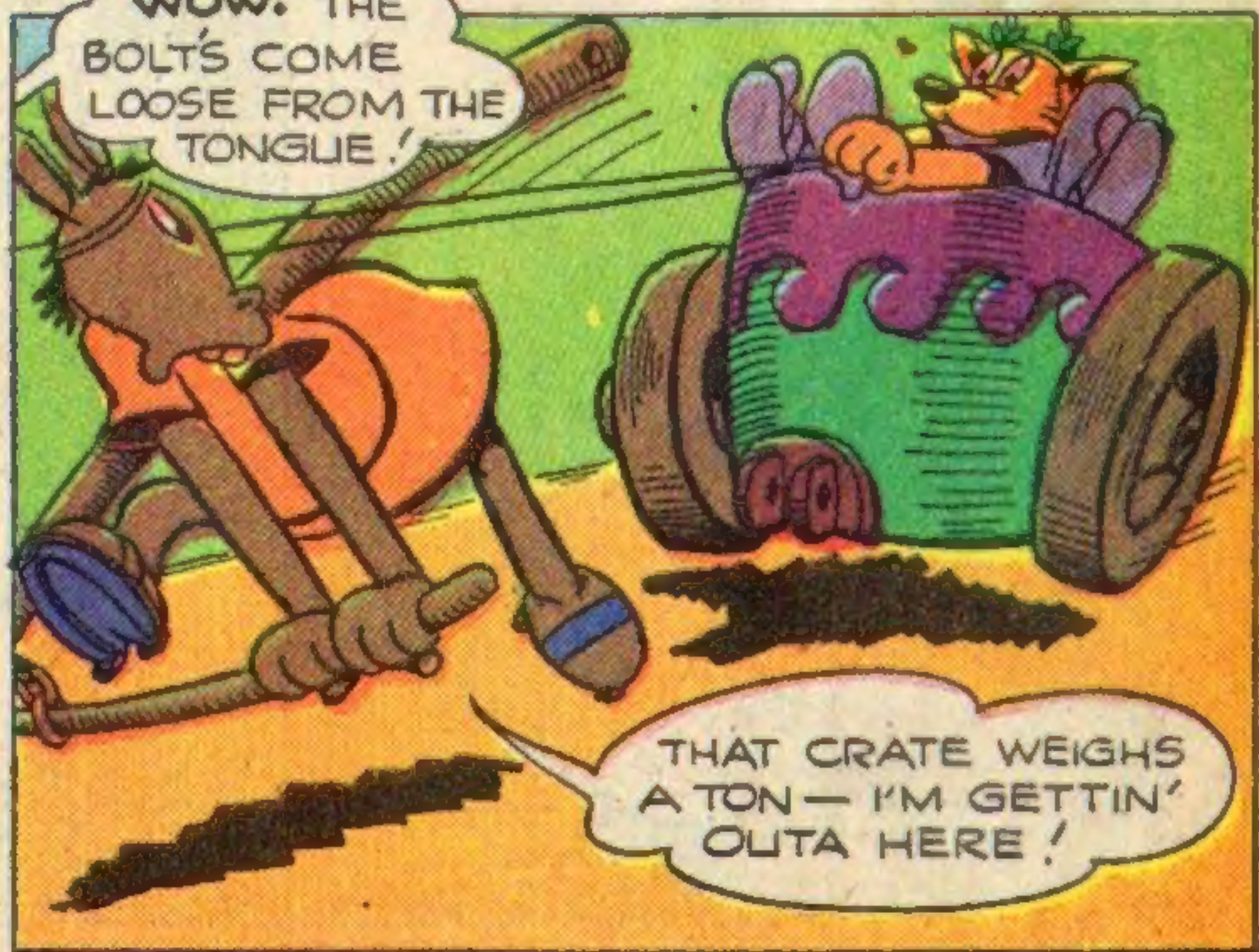
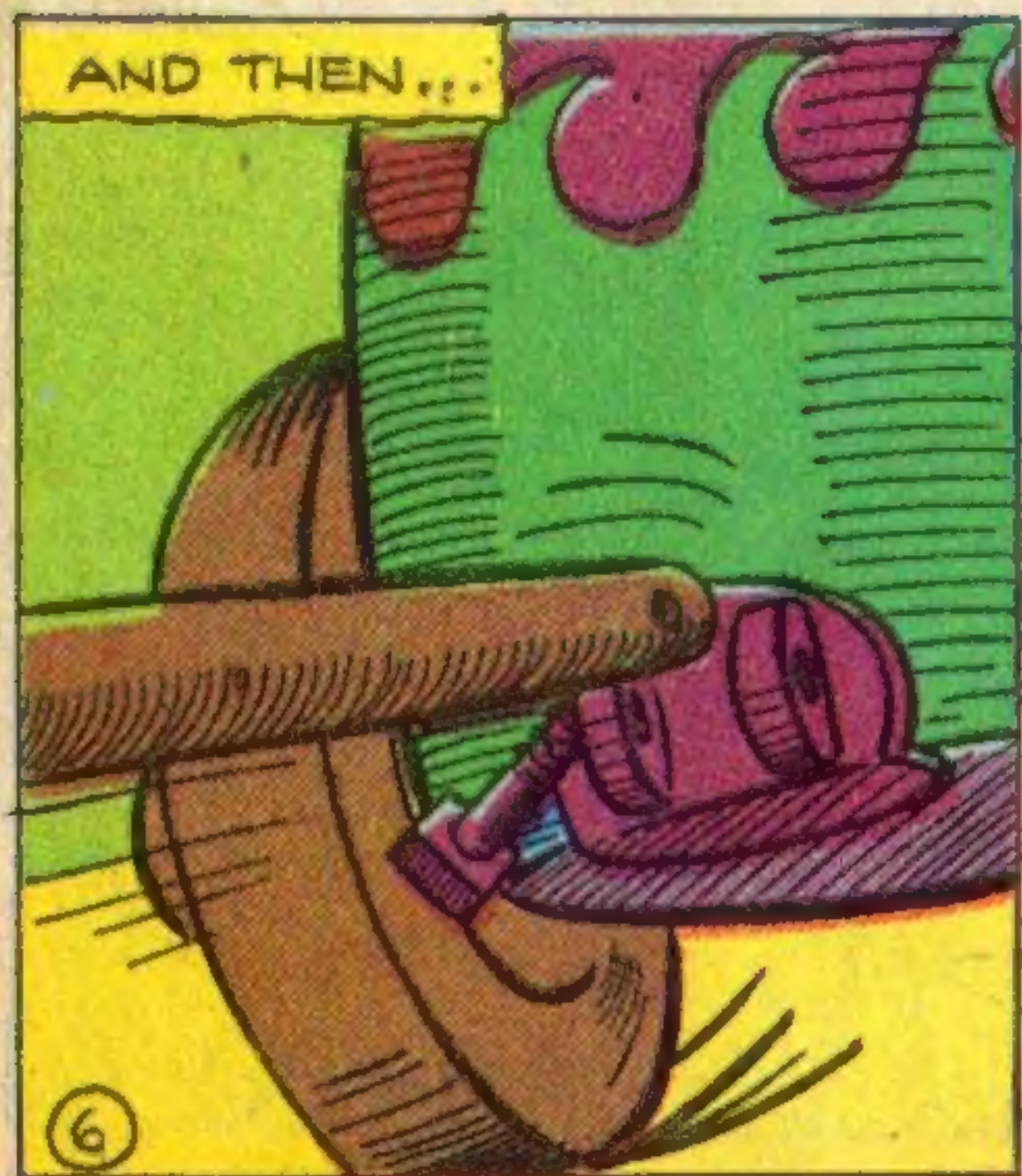
DARN THE EMPRESS ANYHOW! ALWAYS
USING MY HORN TO DUMP THE ASH TRAYS
INTO! (COUGH-COUGH)

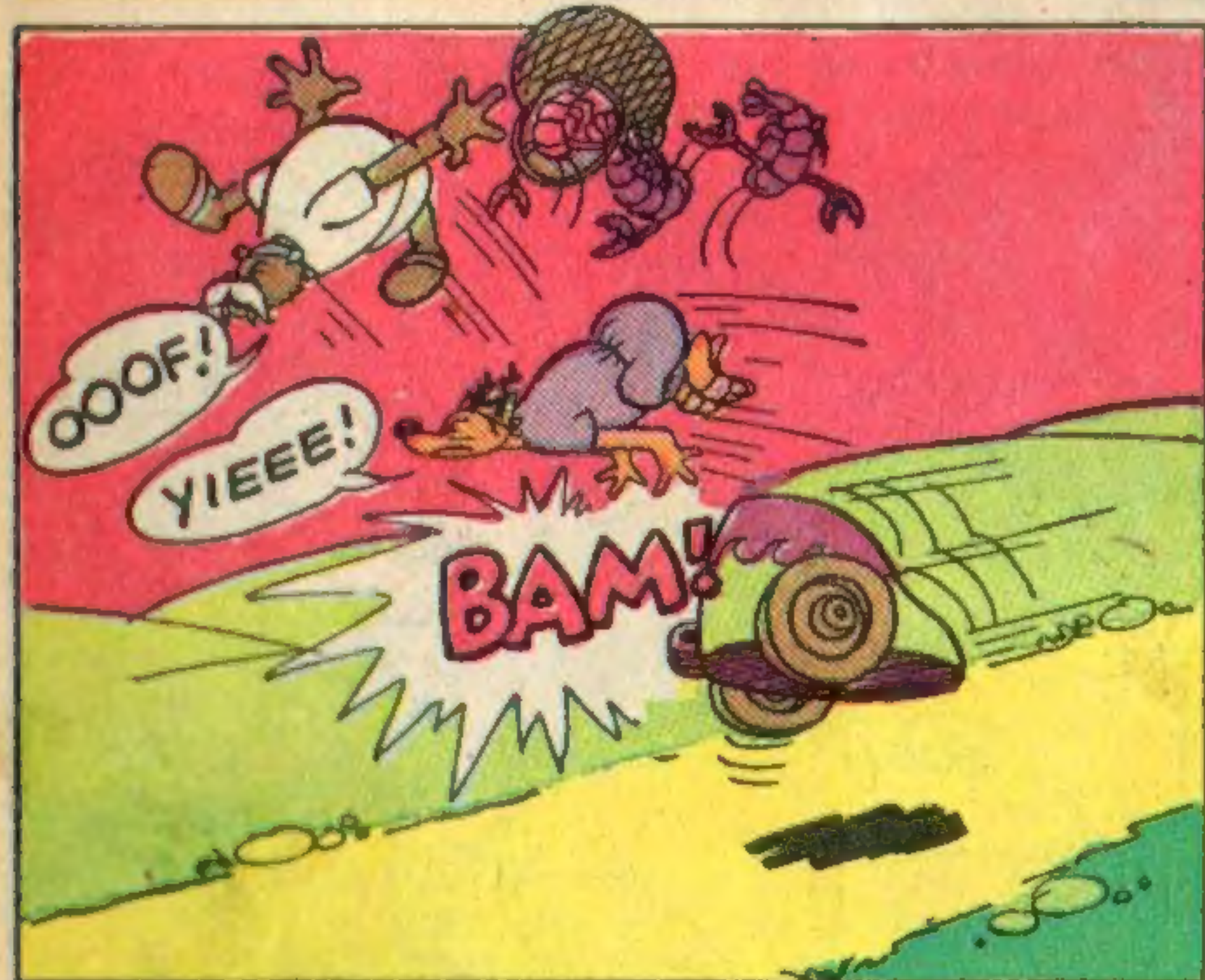
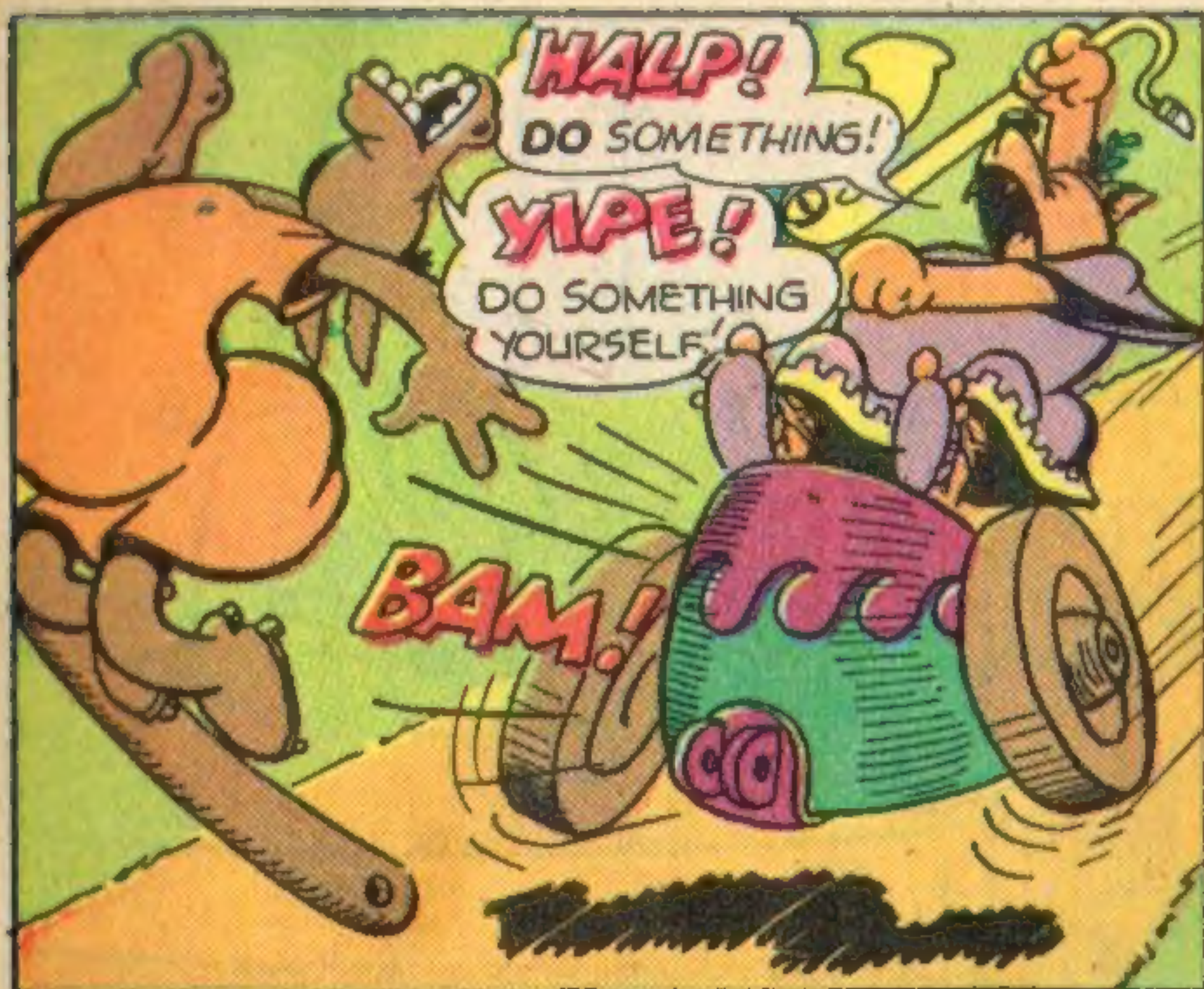












AND BACK AT THE TIBER PAVILION...

FRIENDS, ROMANS, JITTERBUGS! YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELVES THAT NERO FOX AIN'T HALF THE EMPEROR HE CLAIMS TO BE, OR HE'D HAVE BEEN HERE TO ENTERTAIN YOU LIKE HOTCIO LIPSICUS-- OR AT LEAST CHALLENGE HOTCIO TO A DUET!

YAY! BRAVO!
GIVE US HOTCIO LIPSICUS!



I REPEAT--WHY ISN'T HE HERE? HE CLAIMS TO BE A DEITY! THEN WHY DOESN'T HE DROP FROM A CLOUD LIKE A DEITY! HO! HO! THAT'S RICH, EH? HA, HA!

HAW! HAW!
HO! HO! HA, HA!

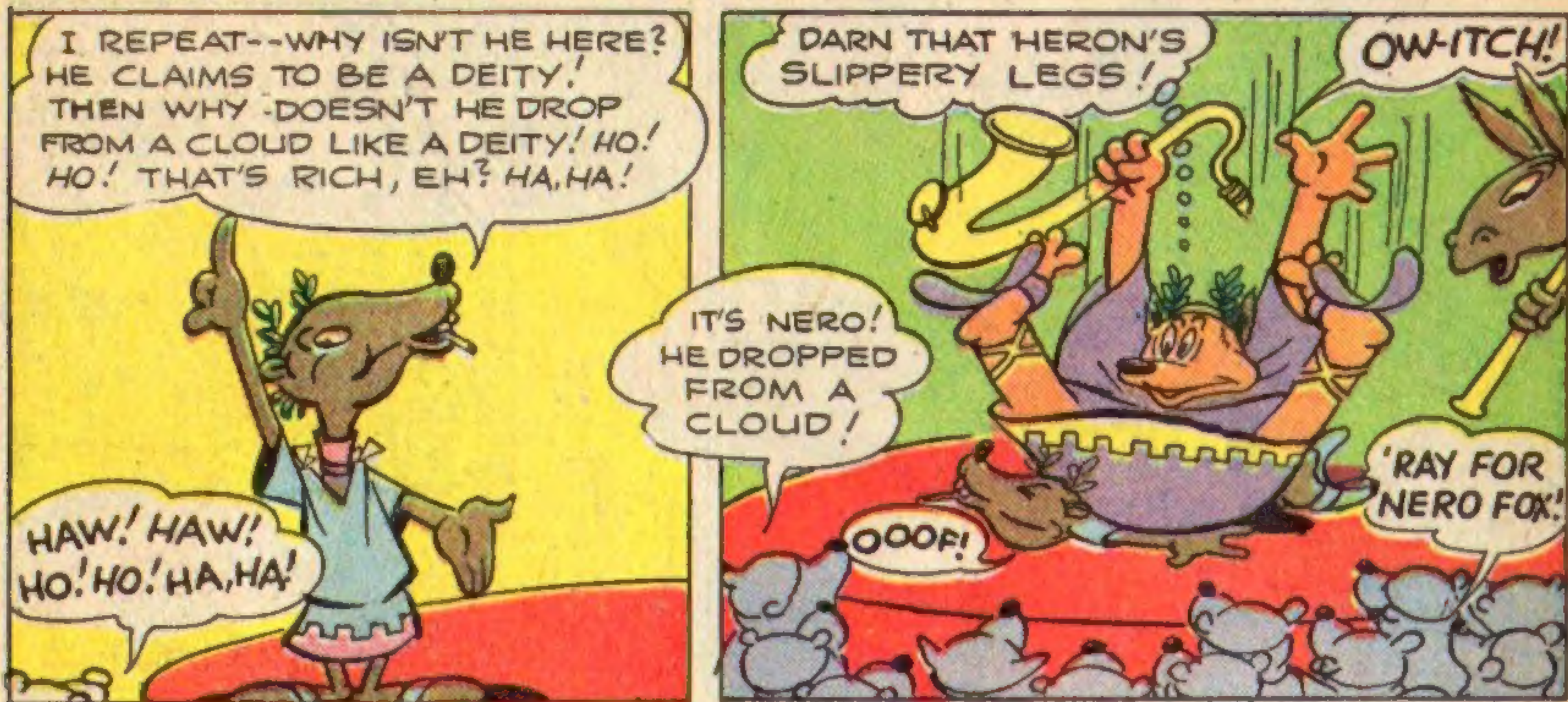
IT'S NERO!
HE DROPPED
FROM A
CLOUD!

DARN THAT HERON'S
SLIPPERY LEGS!

OW-ITCH!

'RAY FOR
NERO FOX!

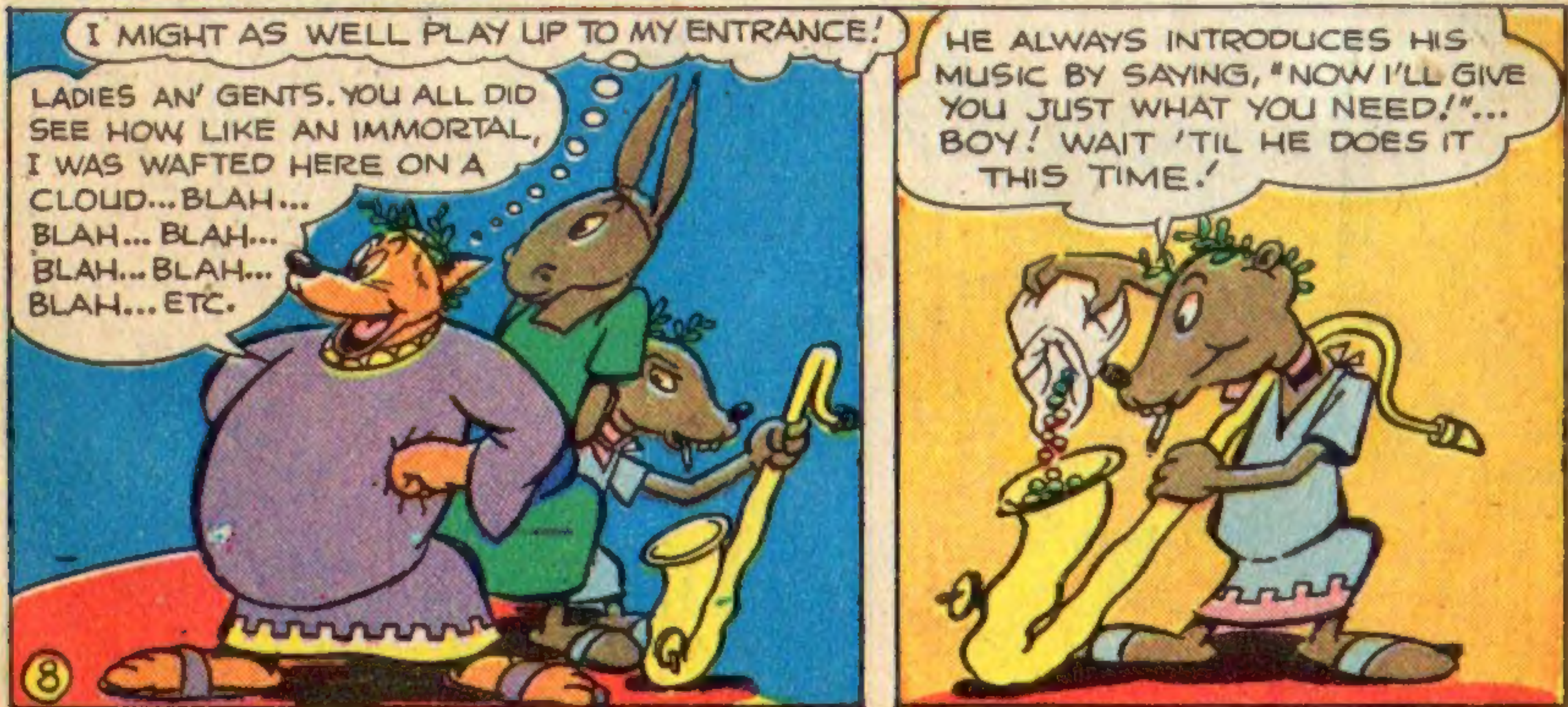
OOOF!

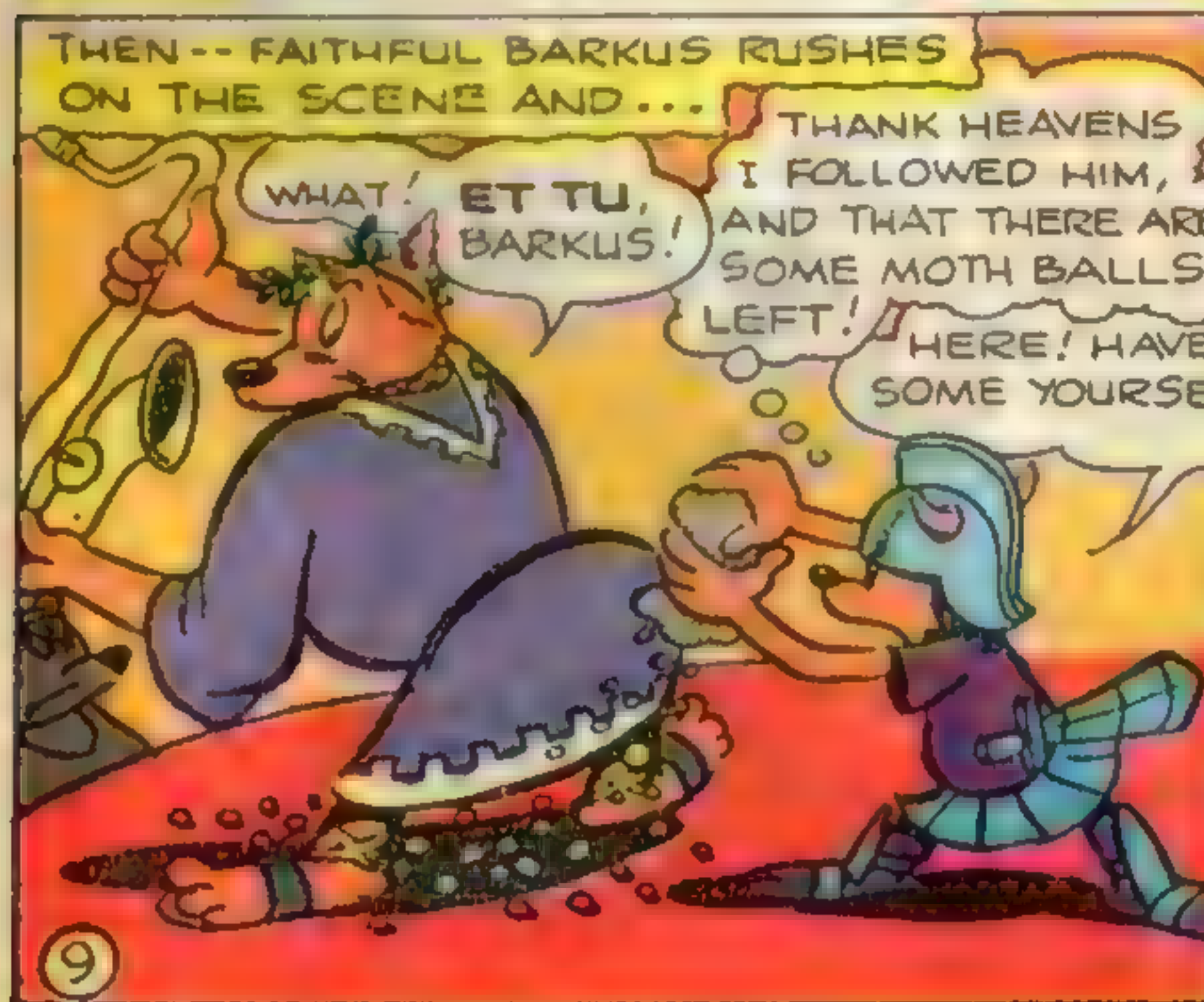
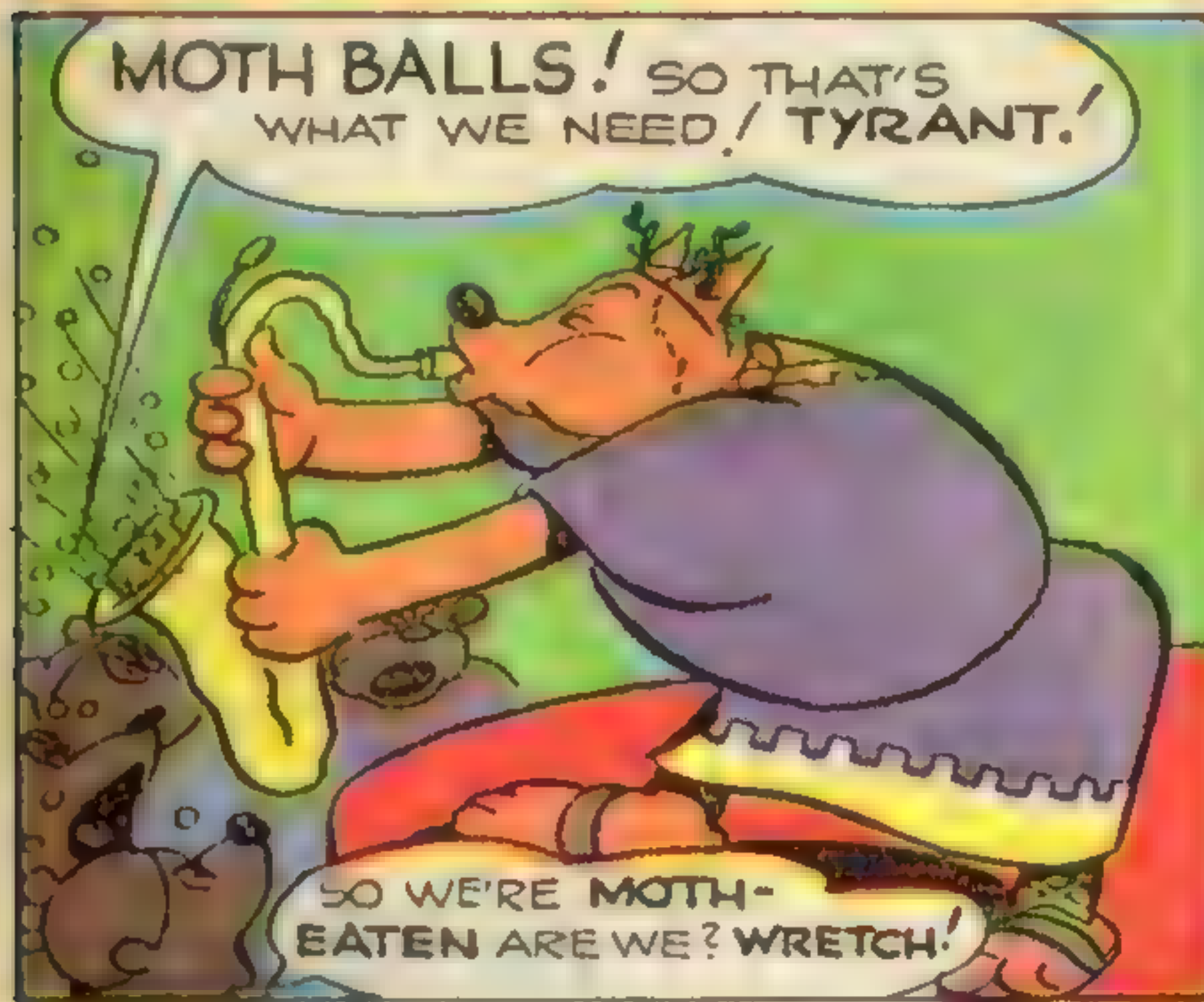


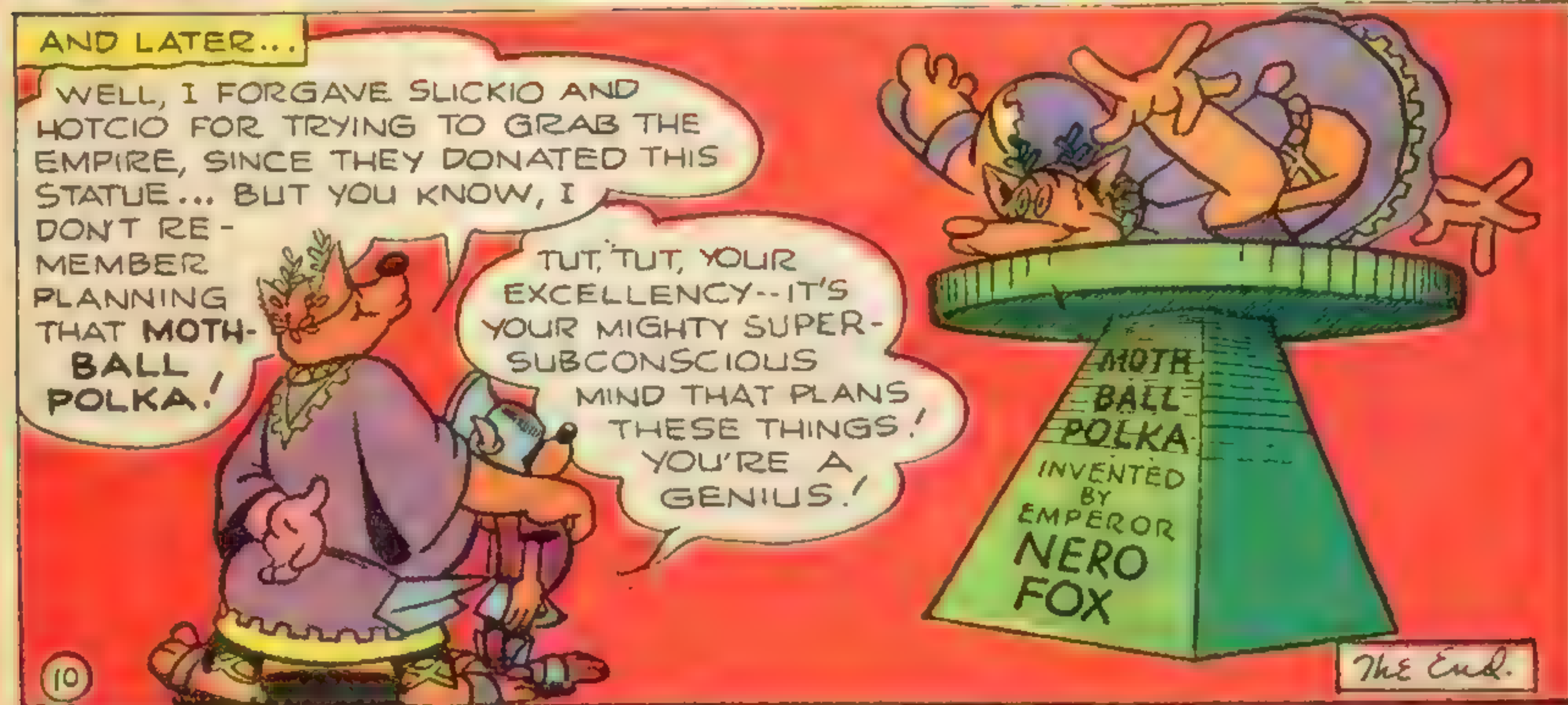
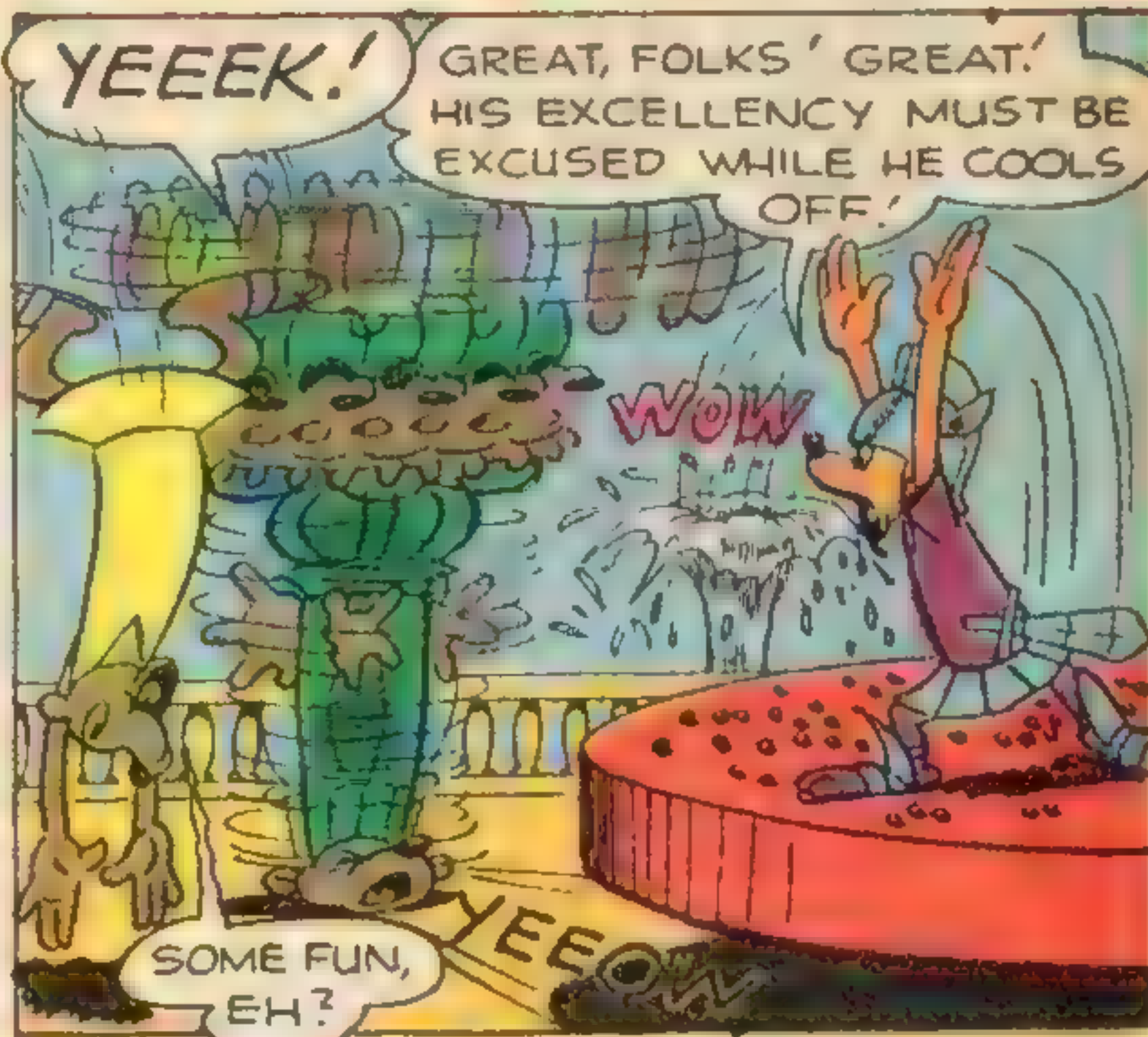
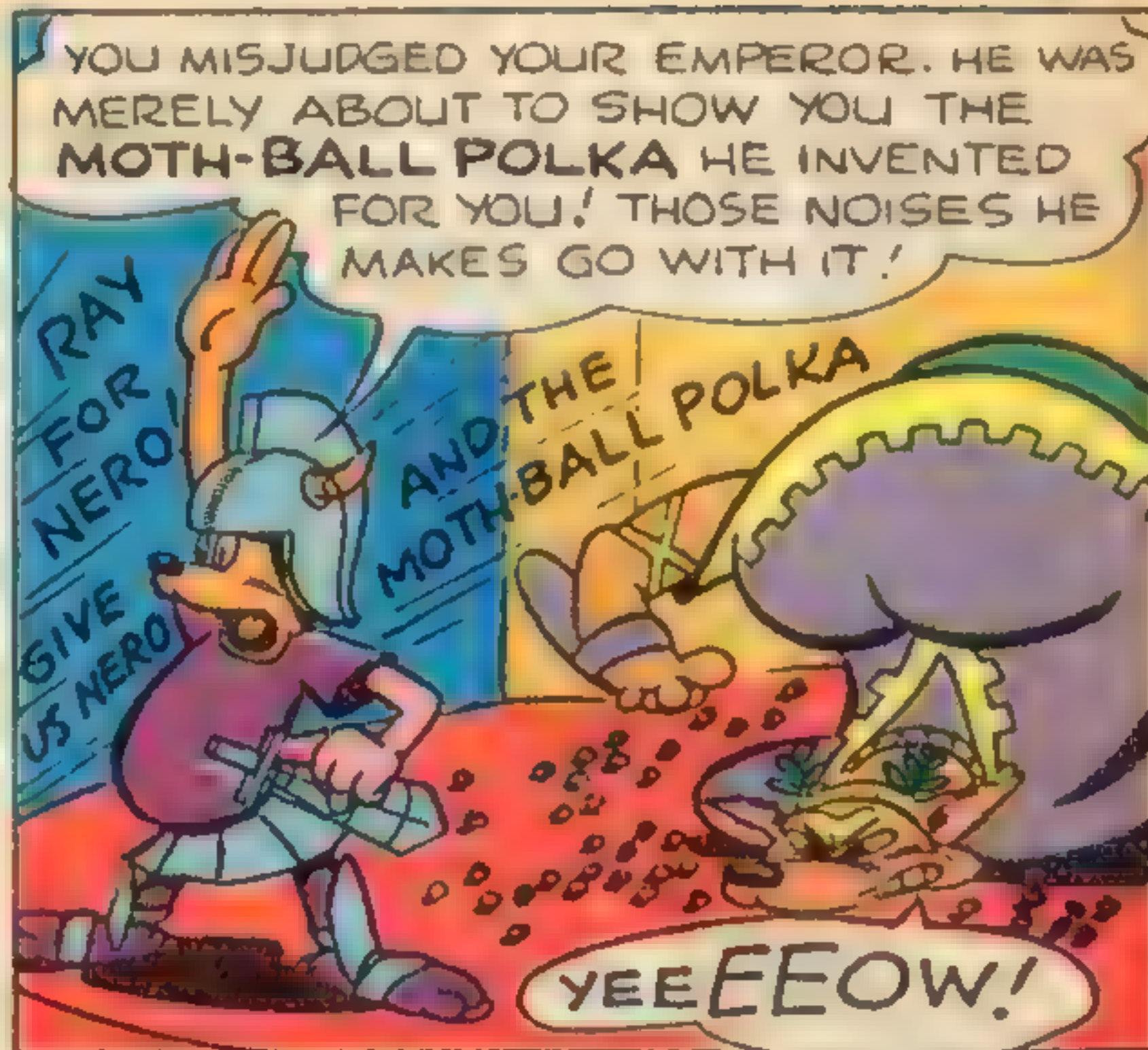
I MIGHT AS WELL PLAY UP TO MY ENTRANCE!

LADIES AN' GENTS. YOU ALL DID SEE HOW LIKE AN IMMORTAL, I WAS WASTED HERE ON A CLOUD... BLAH... BLAH... BLAH... BLAH... ETC.

HE ALWAYS INTRODUCES HIS MUSIC BY SAYING, "NOW I'LL GIVE YOU JUST WHAT YOU NEED!"... BOY! WAIT 'TIL HE DOES IT THIS TIME!







PAYDAYS HE ALWAYS HIGHTAILS
IT FOR TOWN AND LOADS
UP ON WHEATIES



HIGHTAIL IT FOR
YOUR WHEATIES.

**"BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS"**

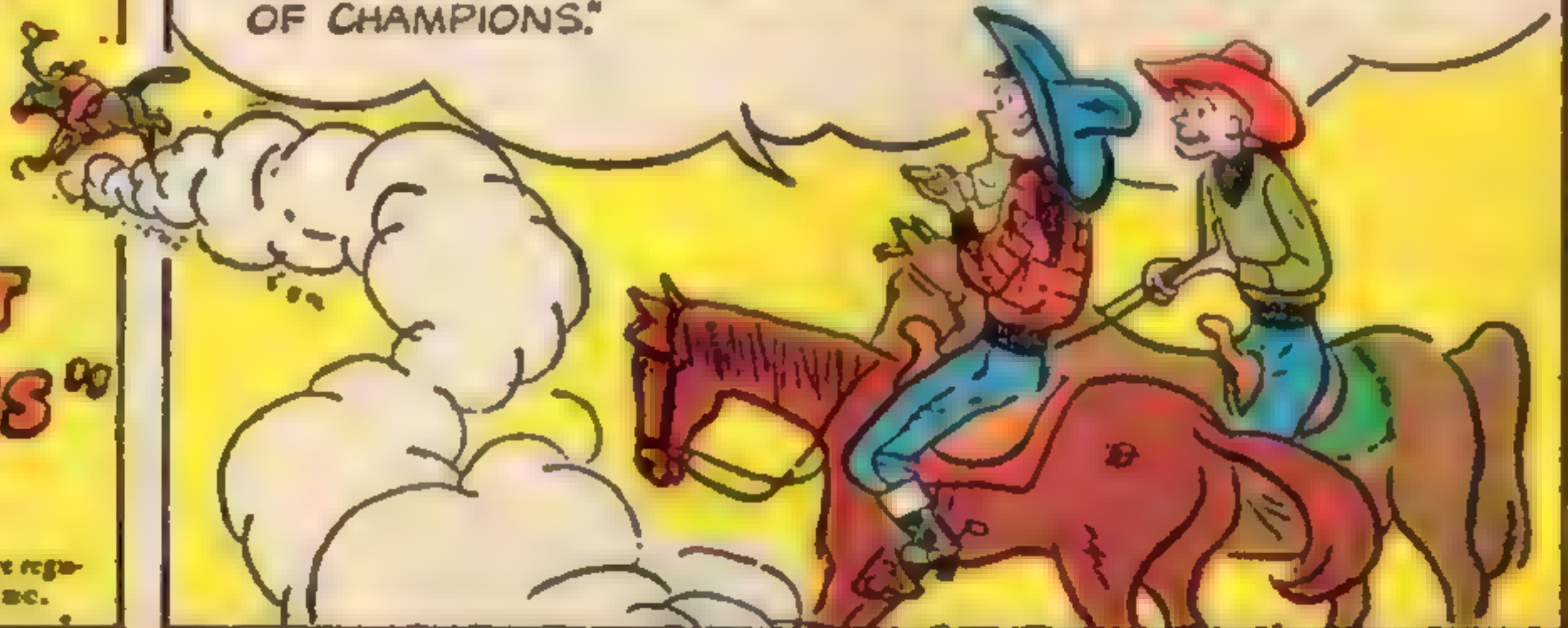
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are reg-
istered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

WHEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE WHEATIES. YOUR APPETITE WILL
REALLY "GO-TO-TOWN" WHEN IT GETS A LOAD OF THAT
FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

RIP-SNORTING NOURISHMENT IN WHEATIES--THE WIDELY
KNOWN ESSENTIAL FOOD VALUES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT.
AND IN THOSE HONEY-BROWN FLAKES, THERE'S **PLUMB
DELICIOUS FLAVOR**--A MOUTH-WATERING COMBINATION OF
TEMPTING TOASTED TASTES AND MELLOW MALT-SWEET
SYRUP.

HAVE THIS **SWELL CHUCK** EVERY DAY, PARDNER.
HAVE LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS."





SPYLOT BONES



BEHOLD SPYLOT BONES AND DR. SPOTSEM IN THEIR ROOMS ON FAKER STREET...

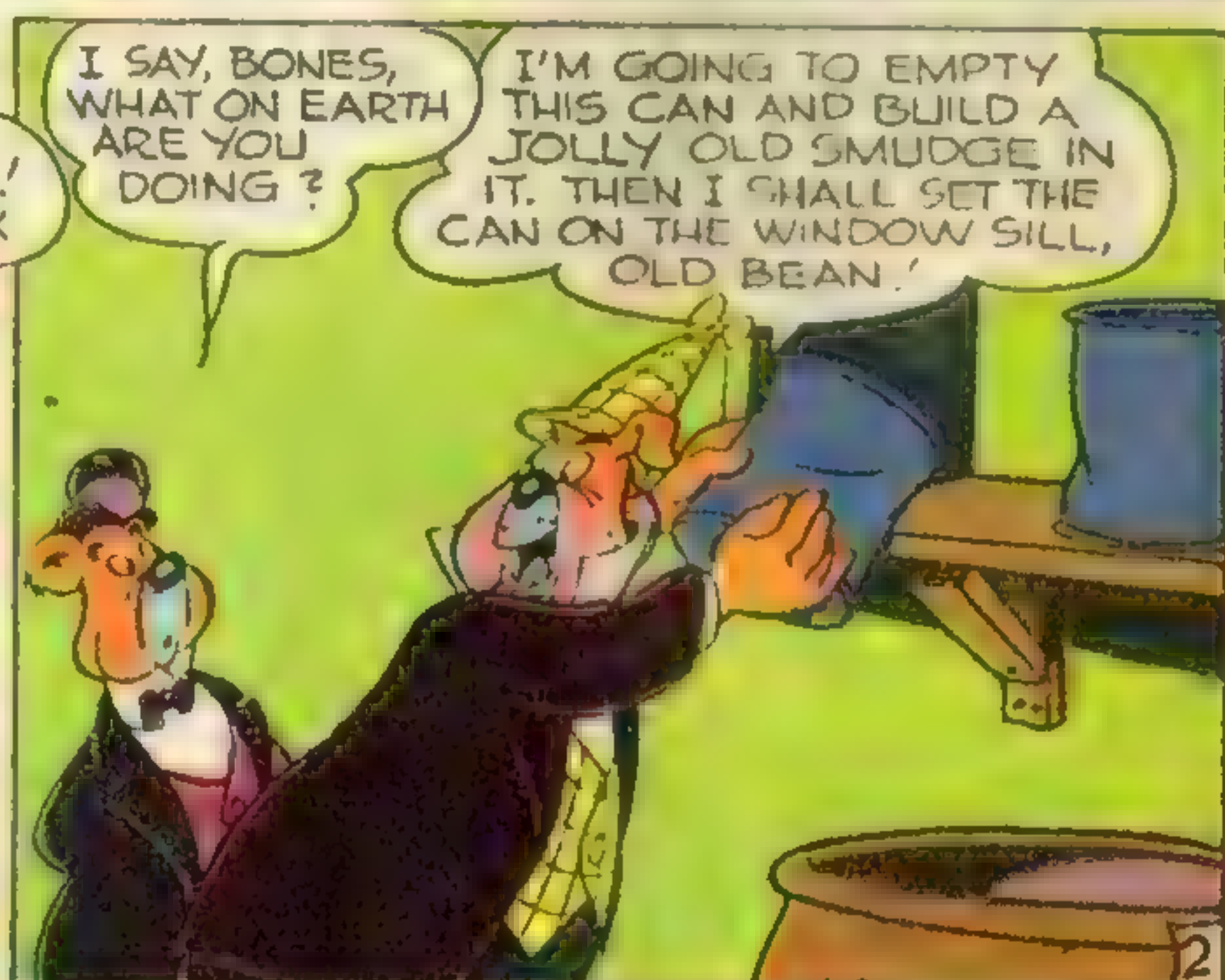
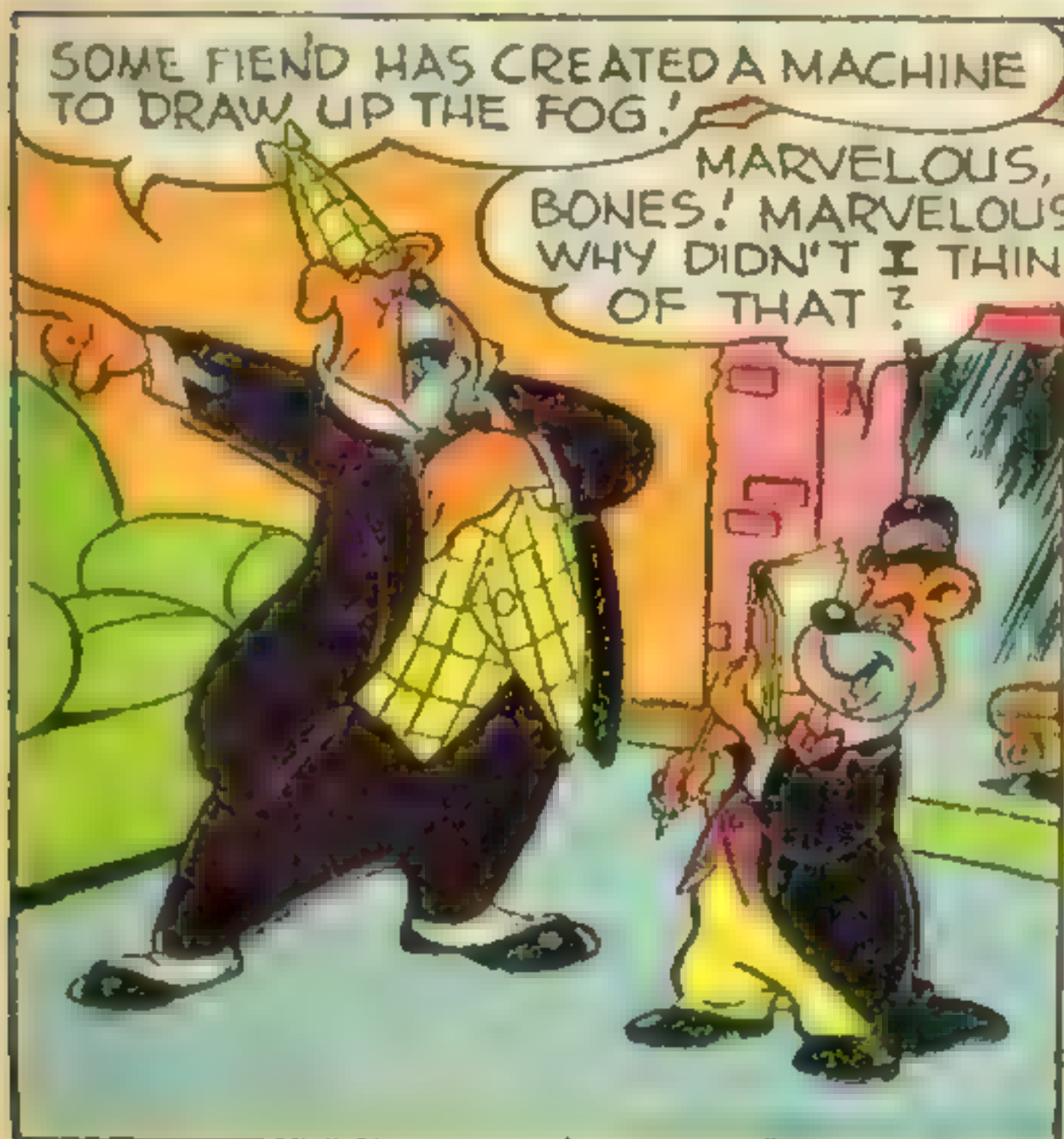
DASH IT ALL, SPOTSEM! IT'S GOT ME BAFFLED—COMPLETELY BAFFLED!

YOU MEAN THE FACT THAT LONDON'S HAD NO FOG FOR FIVE STRAIGHT DAYS?



PRECISELY! IT IS A TERRIBLE STATE OF AFFAIRS! WE MUST GET OUR LONDON FOG BACK!



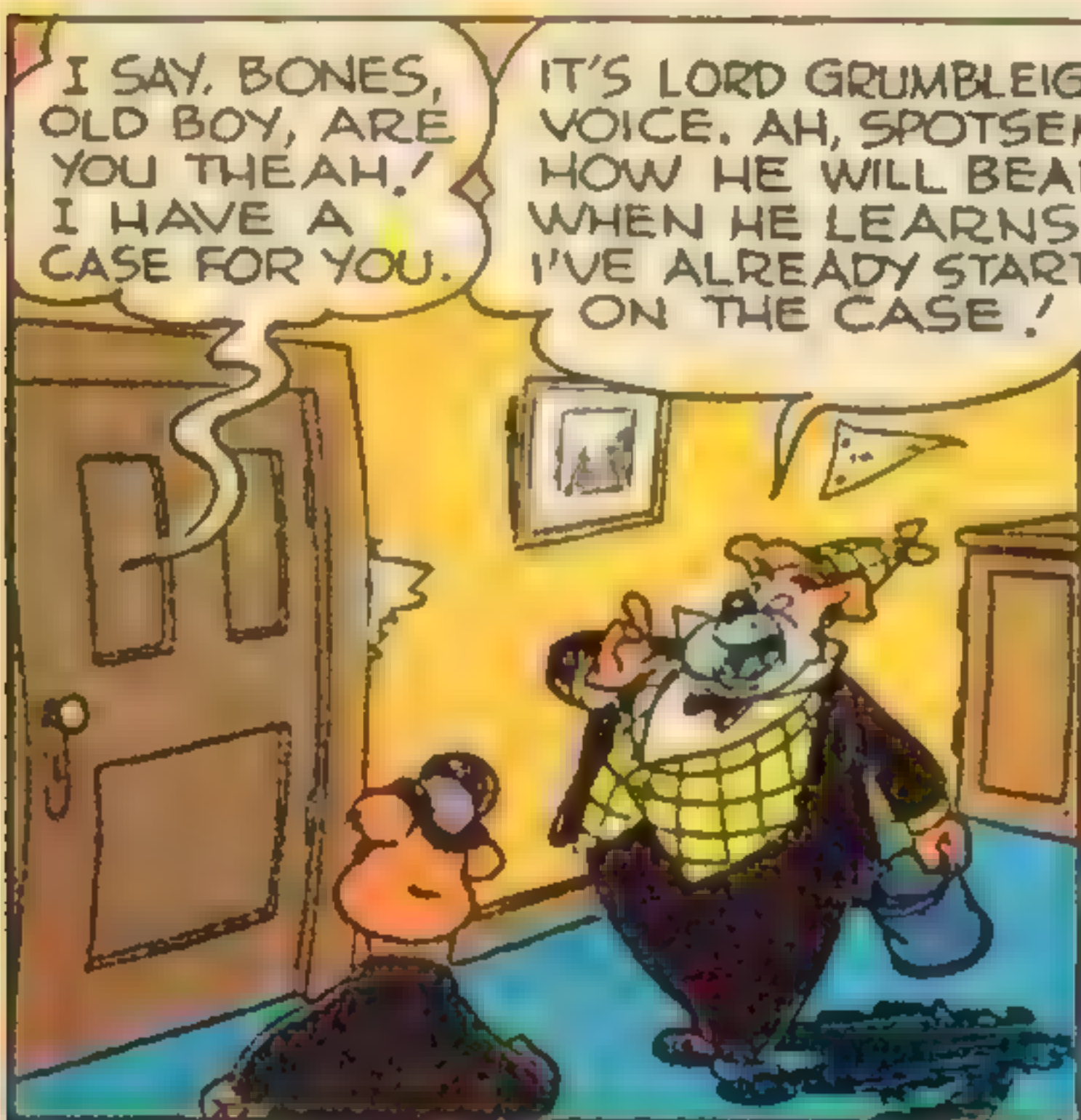




BUT, BONES—THAT PAINT YOU'RE SLOSHING OUT THE WINDOW! IT MIGHT HIT SOMEONE!



I HEAR SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!



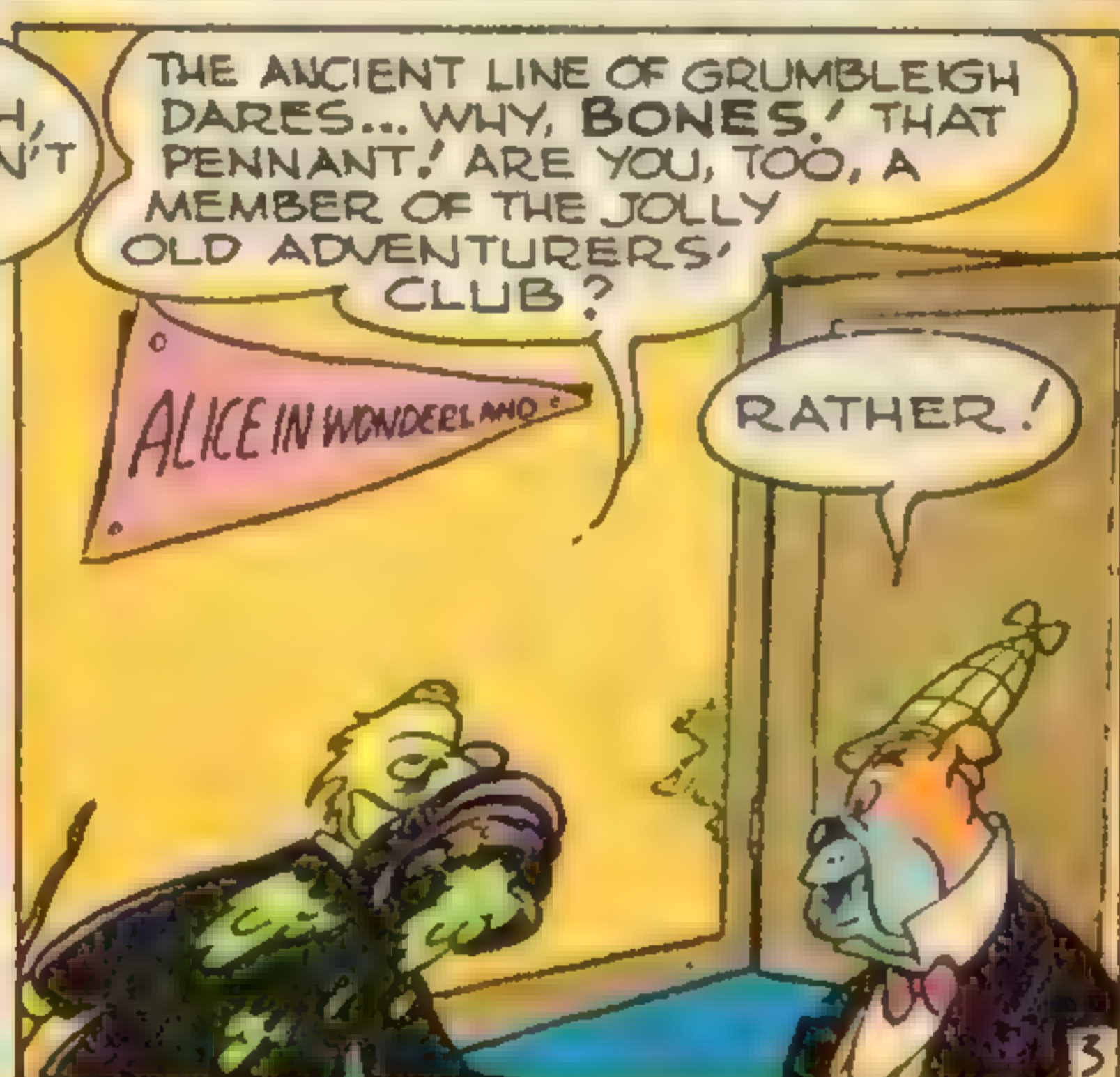
IT'S LORD GRUMBLEIGH'S VOICE. AH, SPOTSEM, HOW HE WILL BEAM WHEN HE LEARNS I'VE ALREADY STARTED ON THE CASE!



OH-OH! IF I MAY SAY SO!

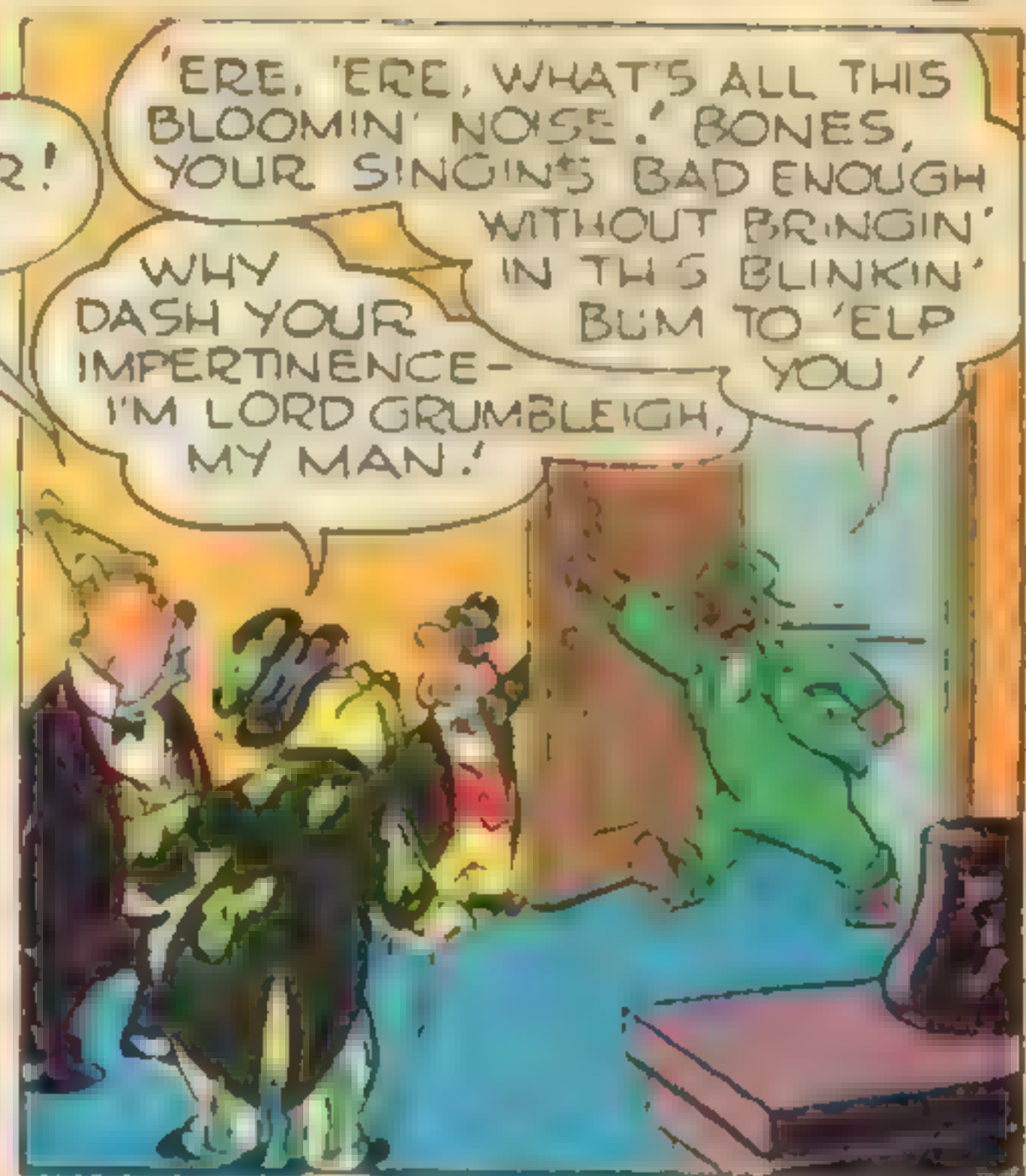


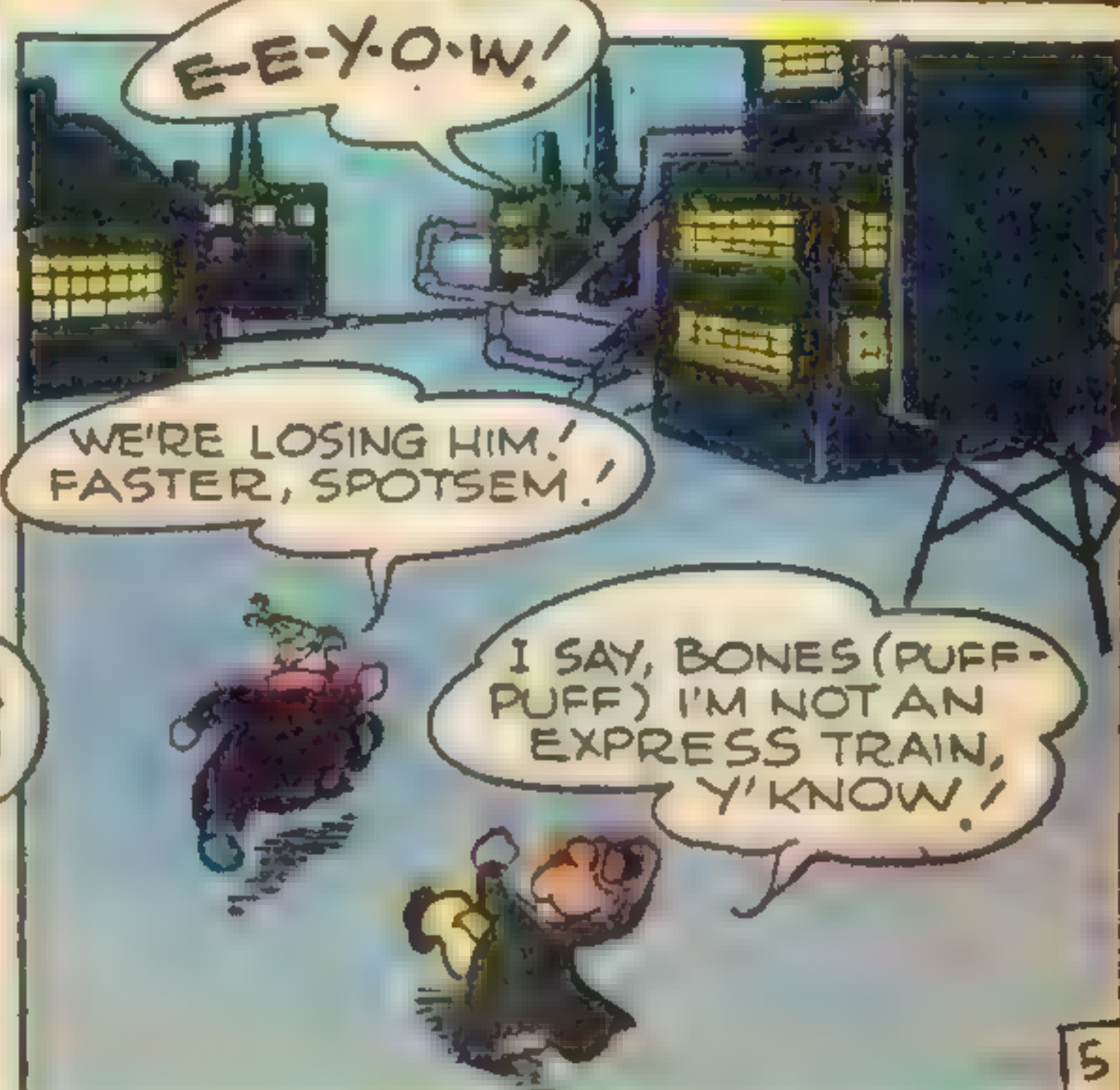
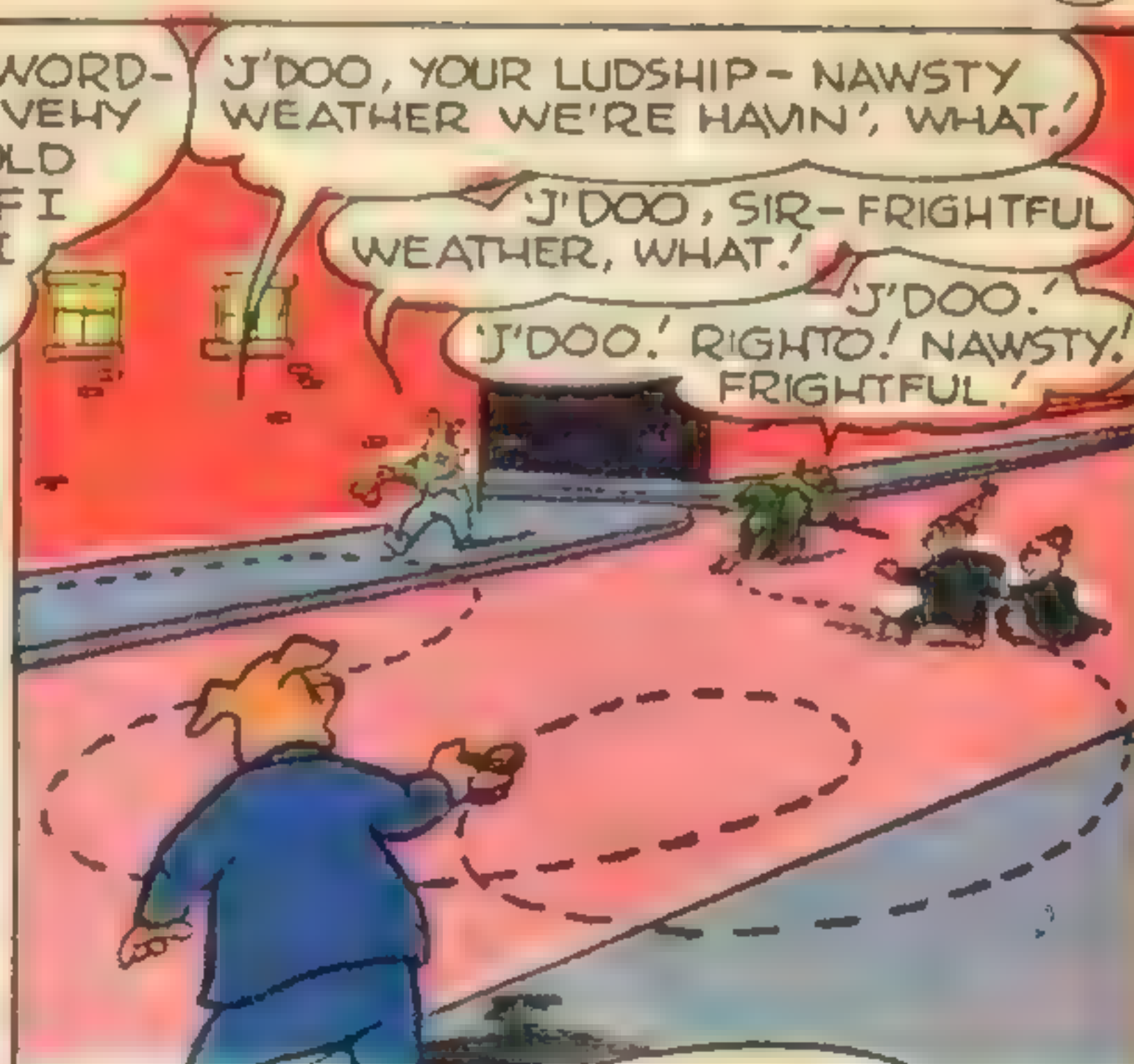
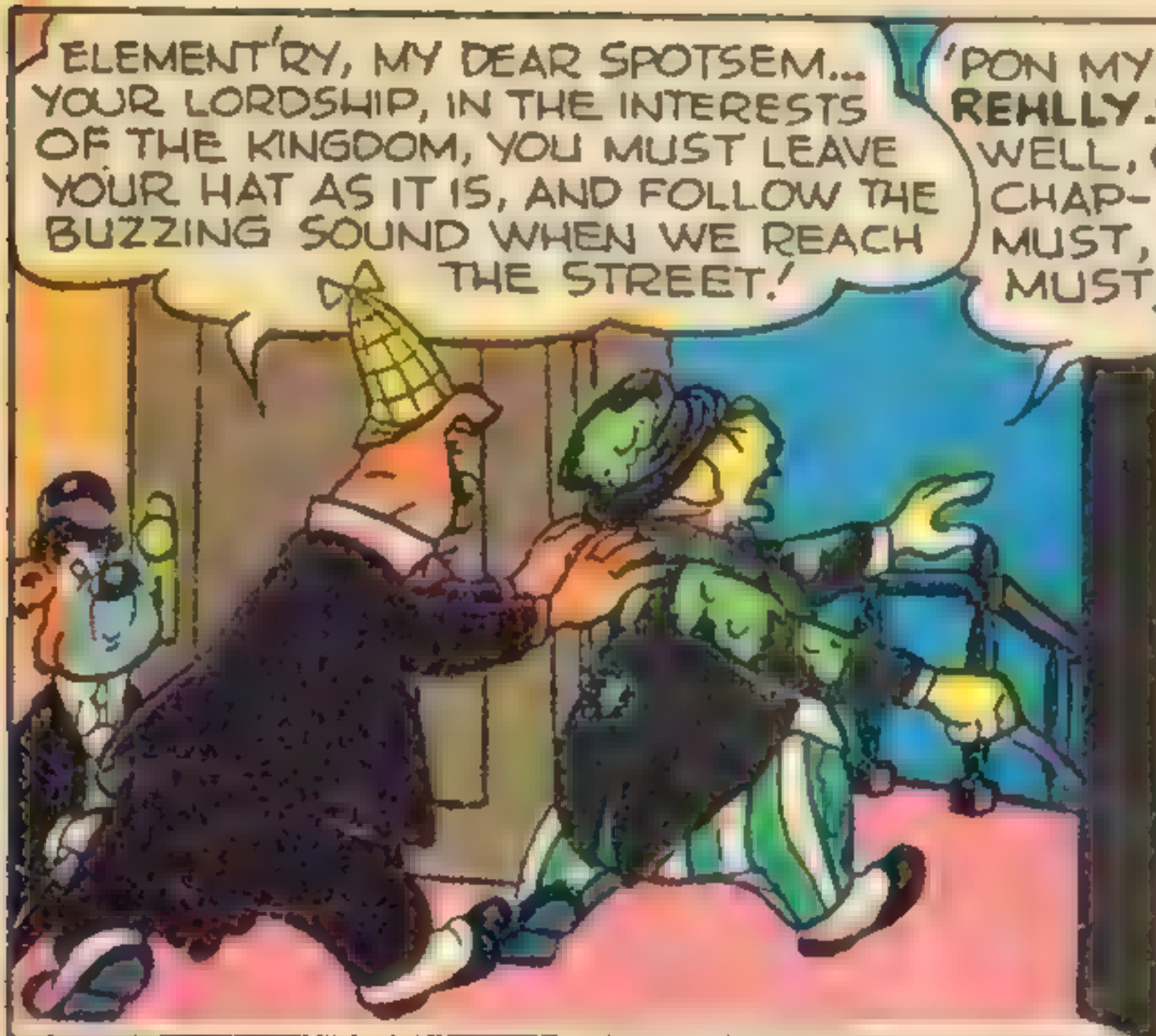
LORD GRUMBLEIGH, YOU WOULDN'T DARE!



THE ANCIENT LINE OF GRUMBLEIGH DARES... WHY, BONES, THAT PENNANT! ARE YOU, TOO, A MEMBER OF THE JOLLY OLD ADVENTURERS' CLUB?

RATHER!



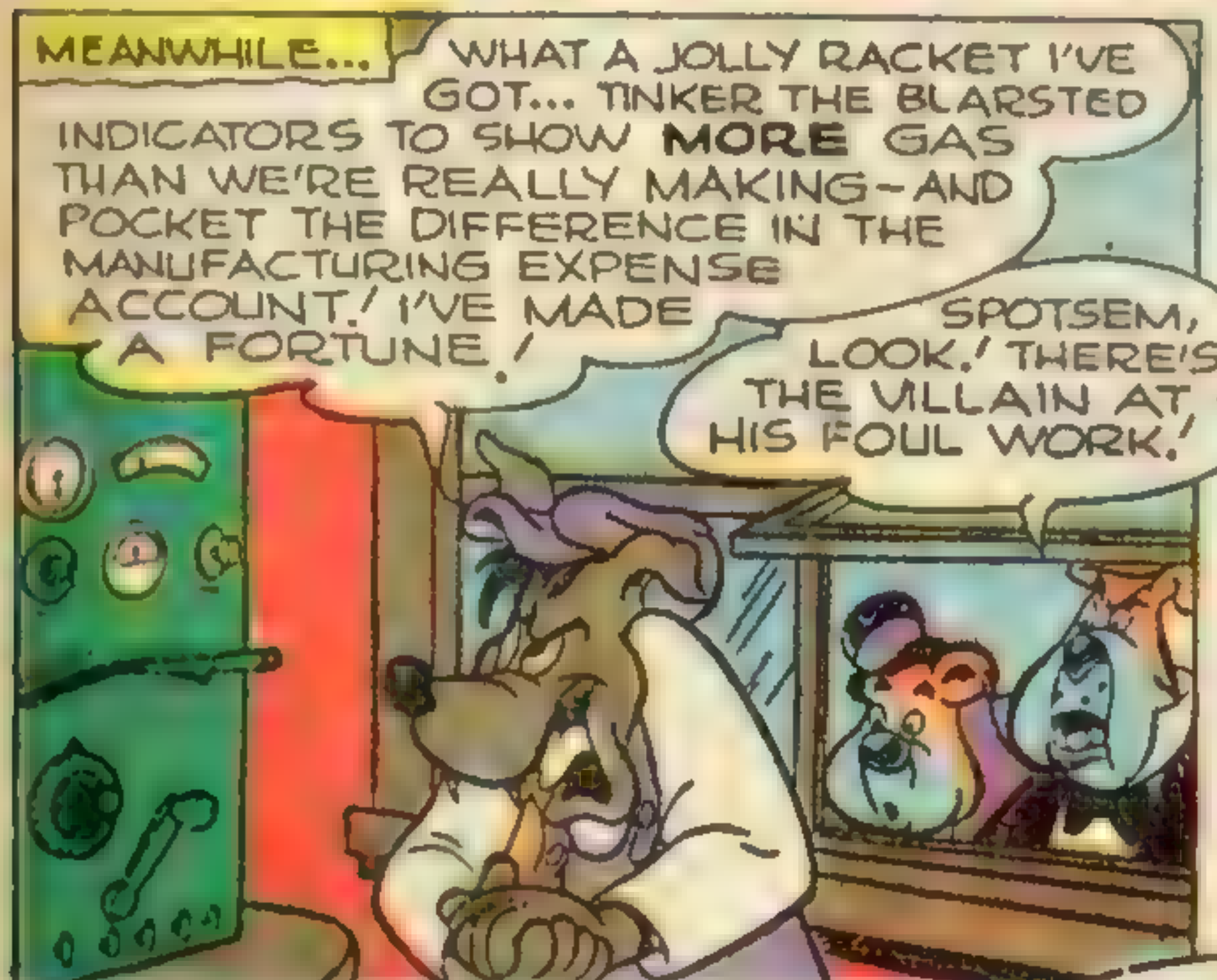




WHAT! A BEE IN MY BONNET!
SO THAT'S THE BUZZING I
HEARD AND THE "SHOT"
I FELT!



FOG MACHINES! VILLAINS!
BAH! I'M GOING HOME!



MEANWHILE...

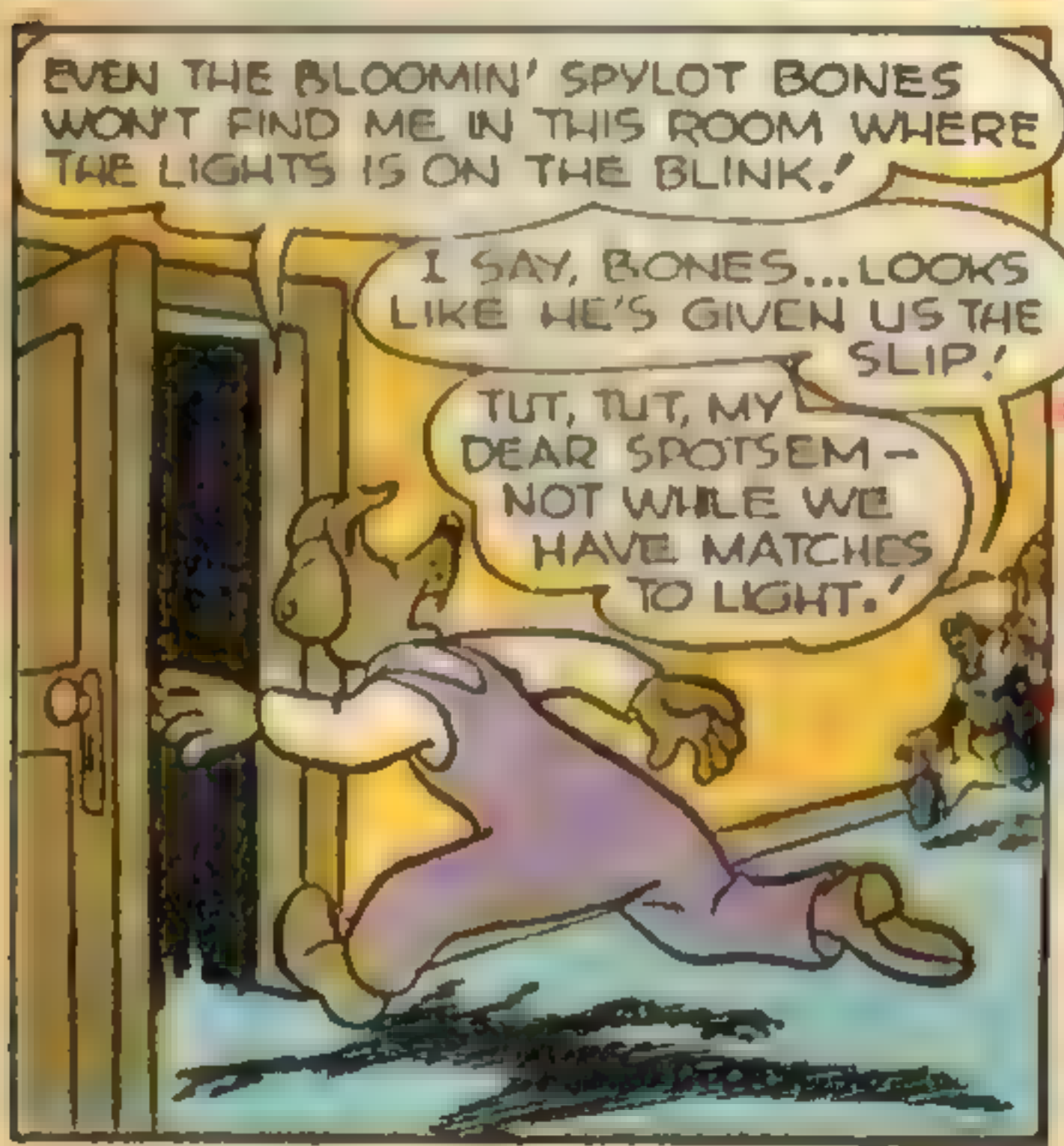
WHAT A JOLLY RACKET I'VE
GOT... TINKER THE BLARSTED
INDICATORS TO SHOW **MORE** GAS
THAN WE'RE REALLY MAKING-AND
POCKET THE DIFFERENCE IN THE
MANUFACTURING EXPENSE
ACCOUNT! I'VE MADE
A FORTUNE!

SPOTSEM,
LOOK! THERE'S
THE VILLAIN AT
HIS FOUL WORK!



THE JIG IS UP, OLD CHAP! WE'VE
JOLLY WELL FOUND
YOU OUT, YOU
KNOW!

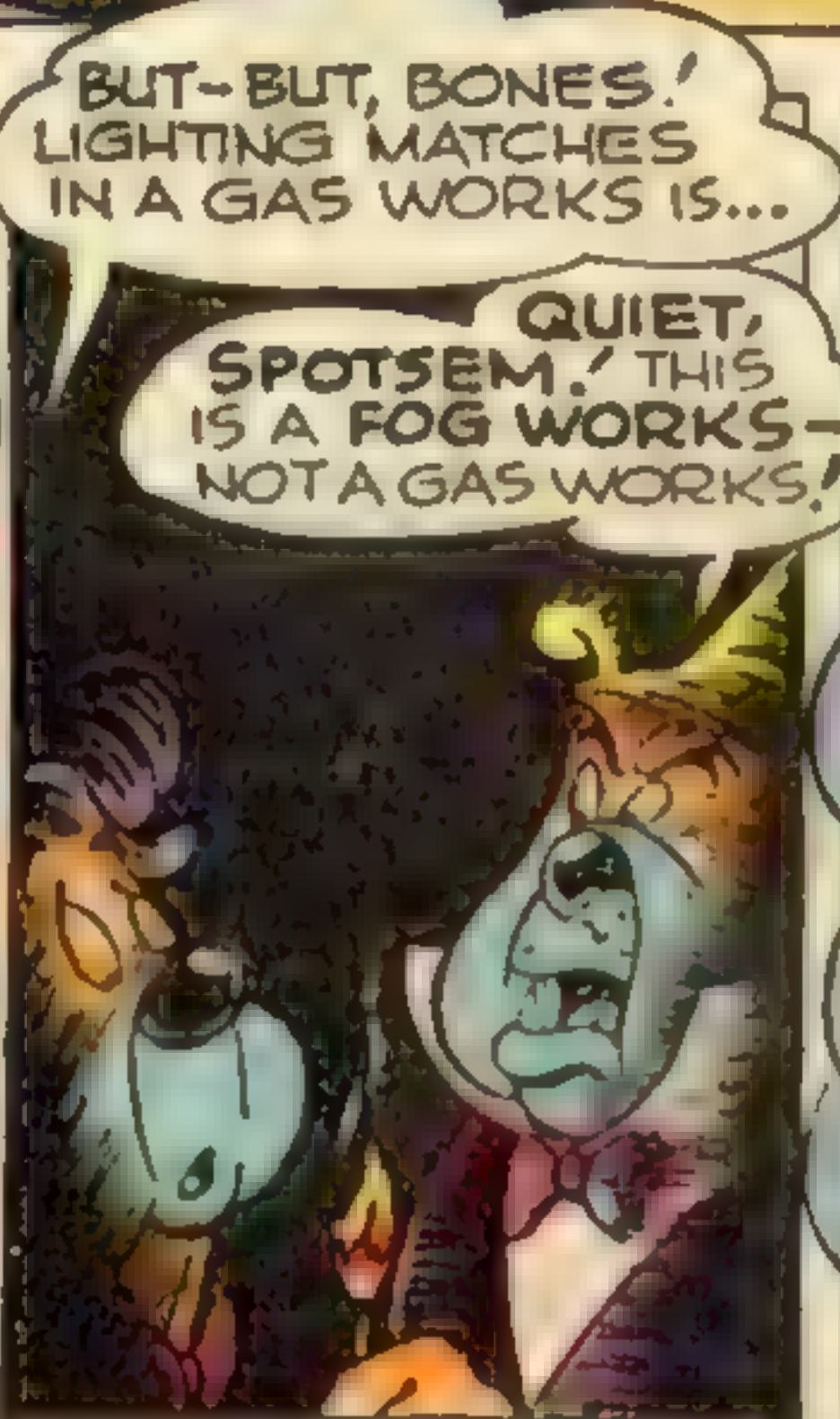
YOW! IT'S
SPYLOT BONES.
I'M A COOKED
KIPPER!



EVEN THE BLOOMIN' SPYLOT BONES
WON'T FIND ME IN THIS ROOM WHERE
THE LIGHTS IS ON THE BLINK!

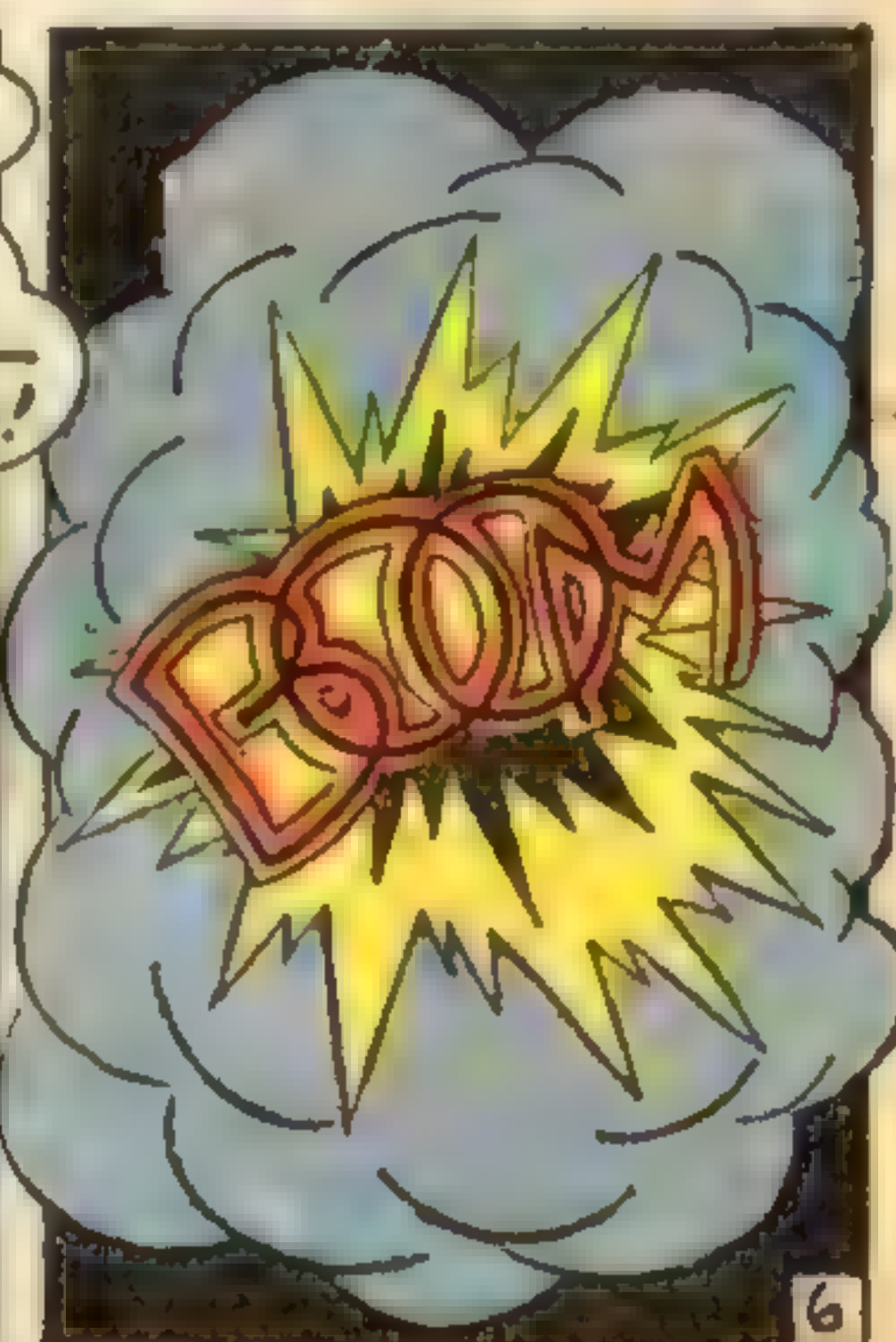
I SAY, BONES... LOOKS
LIKE HE'S GIVEN US THE
SLIP!

TUT, TUT, MY
DEAR SPOTSEM -
NOT WHILE WE
HAVE MATCHES
TO LIGHT!



BUT-BUT, BONES!
LIGHTING MATCHES
IN A GAS WORKS IS...

QUIET,
SPOTSEM! THIS
IS A FOG WORKS -
NOT A GAS WORKS!



I H'ADMITS MY GUILT. HI'VE BEEN SWINDLIN' THE GAS COMPANY!

DEUCEDLY CLEVER, BONES-CATCHING ONTO HIS RACKET.

BUT, I SAY, IT'S NOT GAS, OLD CHAP. IT'S THE FOG THAT...

STRIKE ME PINK, IF HIT HUNT BARMY BERTIE, THE CROOKED MECHANIC!

QUIET, BONES! WHAT MR. BONES MEANS IS THAT, UNDER PRETENSE OF INVESTIGATING THE WEATHER CONDITIONS THAT BROUGHT ON THE LACK OF FOG, HE WAS REALLY TRACING THIS SCOUNDREL!

WELL, IT'S HI-HO FOR THE LOCKUP WITH BARMY BERTIE. BY THE BY, THE PAPERS SYE THAT THE FOG WAS DRIVEN OFF BY A HIGH UPPER AIR CURRENT, BUT WILL BE BACK ANY MOMENT NOW!

OH, WE KNEW THAT, EH, BONES!

ER-YES, YES. PRECISELY! KNEW IT ALL THE TIME, OF COURSE!

AND WITH THE FOG'S RETURN—

GWENNY, OLD GAL. HOW FRIGHTFULLY RIPPIN' YOU'RE LOOKIN'!

'ARRY, OLD EGG! 'OW 'ANDSOME YOU ARE!

COUNTESS, DAHLING! THANKS HORRIBLY FOR THE DELIGHTFUL BIRTHDAY GIFT, OLD THING.

WHILE ALL SNUG AND COSY AT FAKER STREET...

GOOD OLD LONDON FOG... I MUST SAY, BONES OLD CHAP, I DON'T SEE HOW YOU DO IT!

ELEMENT'RY, MY DEAR SPOTSEM, ELEMENT'RY!

Meet a



Just as no artist can fully paint the beauty of a sunset, no words can completely describe the lusciousness of BIT-O-HONEY. But the minute you taste this *deliciously different* candy bar, you know why millions buy BIT-O-HONEY. They go for its "can't-be-equalled" flavor . . . that indescribable flavor which you'll so fully enjoy. BIT-O-HONEY is cut in six individually wrapped, bite-sized pieces. Next time you buy candy, buy the tasty bar that's extra handy . . . BIT-O-HONEY!

Eat a



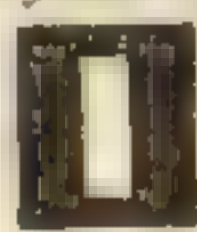
A "Honey"
of a candy bar

5¢

You'll like OLD NICK, too — a delicious chocolate-covered bar, made by the makers of BIT-O-HONEY

WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER? *It has a special meaning!*

Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number. YOU can find *yours* by using the Number-Alphabet below.



"One" individuals aspire to greatness. They are independent, aggressive and possess daring spirits; have the unusual ability of making actions and thoughts work in perfect harmony.

VICTOR HERBERT'S name adds up to ONE—Does YOURS?

Example V I C T O R H E R B E R T
4 + 9 + 3 + 2 + 6 + 9 + 8 + 5 + 9 + 2 = 73
7 + 3 = 10 1 + 0 = 1

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "One", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

The Number-Alphabet

A-J-S are "1"
D-M-V are "4"
G-P-Y are "7"

B-K-T are "2"
E-N-W are "5"
H-Q-Z are "8"

C-L-U are "3"
F-O-X are "6"
I-R are "9"

YOURS
FREE

Want the key to your number? Send today for the amazing new BIT-O-HONEY book "WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" It's FREE! Paste coupon on a postcard. Mail it NOW!

BIT-O-HONEY
Box 99, St. Louis 3, Mo.

NCQ1

Please send me — absolutely FREE and without obligation my "What's Your Number" booklet

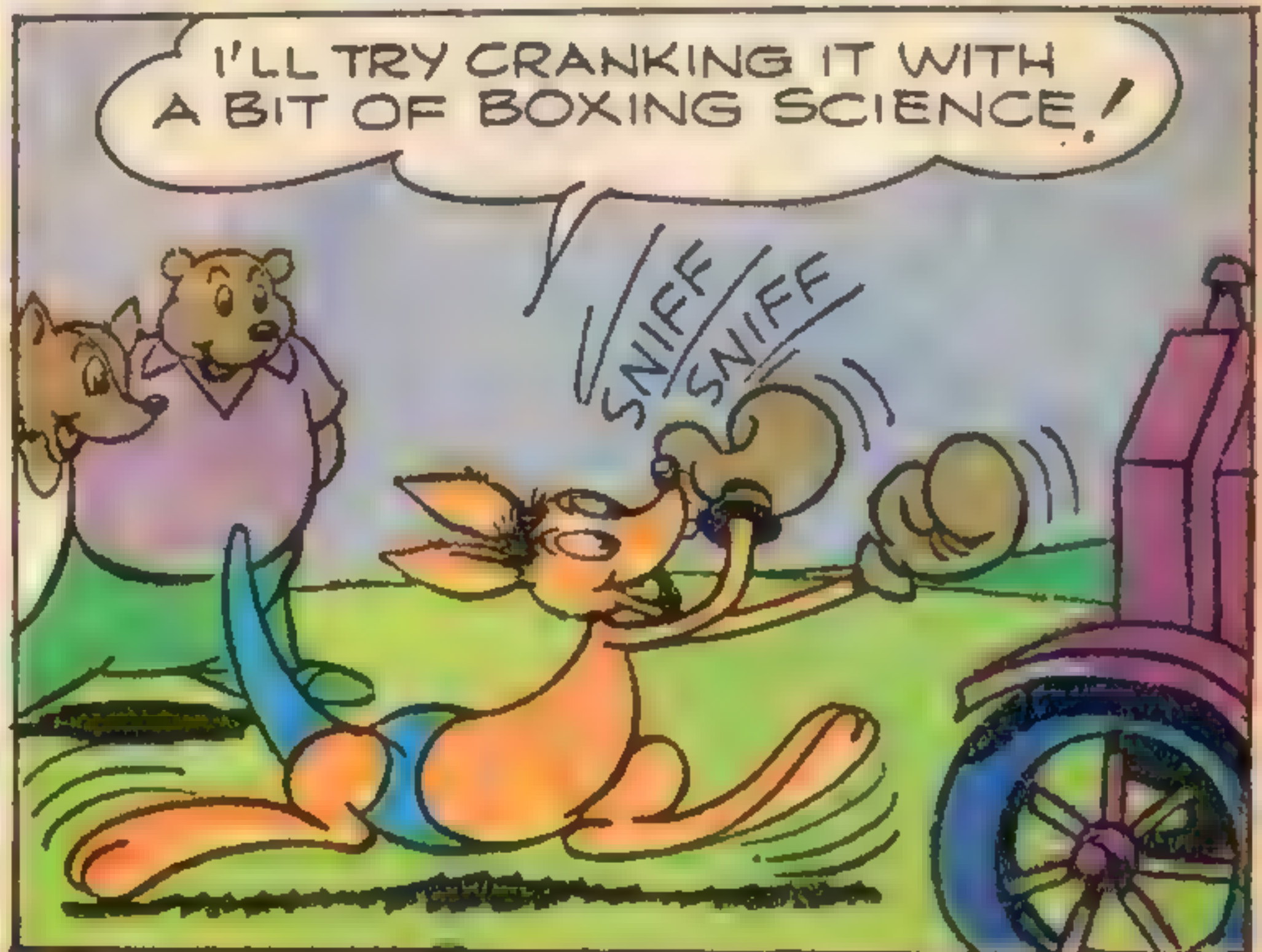
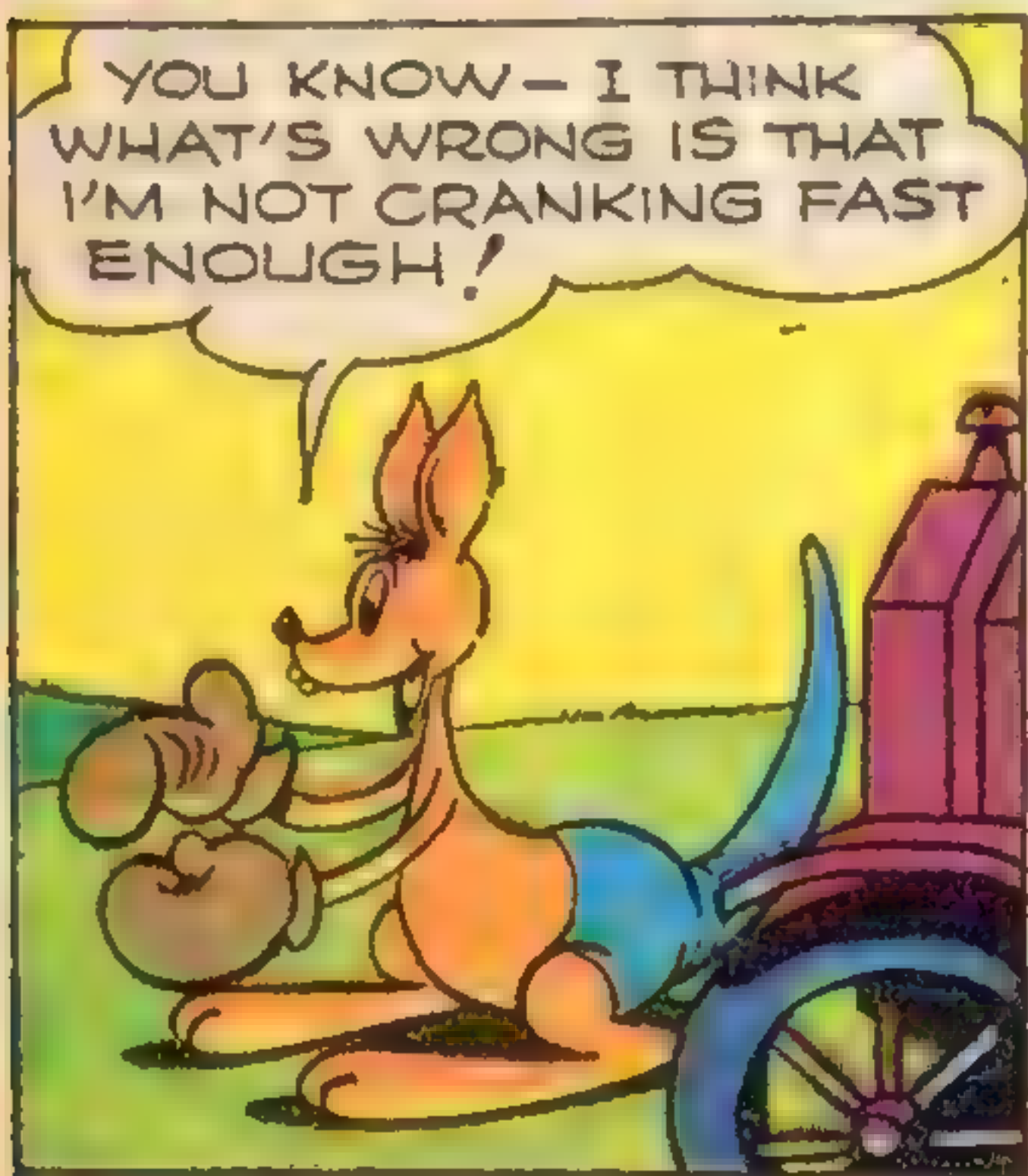
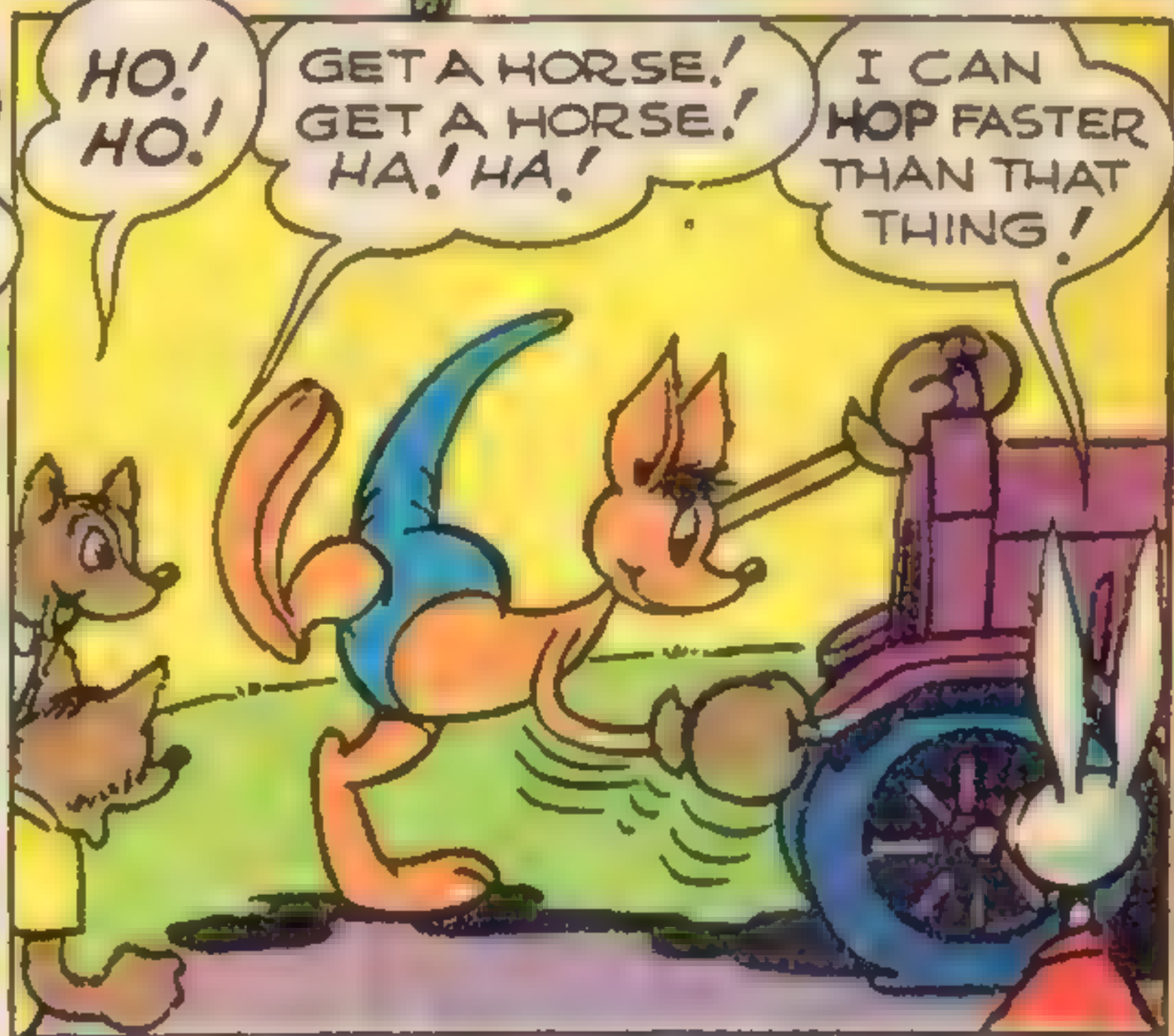
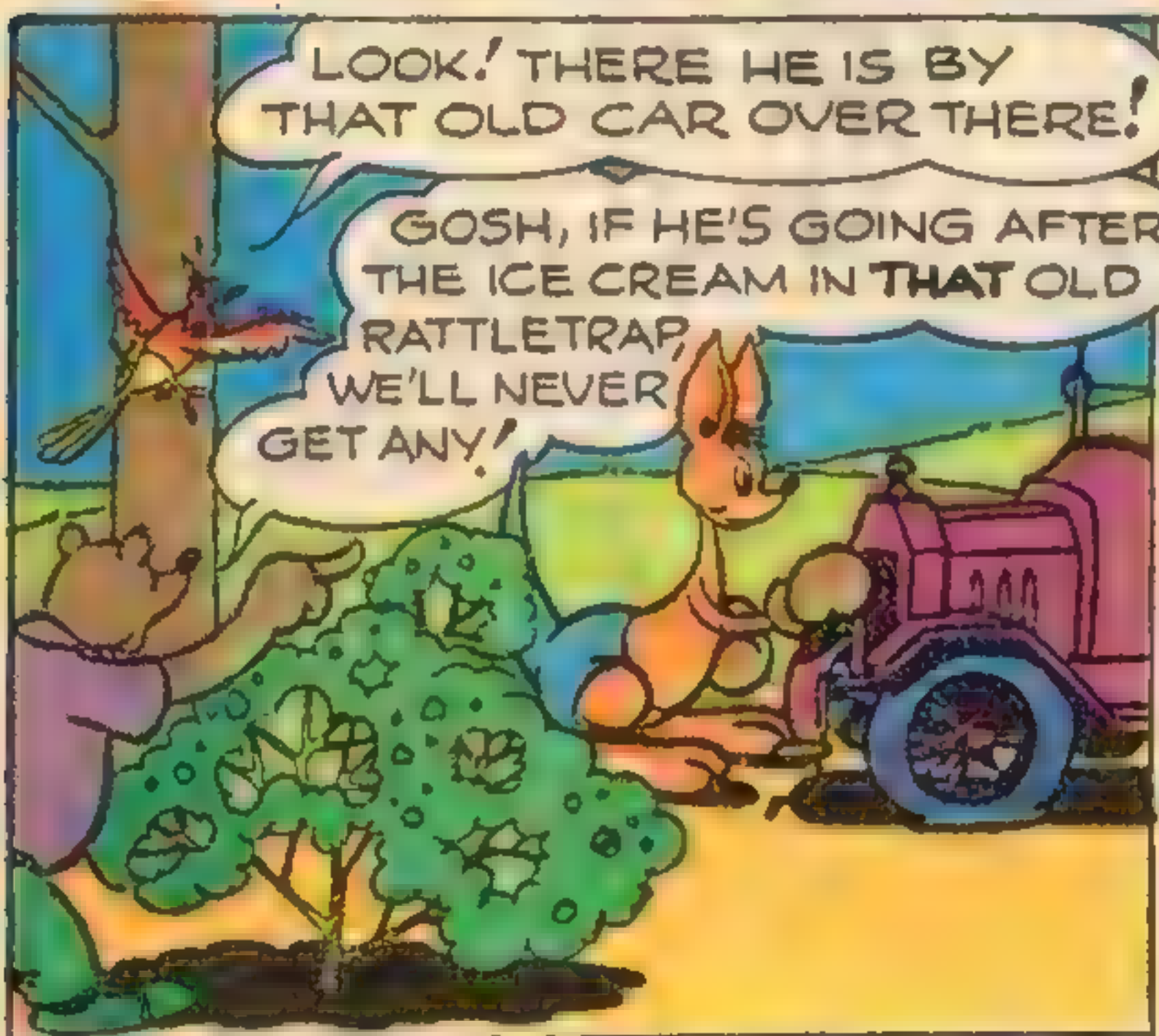
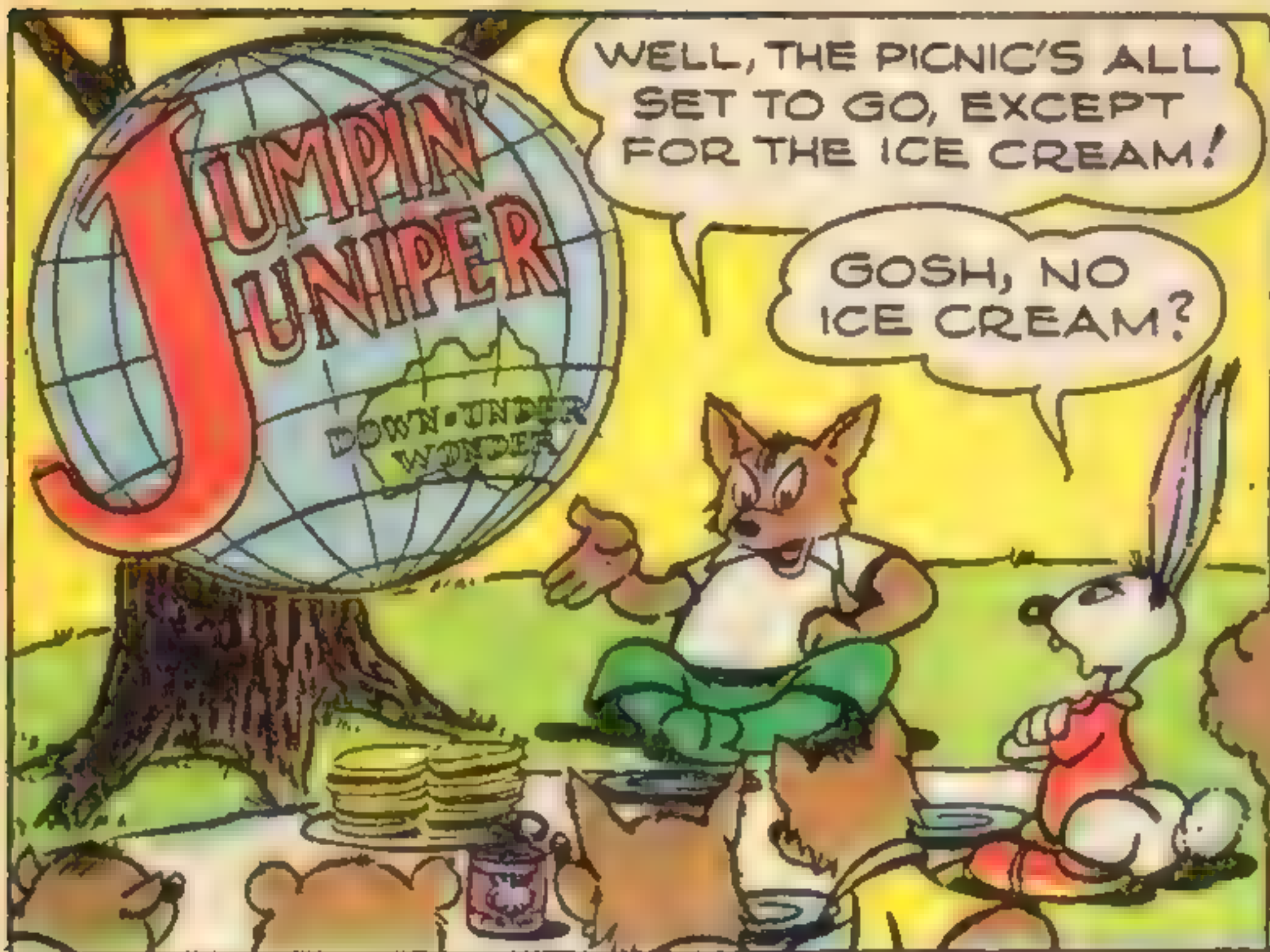
Name _____
(please print plainly)

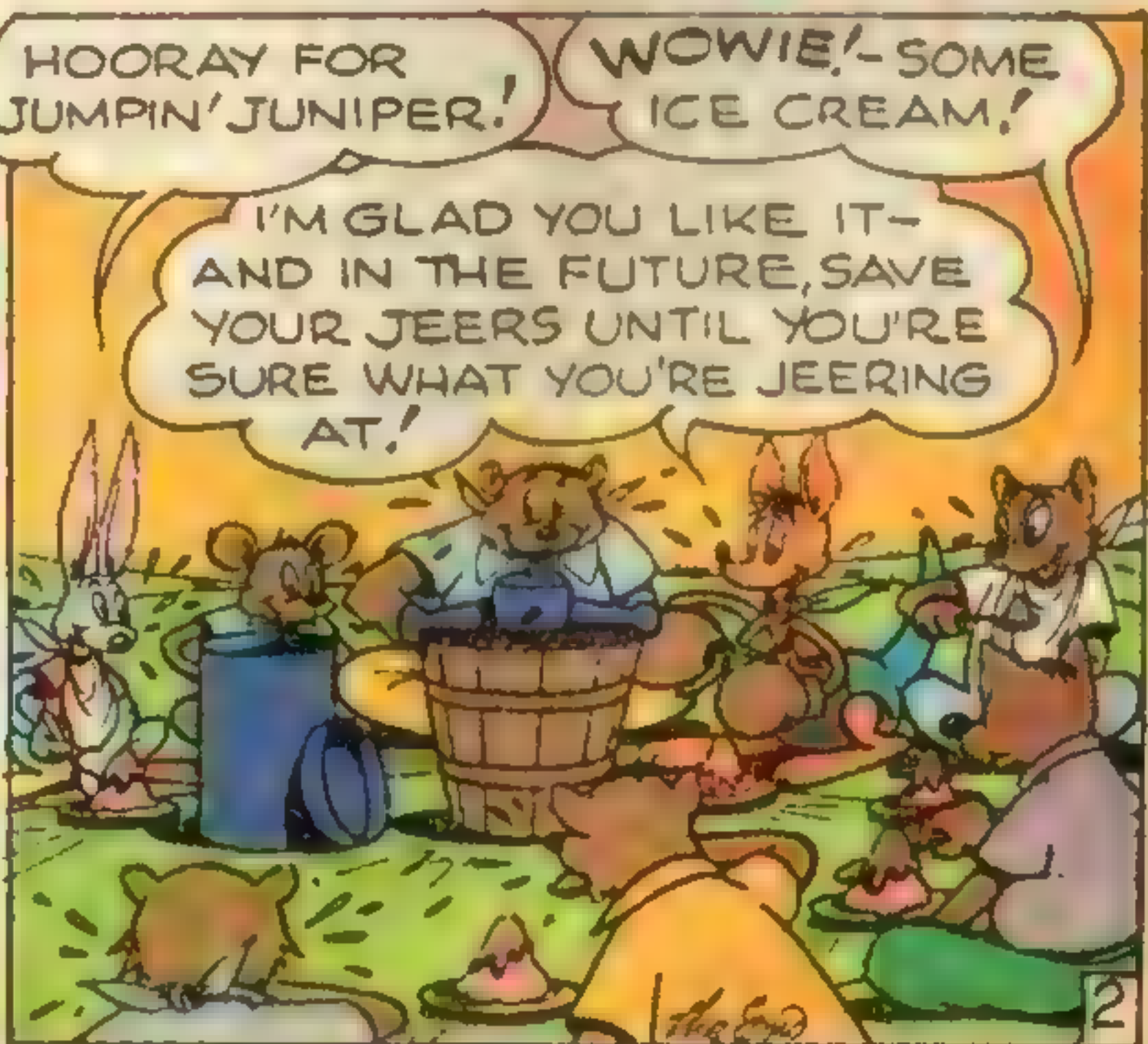
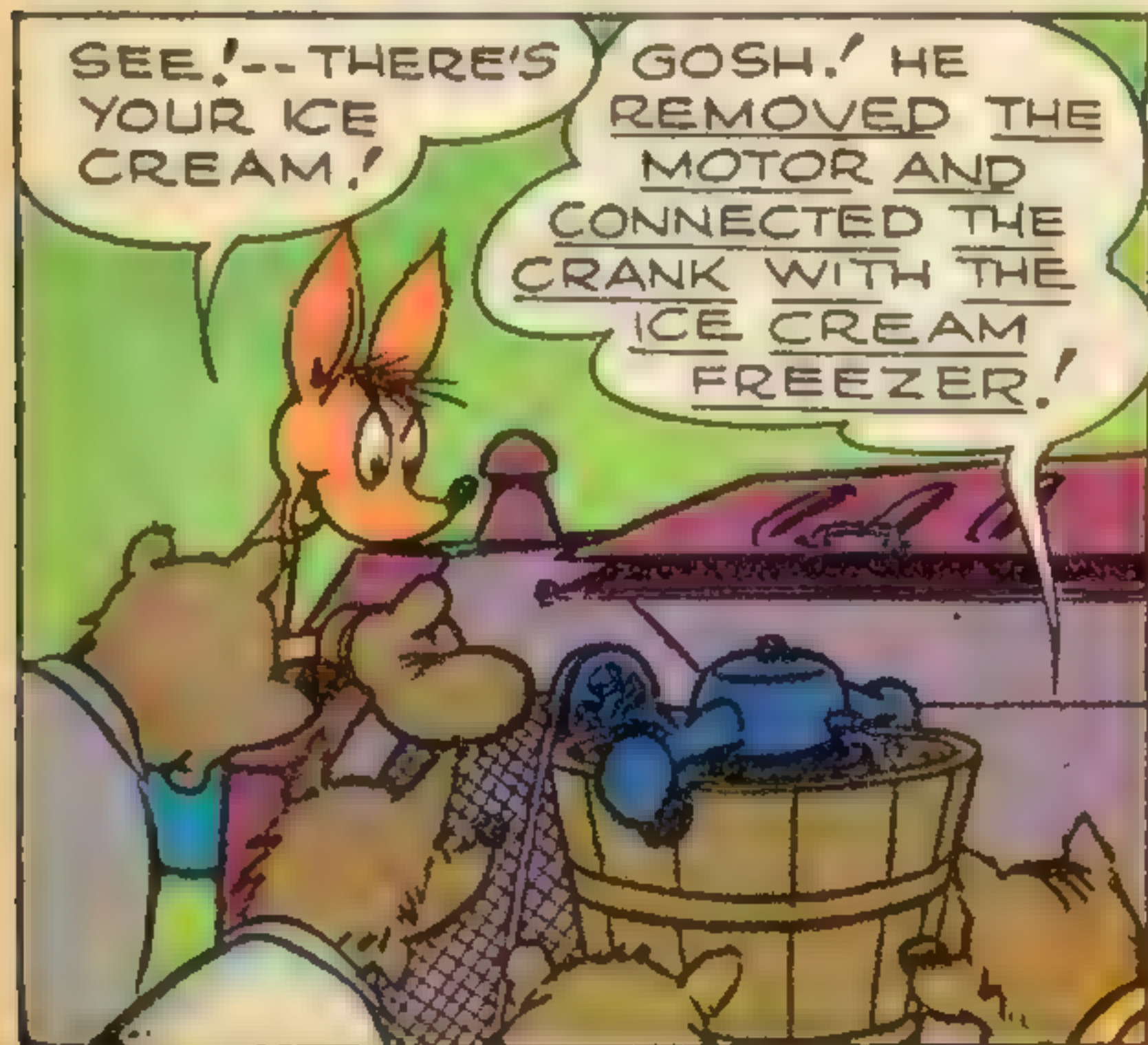
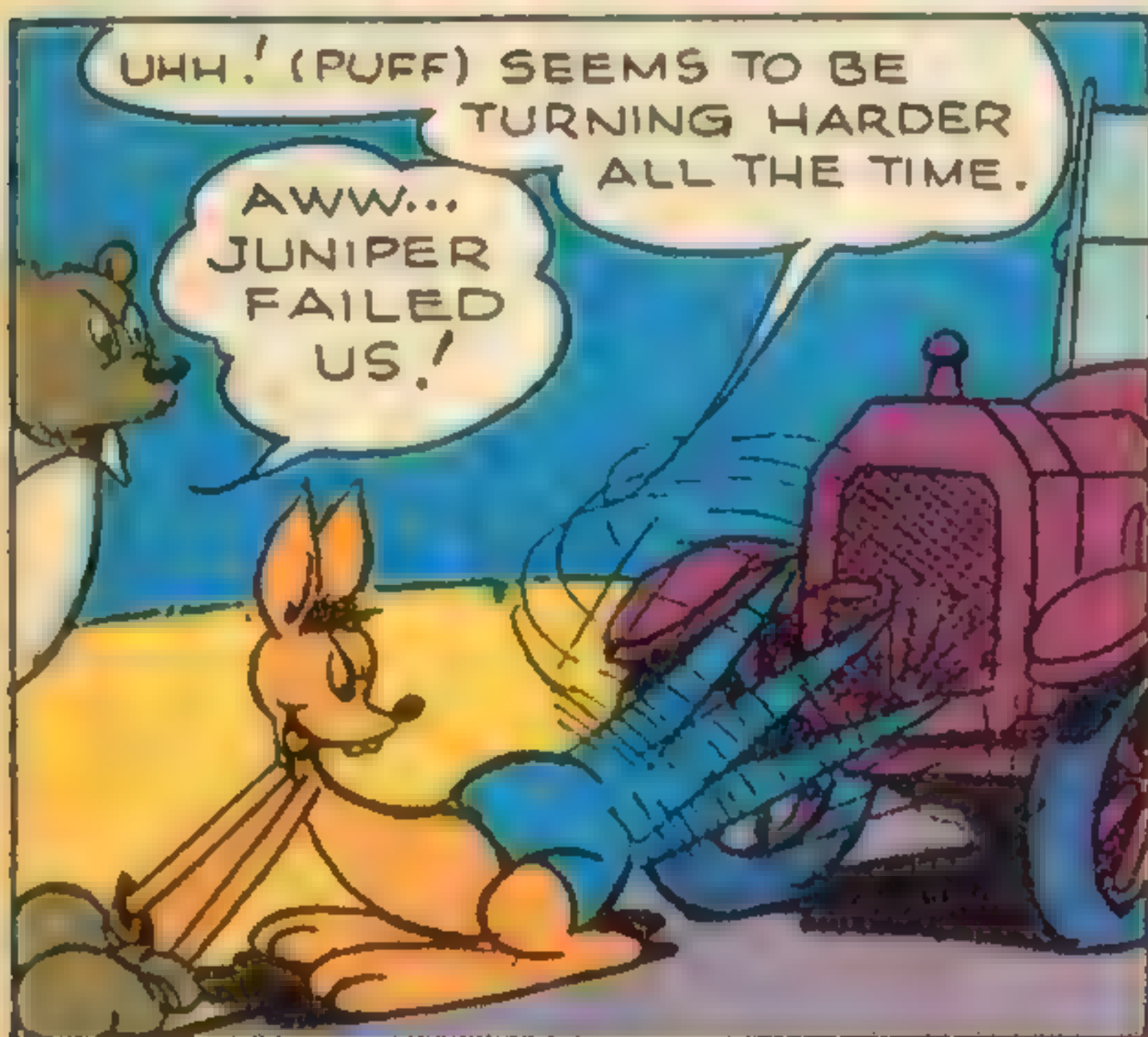
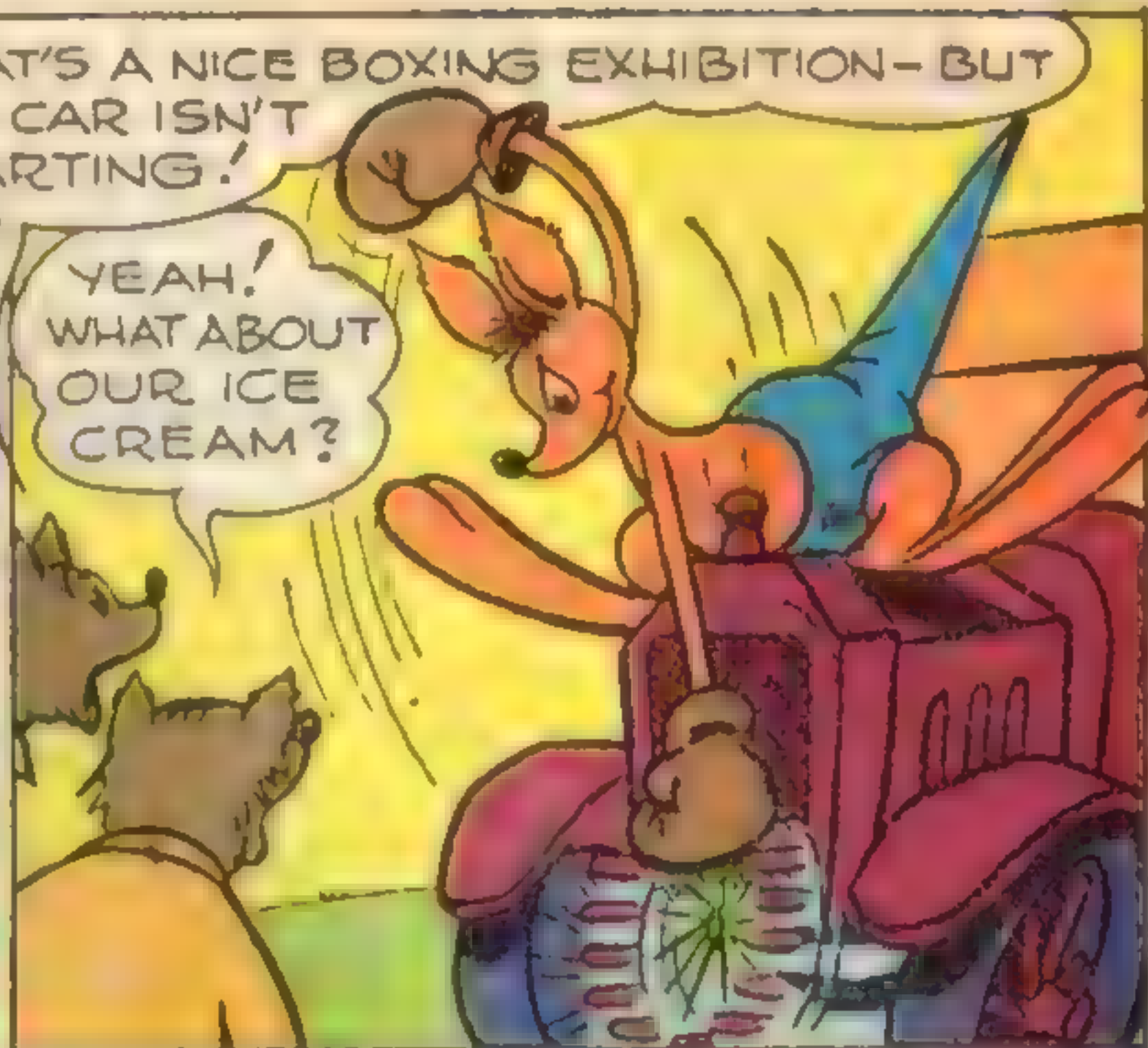
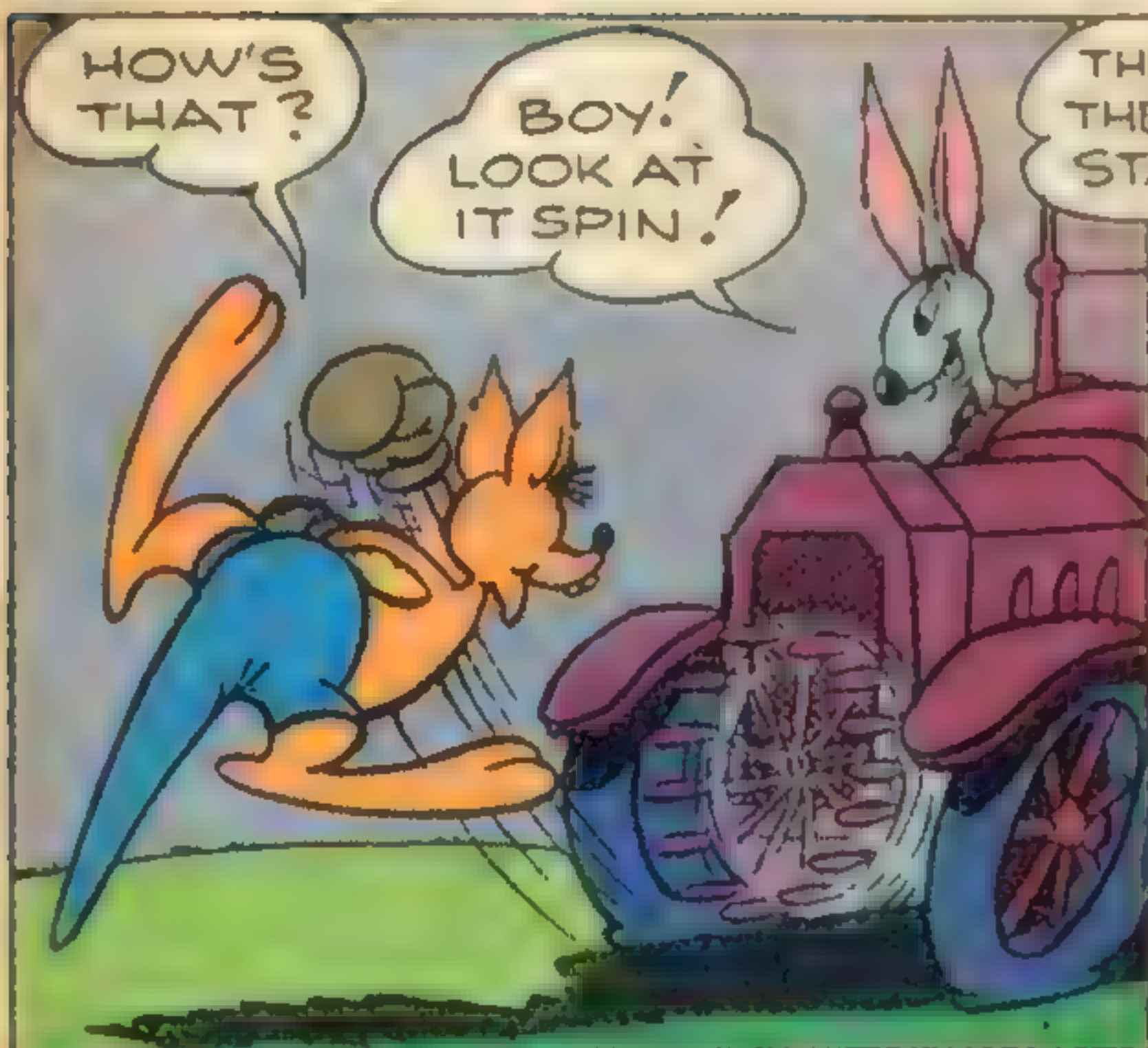
Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

If you are under 18 check here
Regardless of your age, you get your Number booklet FREE.

(This offer expires December 31, 1945)







FRANKIE FLIPPER IS HURRYING (??)
TO FIND A JOB...

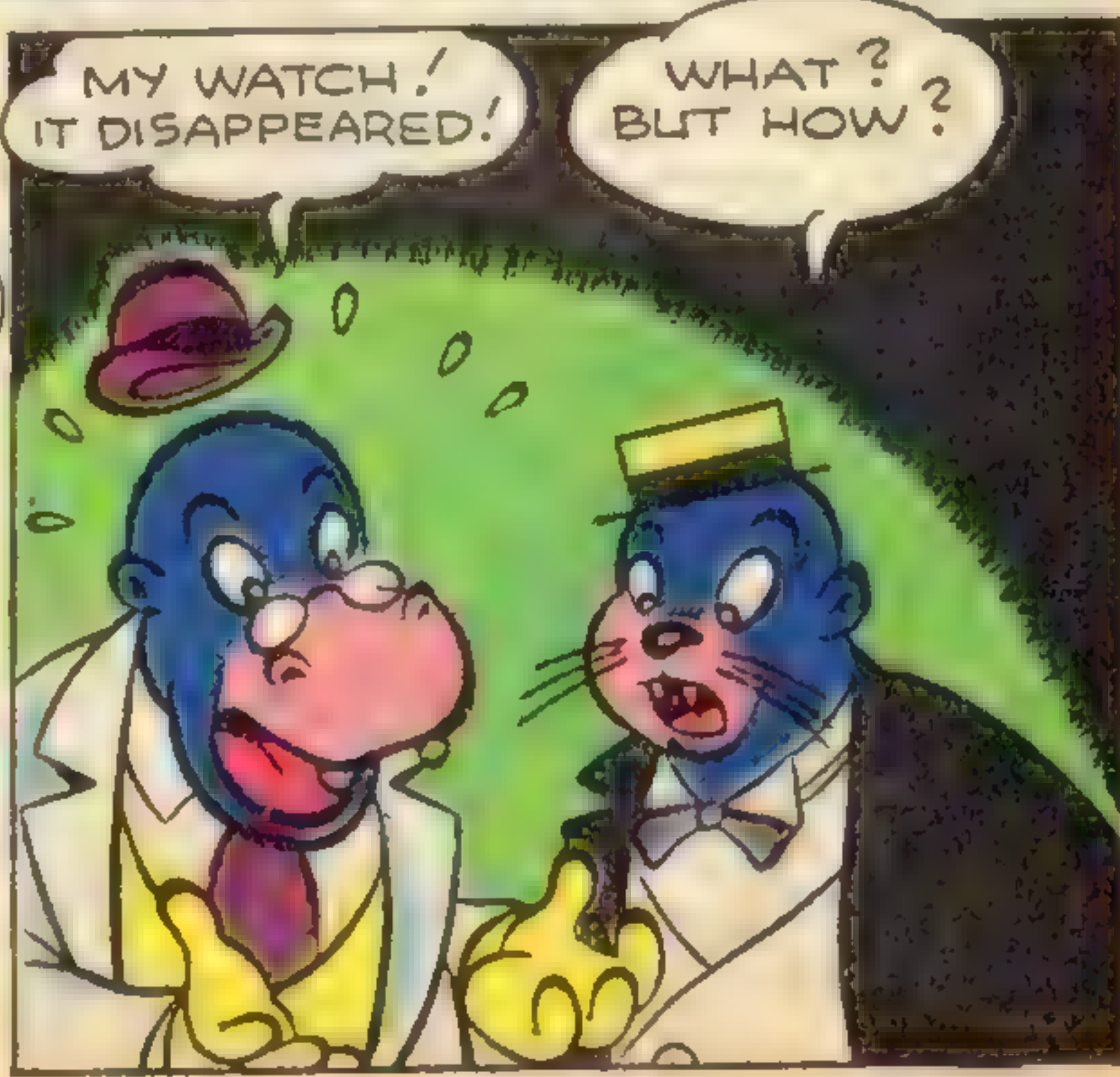
YOU SEE, SIR, MY WIFE
SENT ME TO ANSWER A
WANT AD, AND I'D LIKE TO
KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS, SO
I CAN BE LATE -

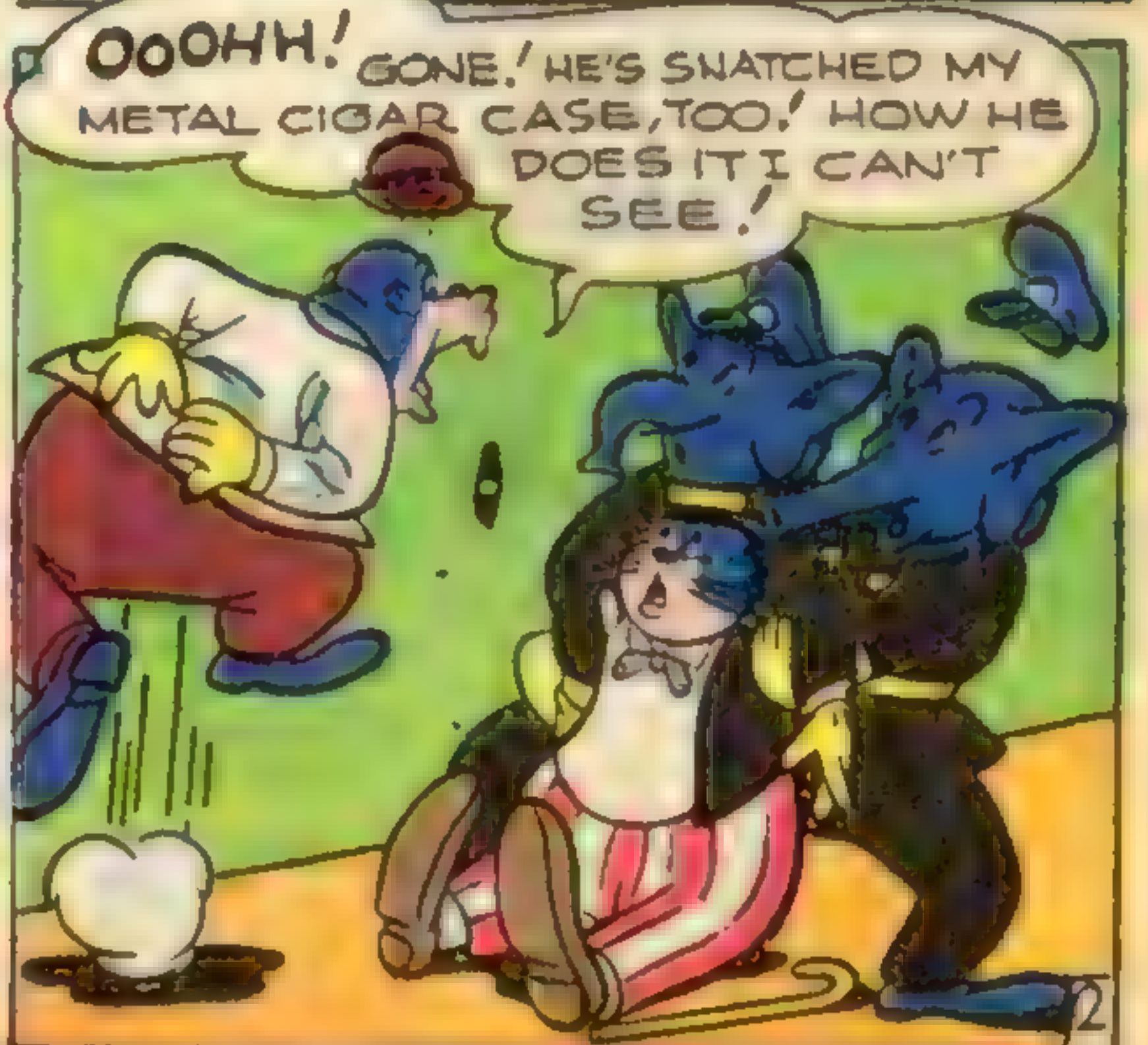
THE TIME?
ONE
MOMENT,
PLEASE...



MY WATCH!
IT DISAPPEARED!

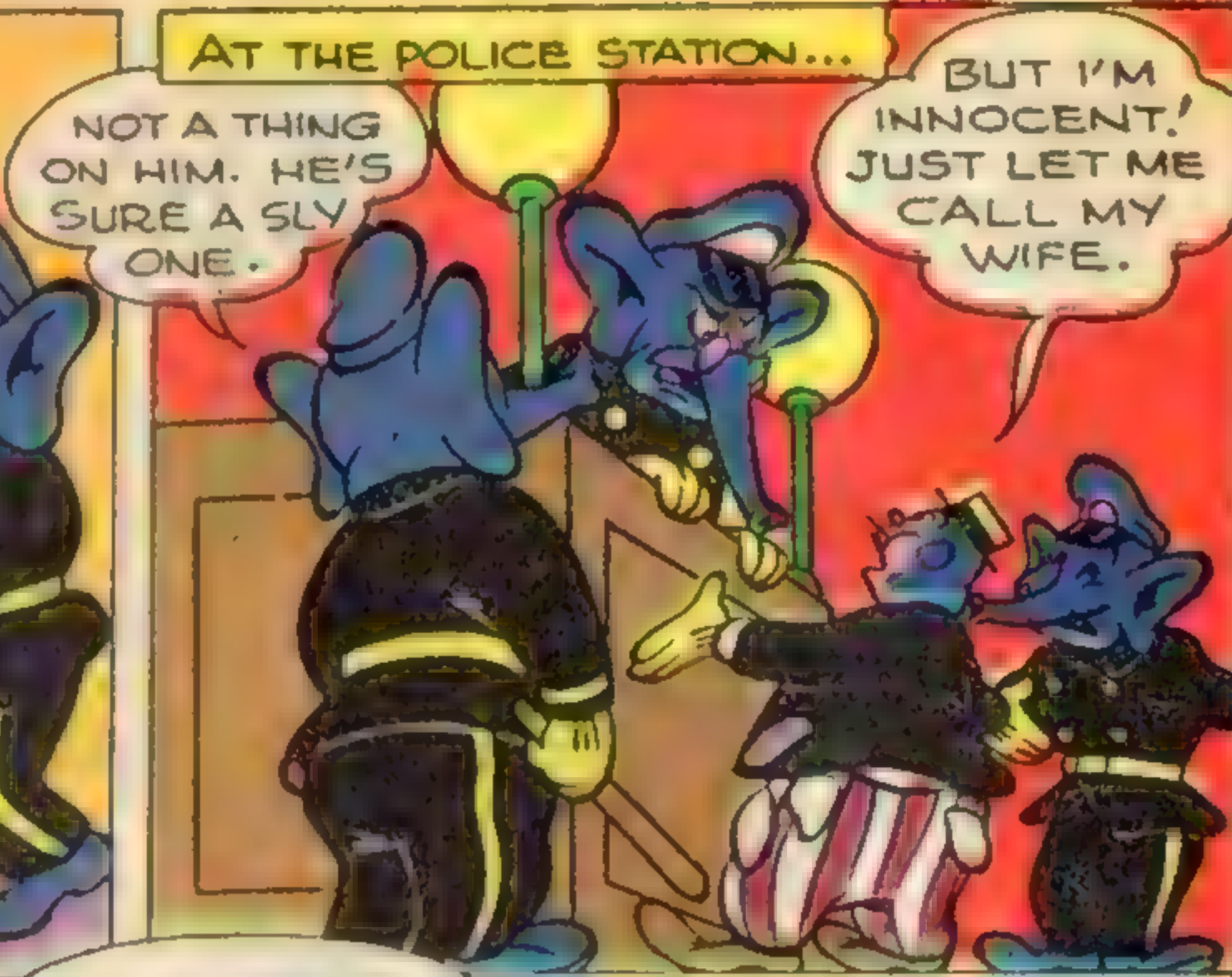
WHAT?
BUT HOW?







A DANGEROUS AND WILY RASCAL! WE'LL TAKE HIM TO HEADQUARTERS.



NOT A THING ON HIM. HE'S SURE A SLY ONE.

BUT I'M INNOCENT! JUST LET ME CALL MY WIFE.



NO, I DIDN'T GET THAT JOB YOU SENT ME FOR, DEAR. BUT THE POLICE INSIST I DID ANOTHER JOB. PLEASE COME AND HELP ME!

NO, HE DIDN'T SWALLOW THE WATCH AND DIAMOND CASE.



OOH! I WISH FANNY WERE HERE!



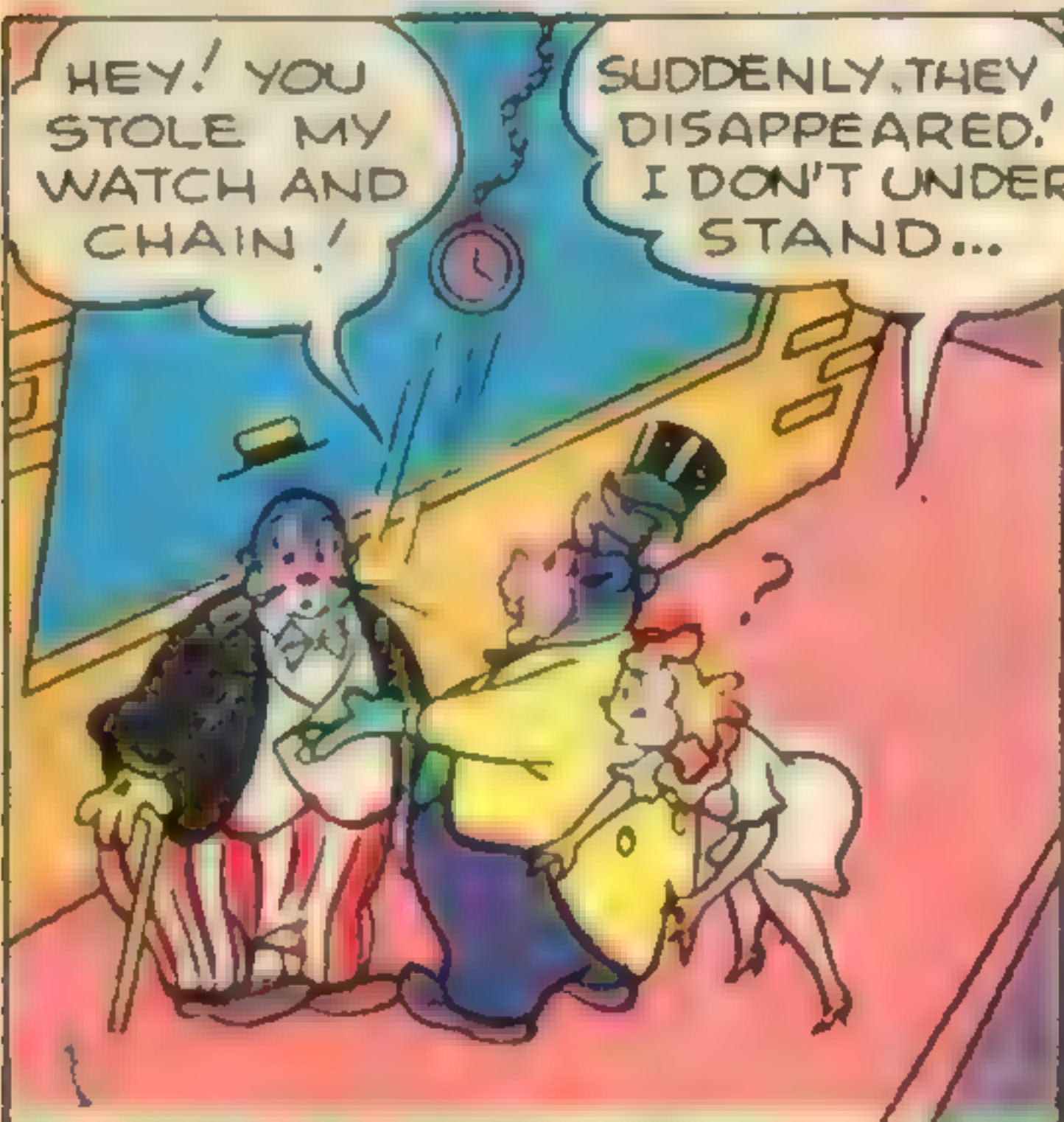
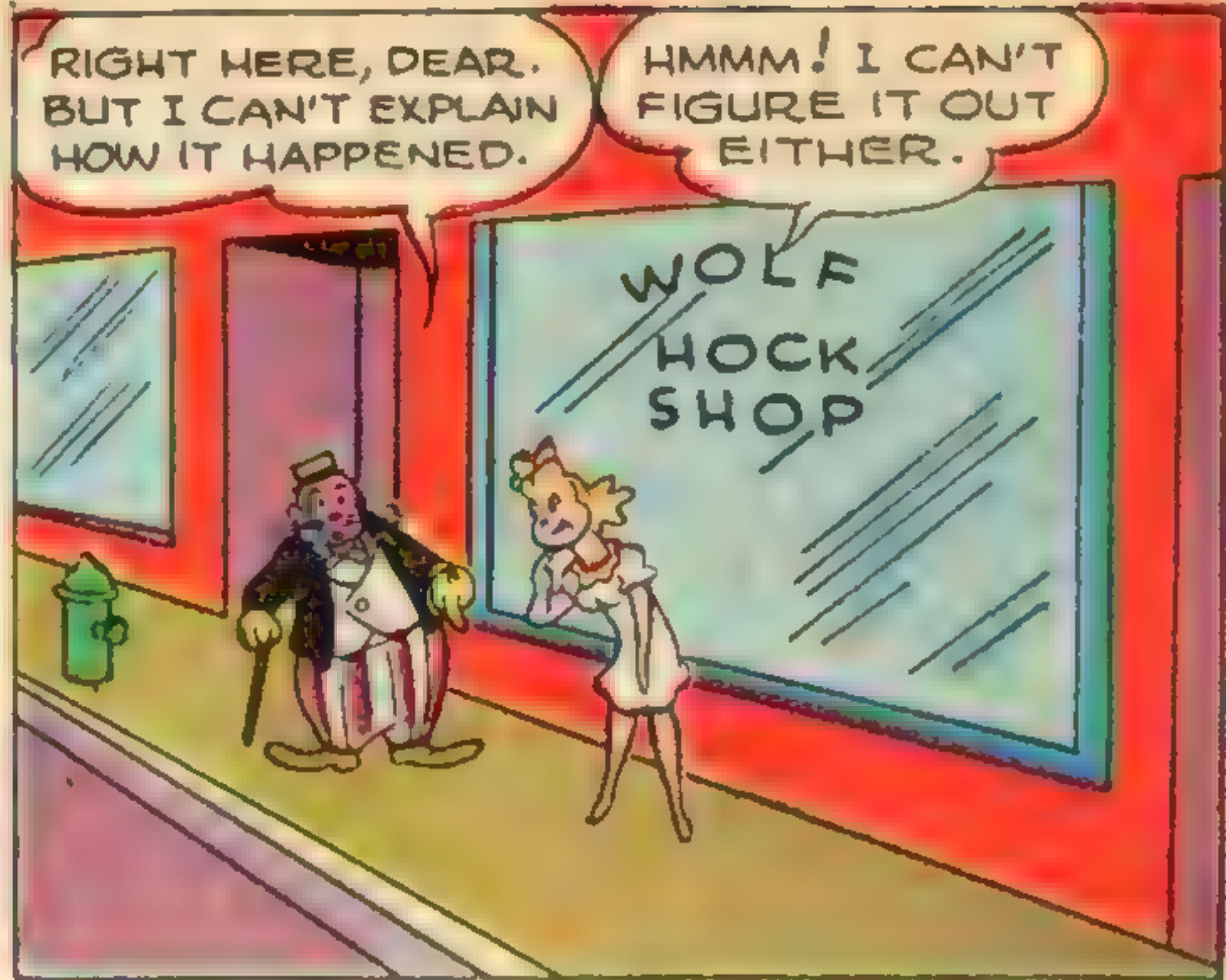
MRS. FLIPPER, WE SUSPECT FRANKIE'S FINGERS OF LOOT-LIFTING.

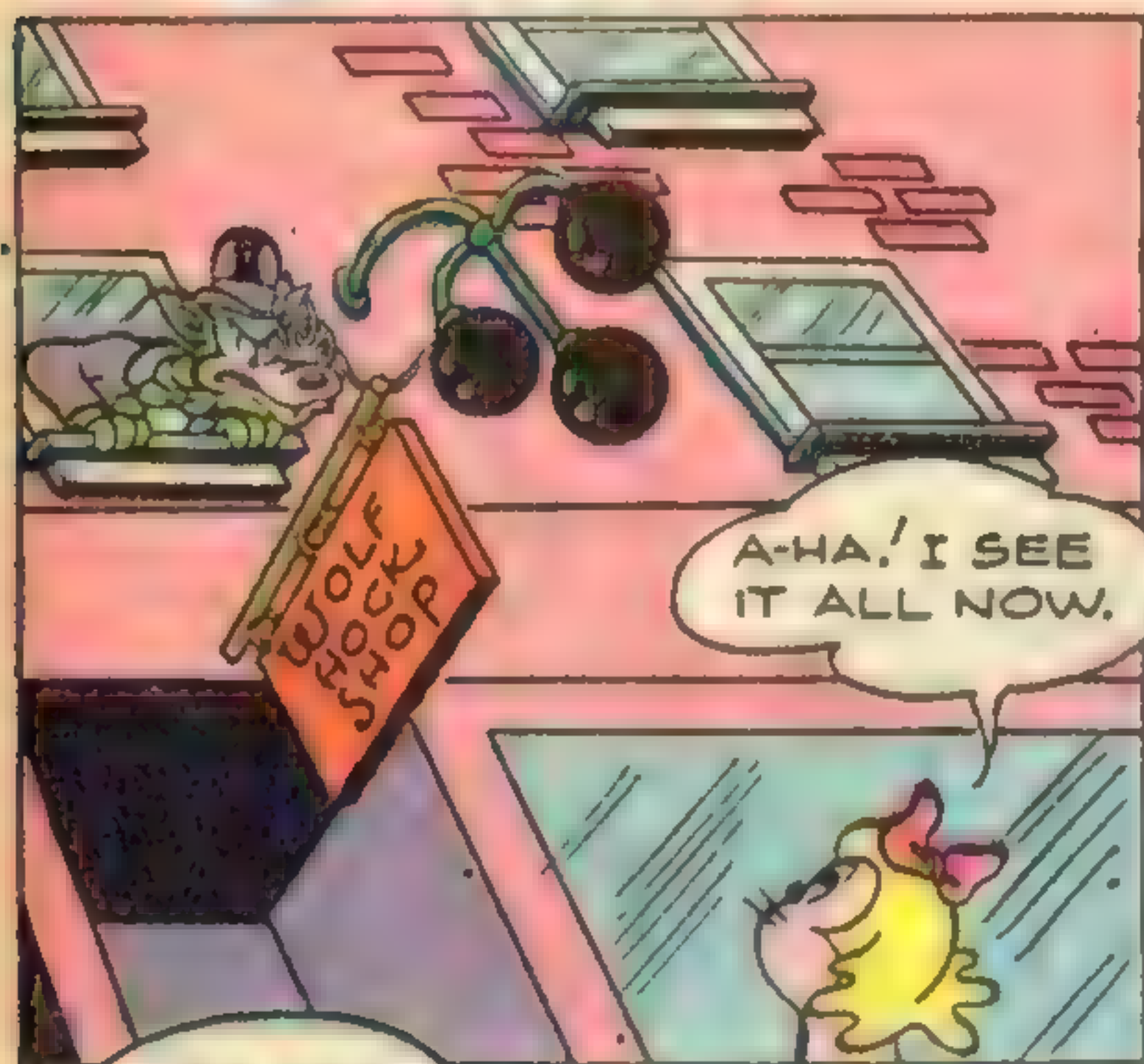
NONSENSE! HE MAY BE LAZY, BUT HE'S HONEST. HE WOULDN'T STEAL!

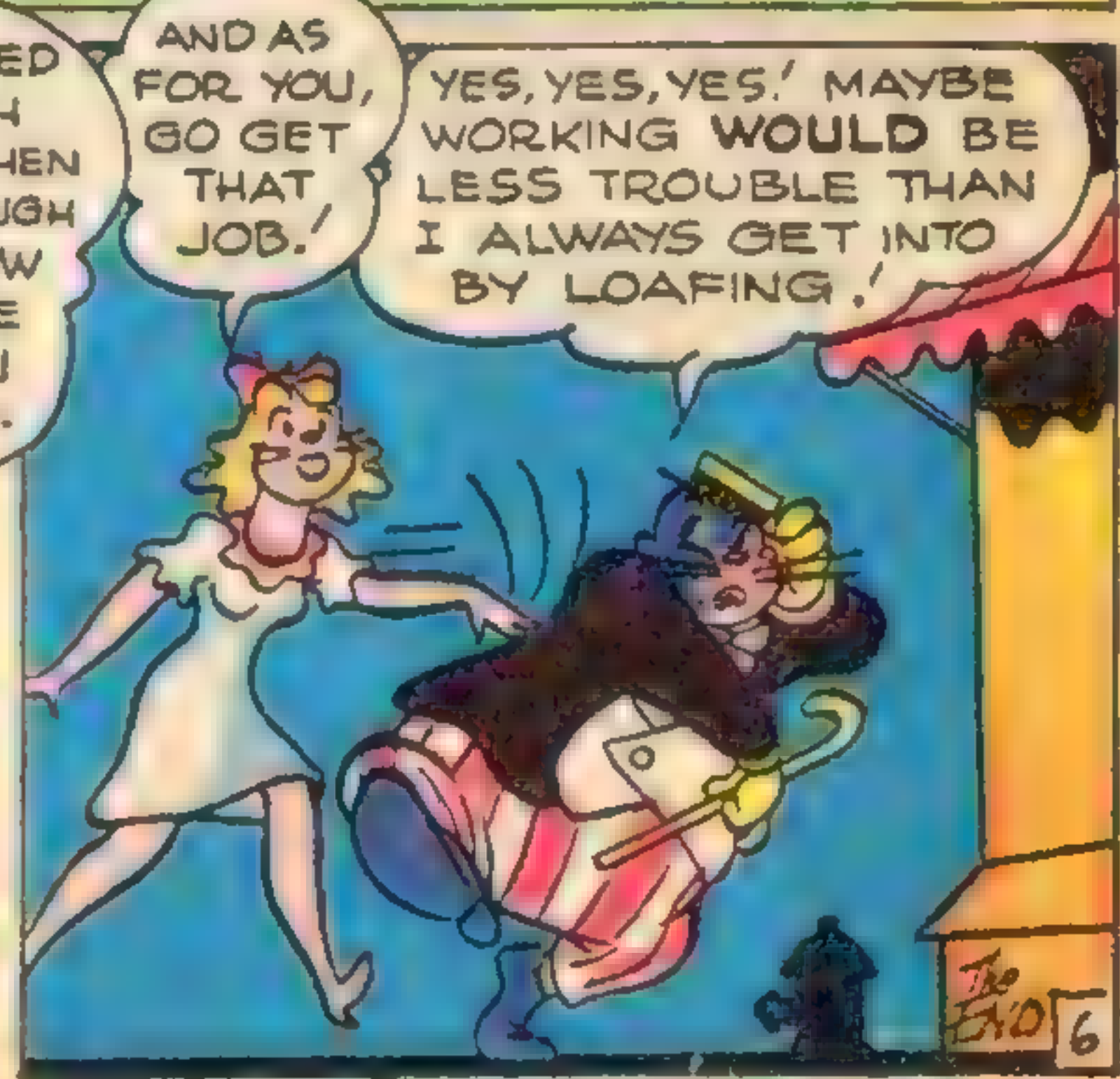
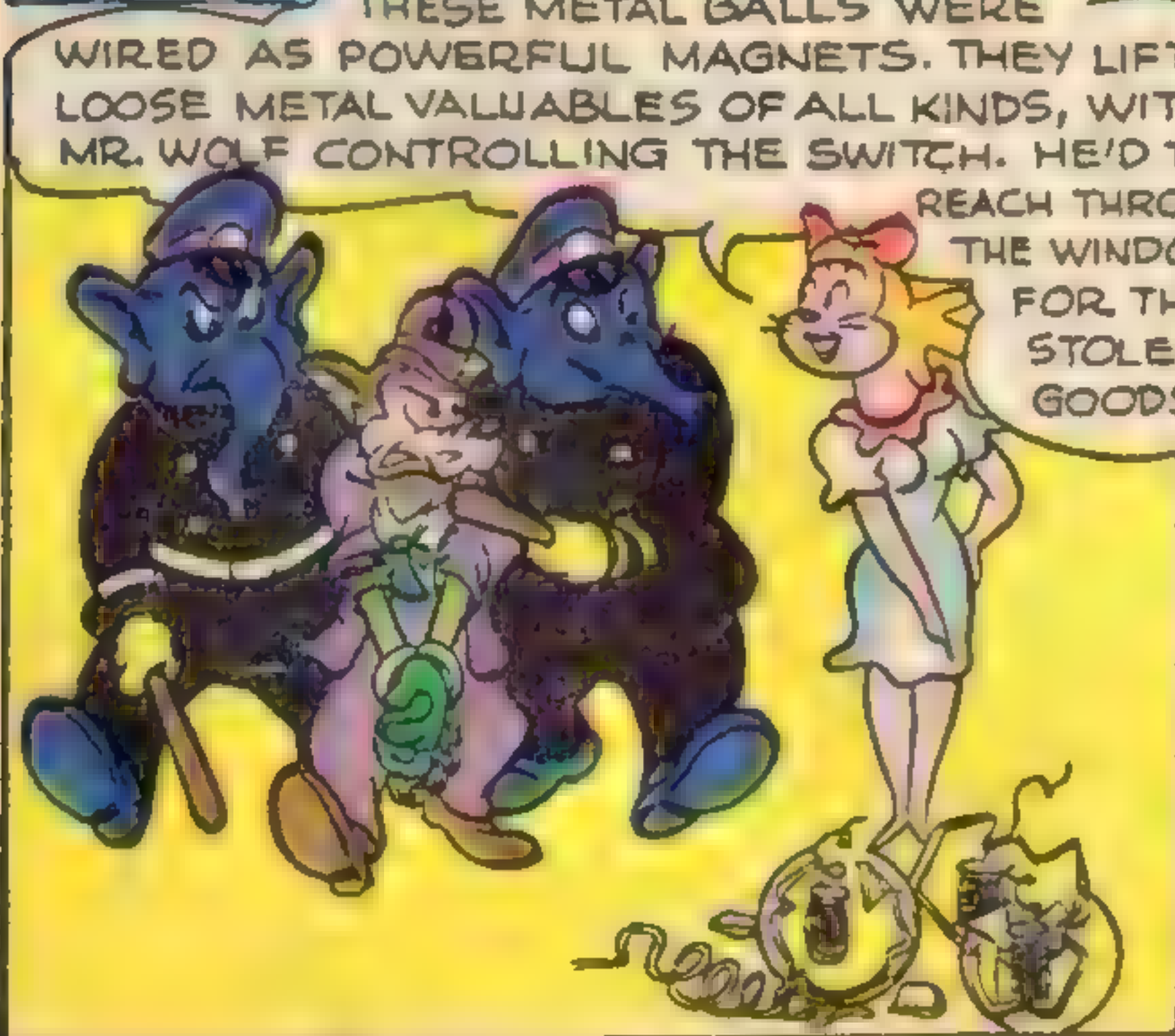
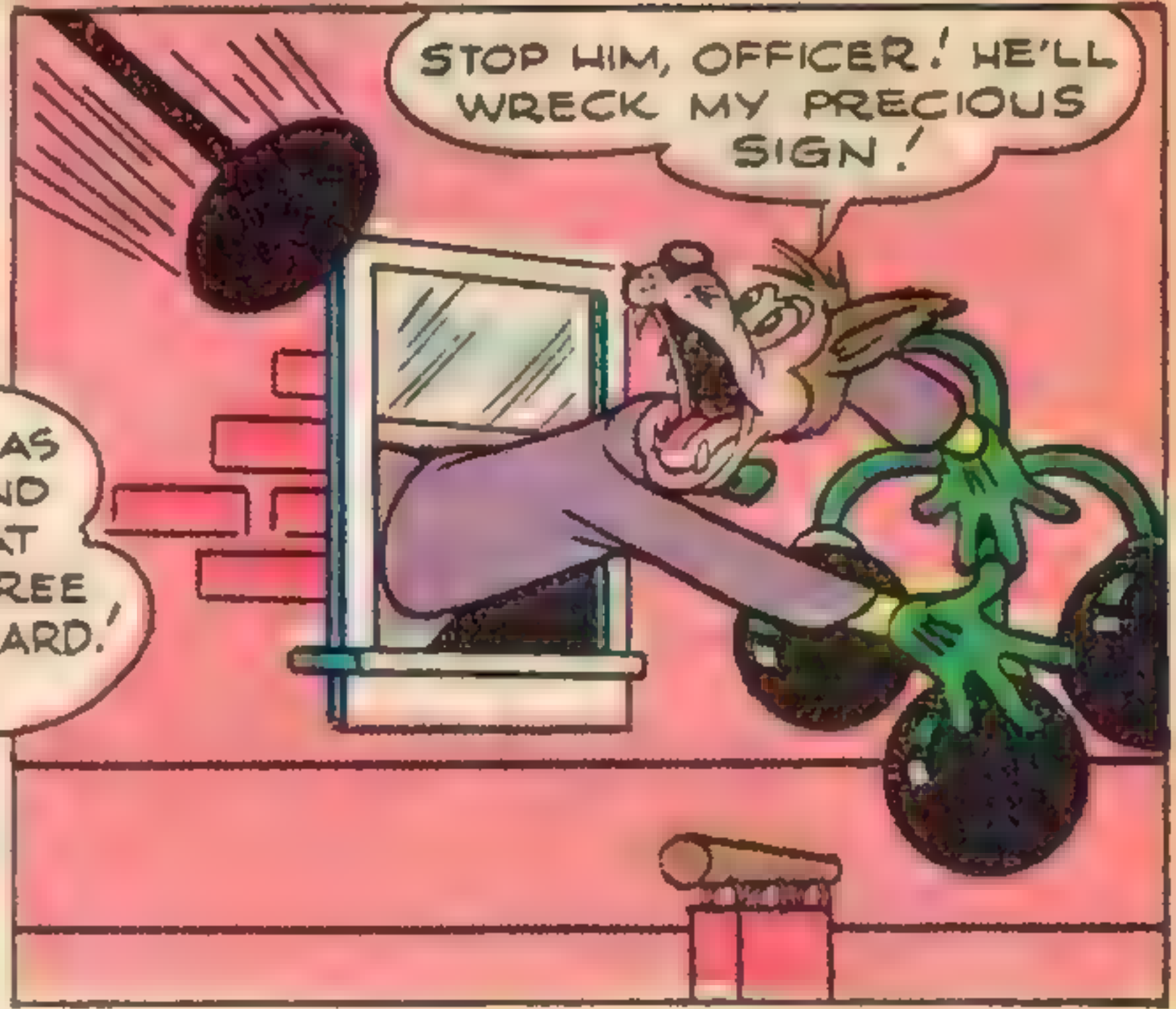
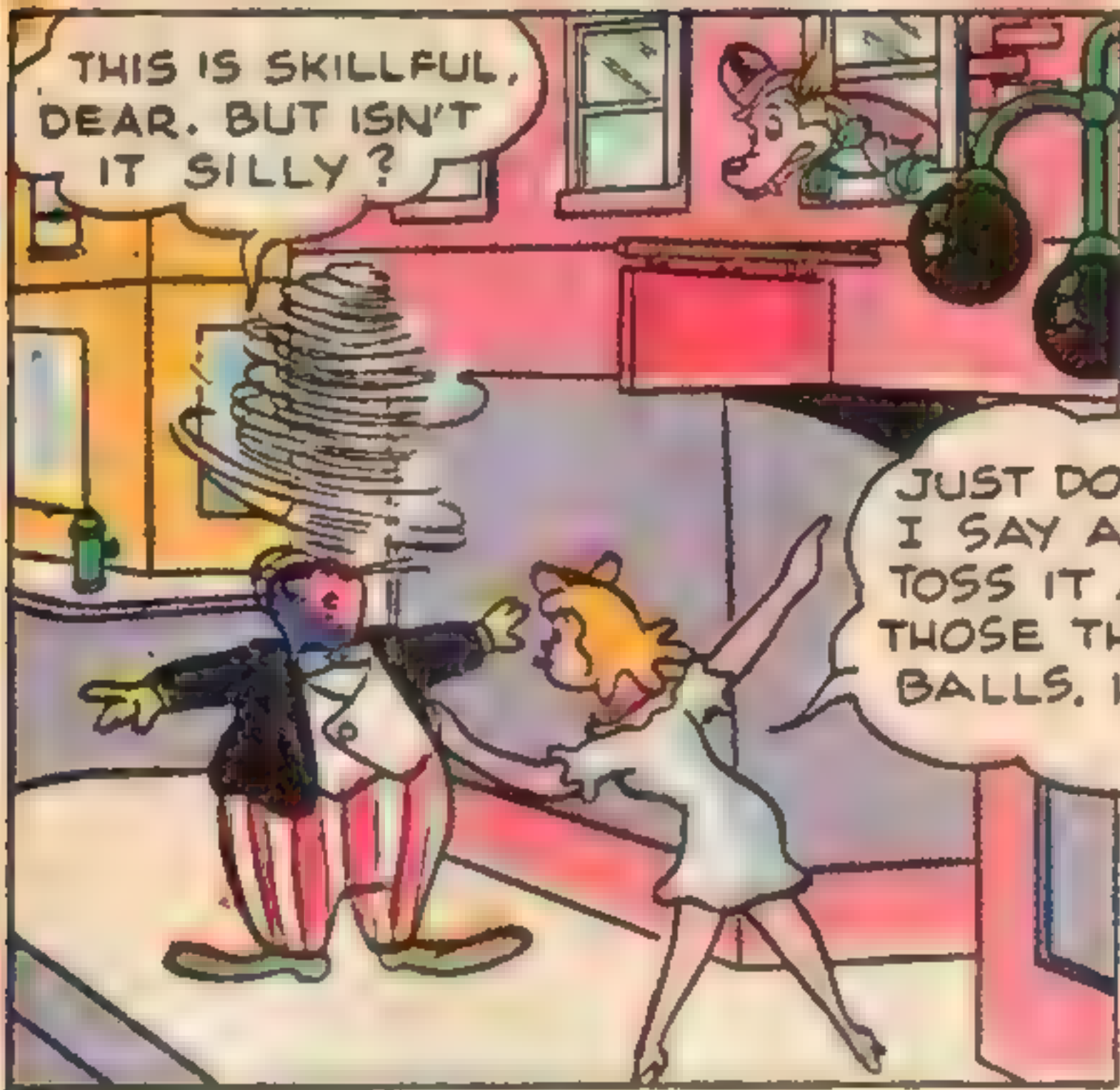


WE KNOW YOU, SO WE'LL RELEASE HIM IN YOUR CHARGE. BUT GET HIM TO COURT IN THE MORNING.

AND HE'LL BE IN JAIL BY AFTER-NOON.







PELICAN PETE



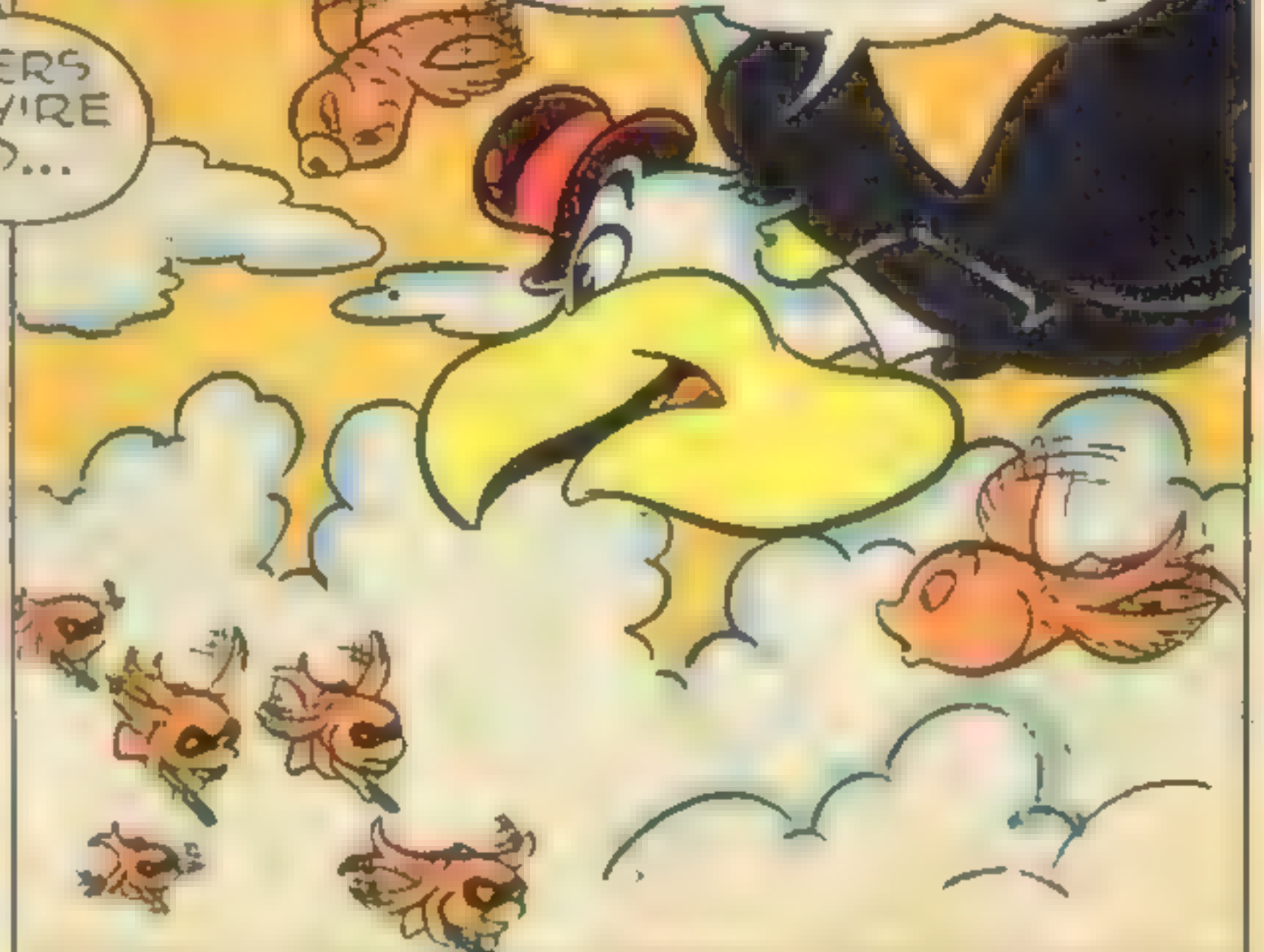
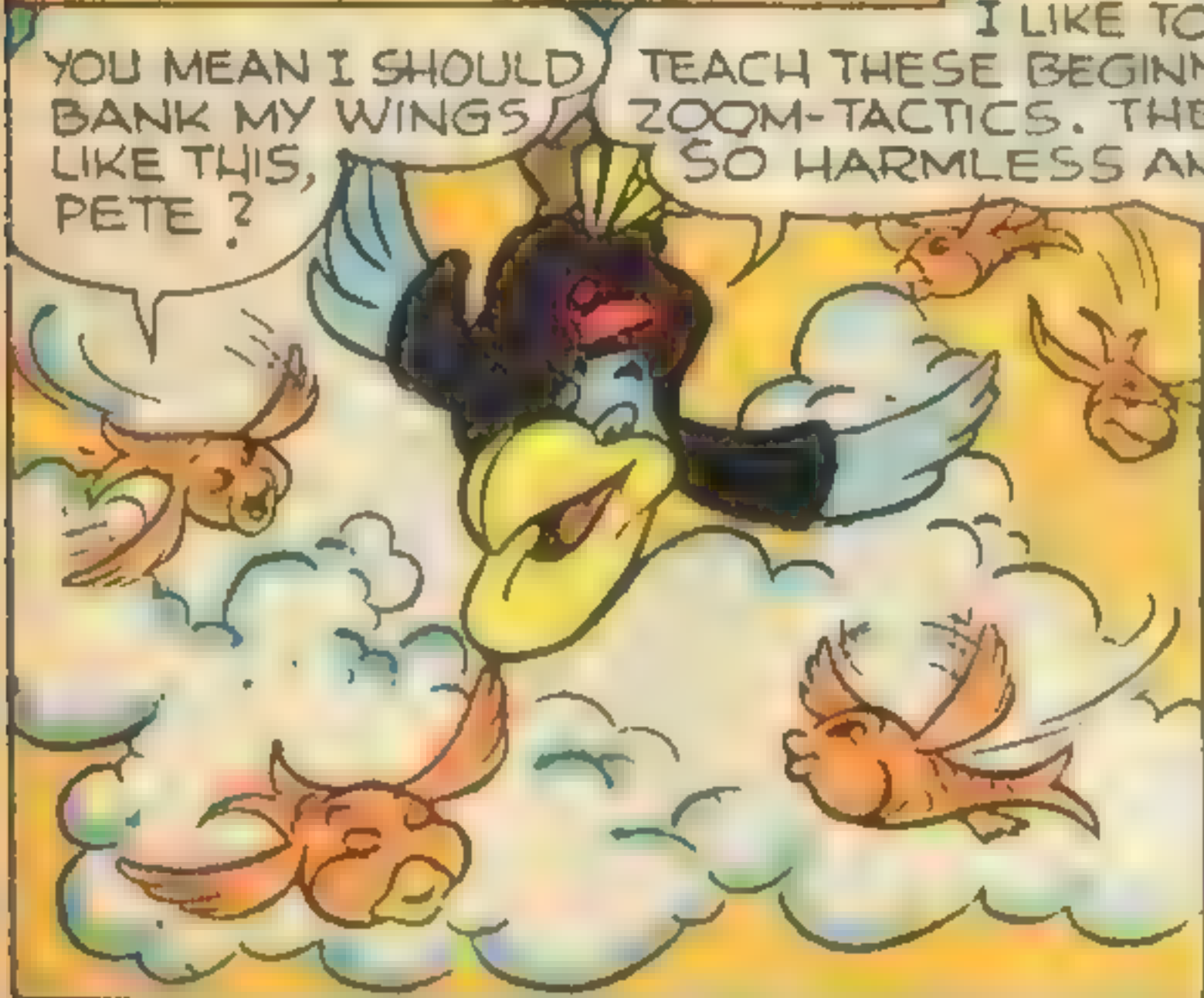
YOU KNOW PELICAN PETE. HE'S A SELF-APPOINTED ONE-MAN ARMY WHO FIGHTS FOR LAW AND ORDER. AND HE USES HIS WITS (AND A TRICKY GADGET-POUCH) TO FIND WAYS TO WAGE WAR AGAINST THE... "PLUNDERING PIRATES!"

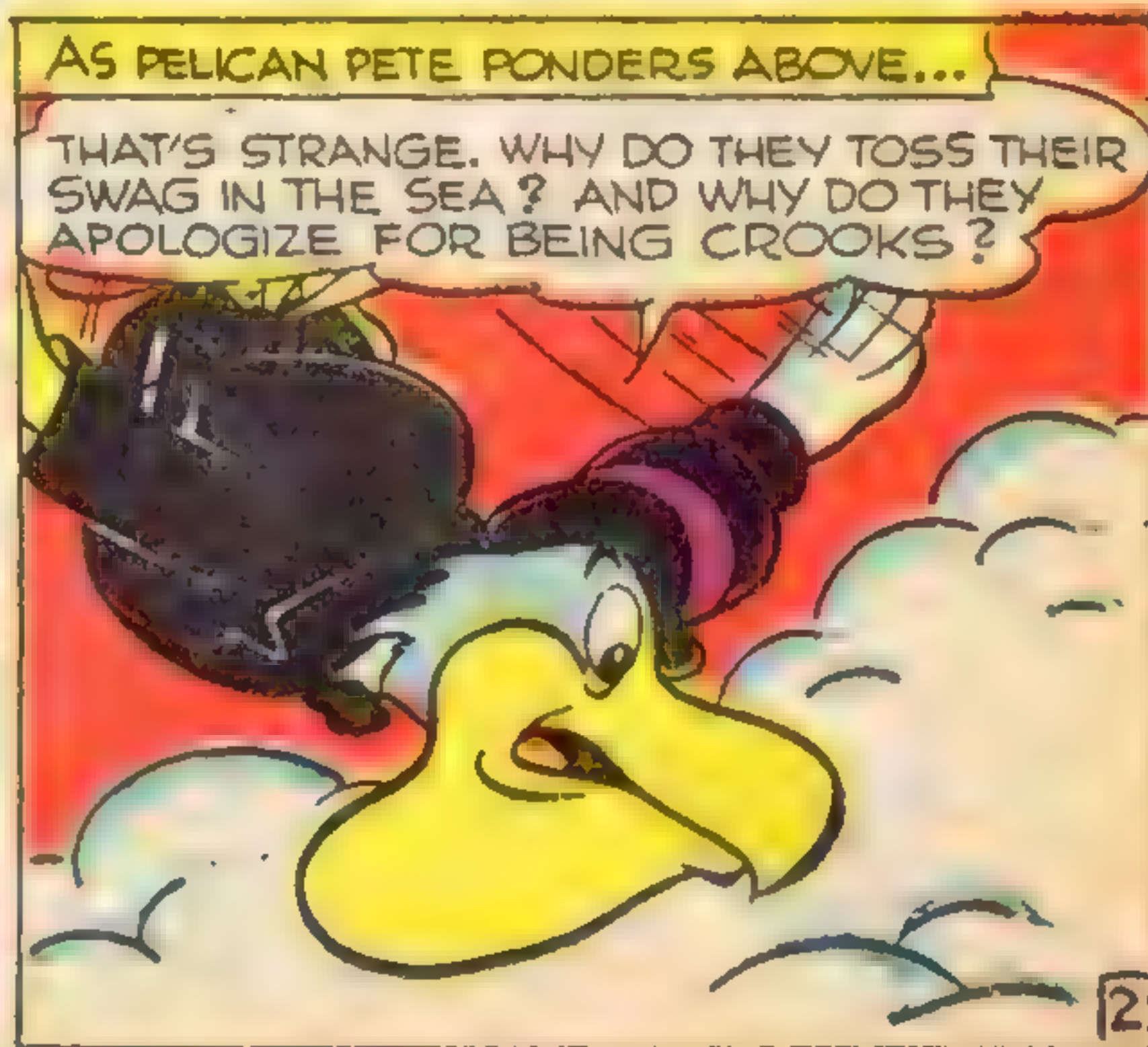
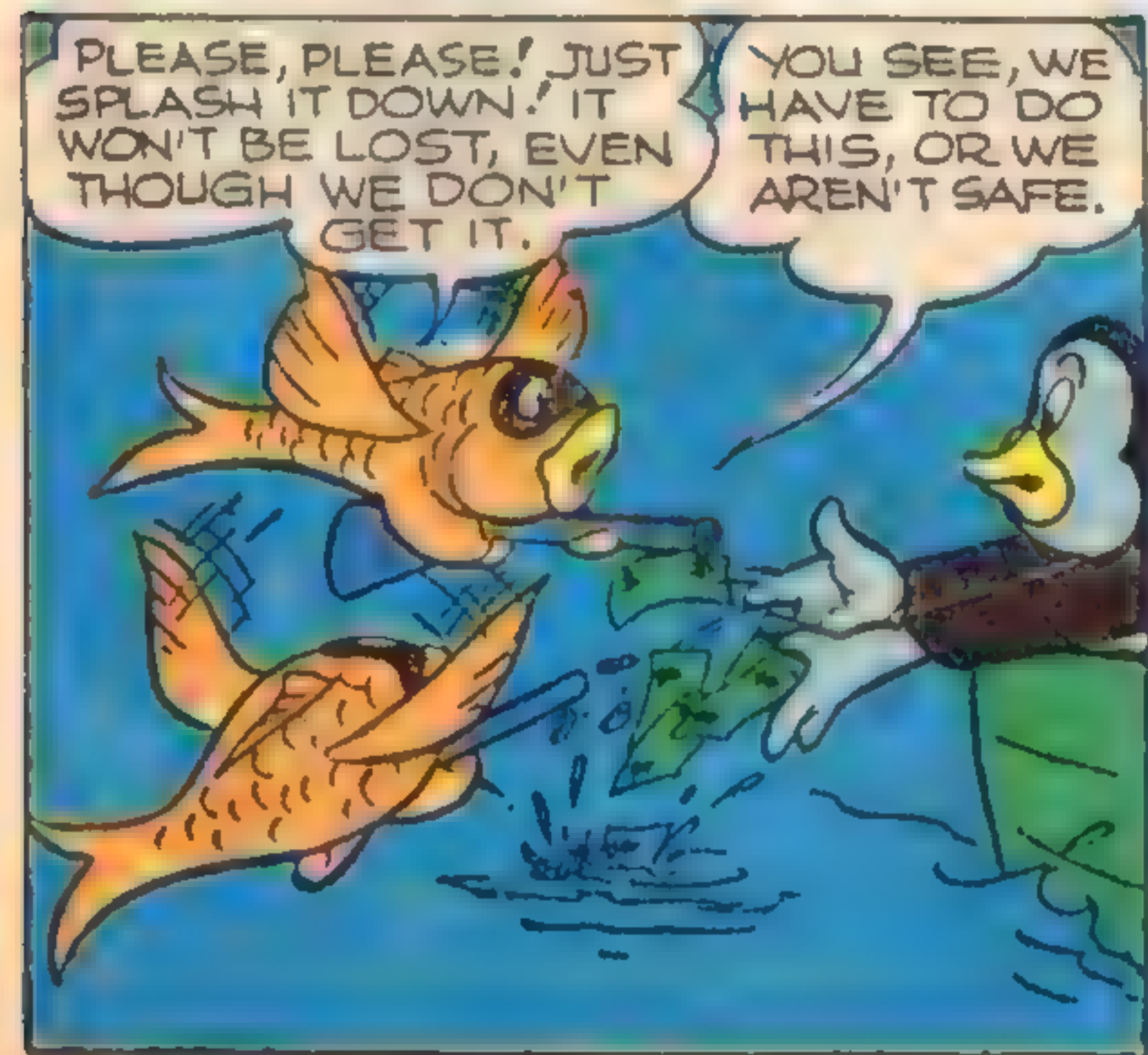
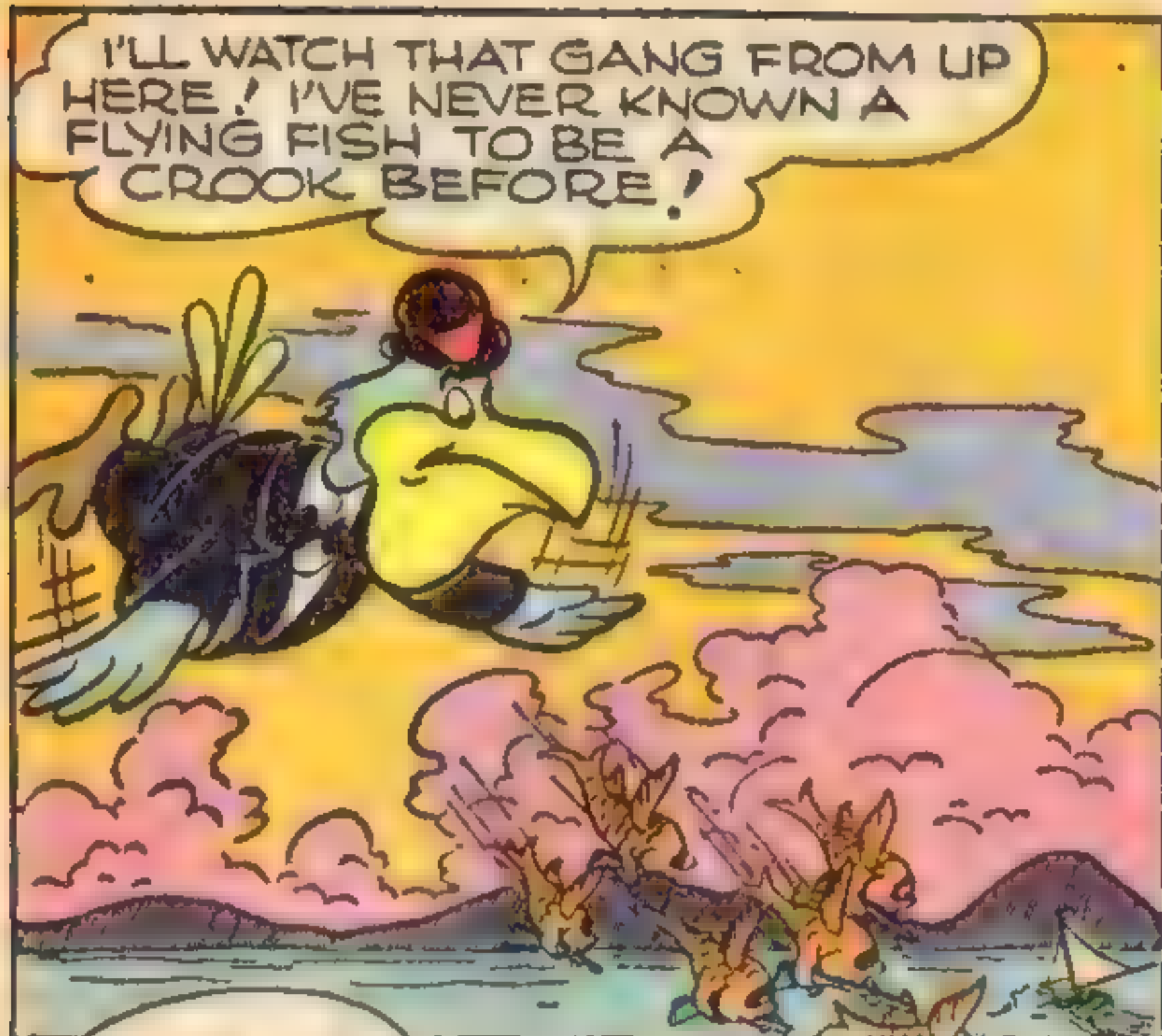
AS PELICAN PETE GIVES SOME FLYING FISH A LESSON IN FAST SPINNING...

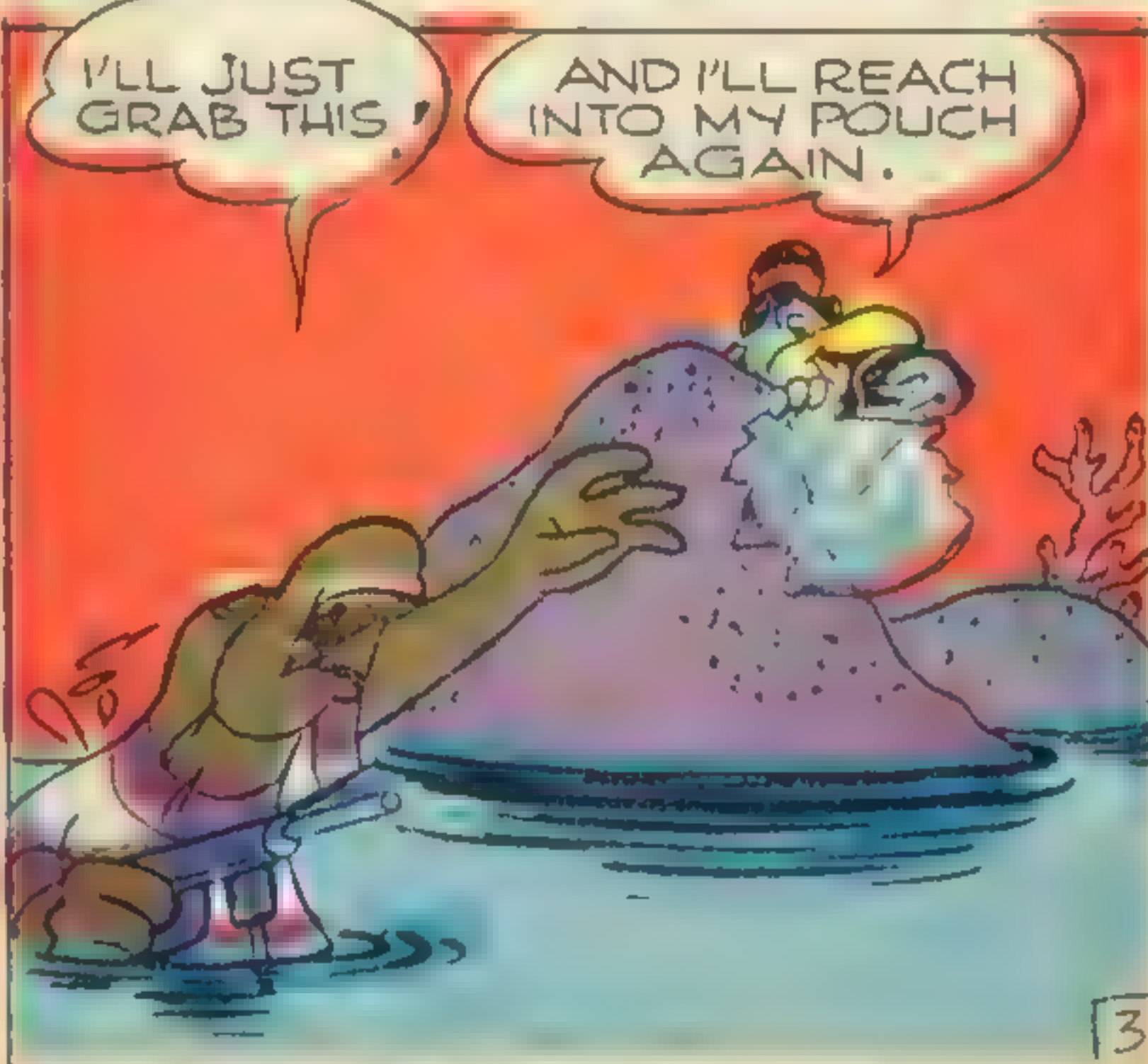
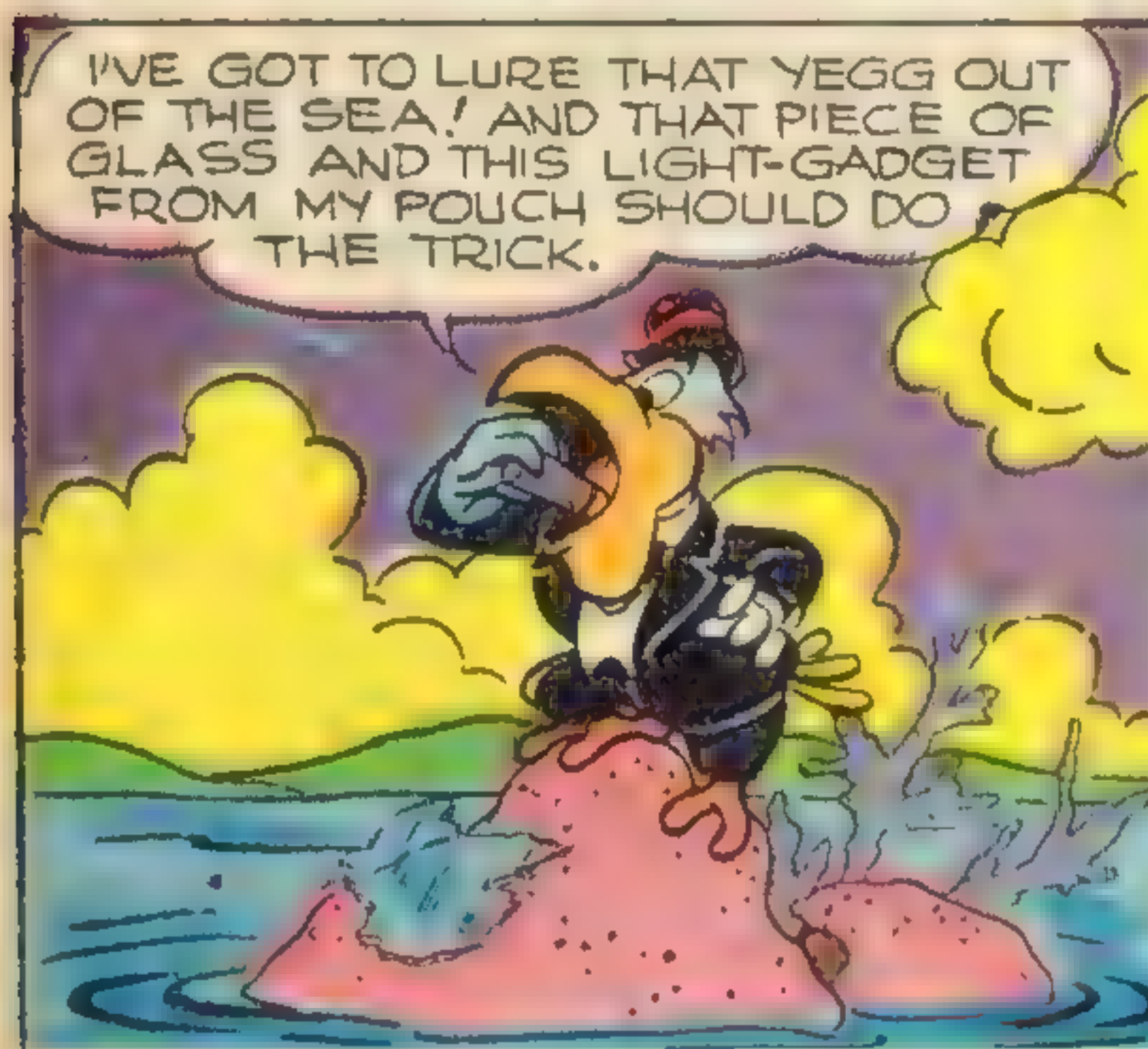
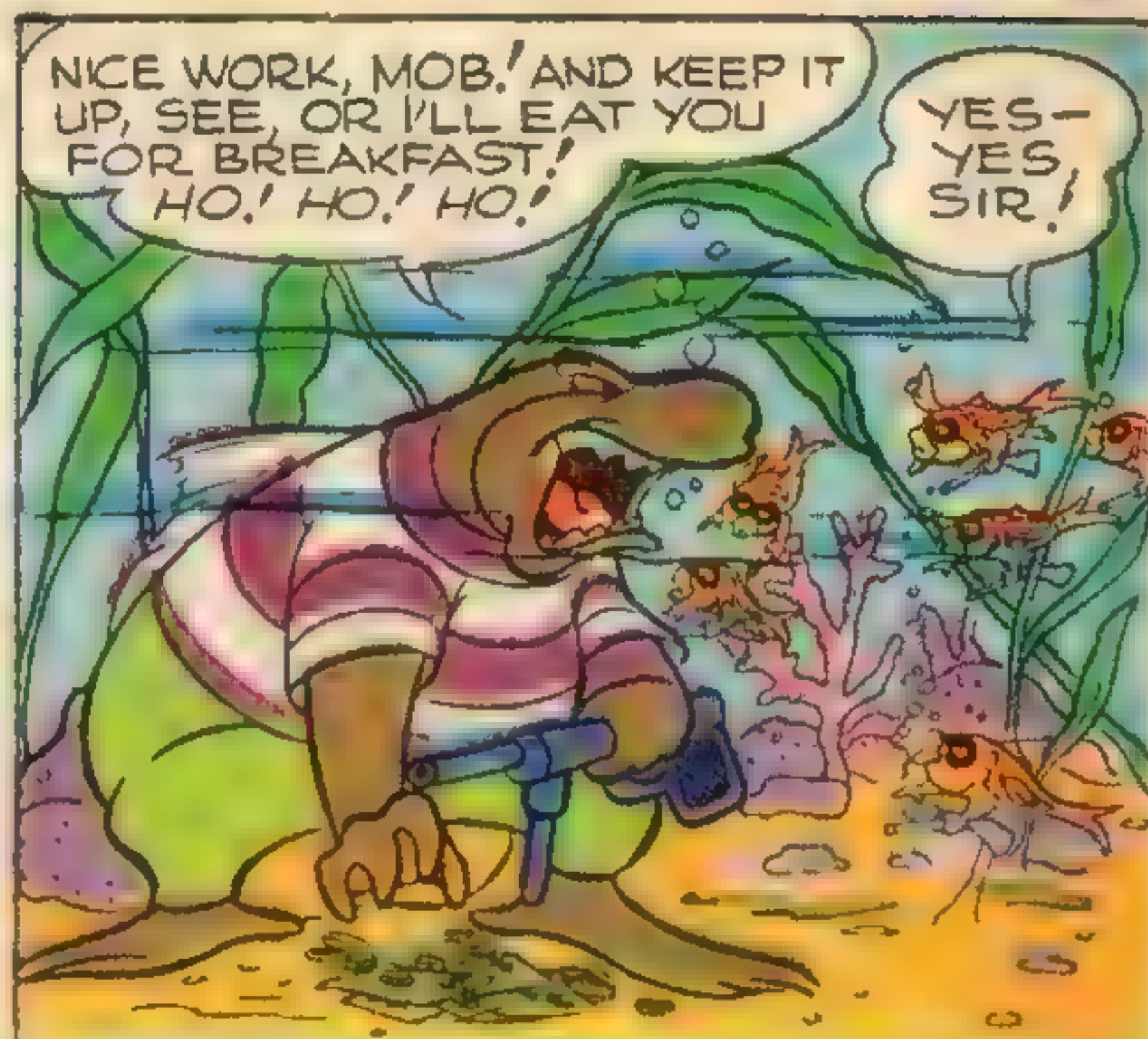
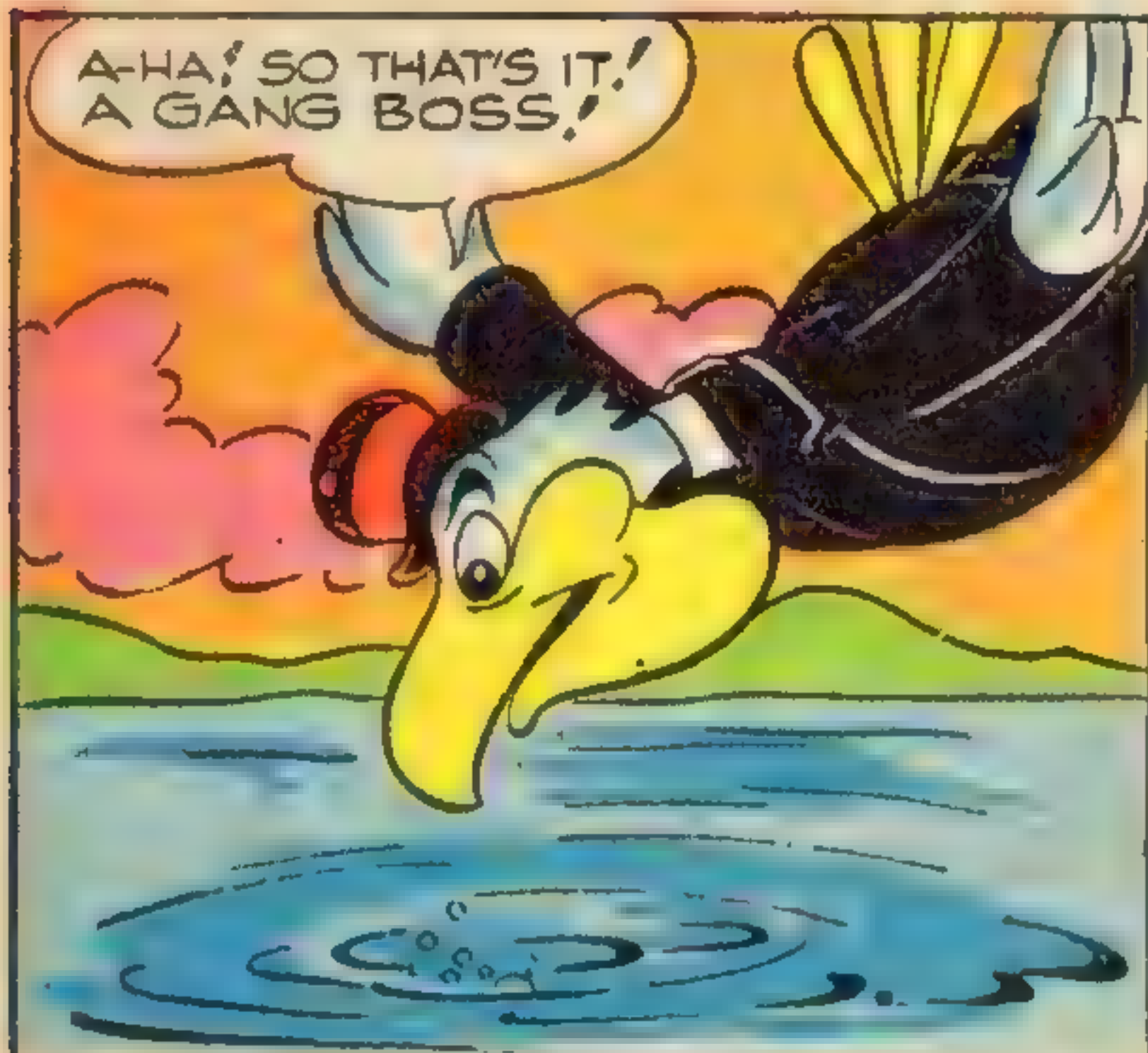
YOU MEAN I SHOULD BANK MY WINGS LIKE THIS, PETE?

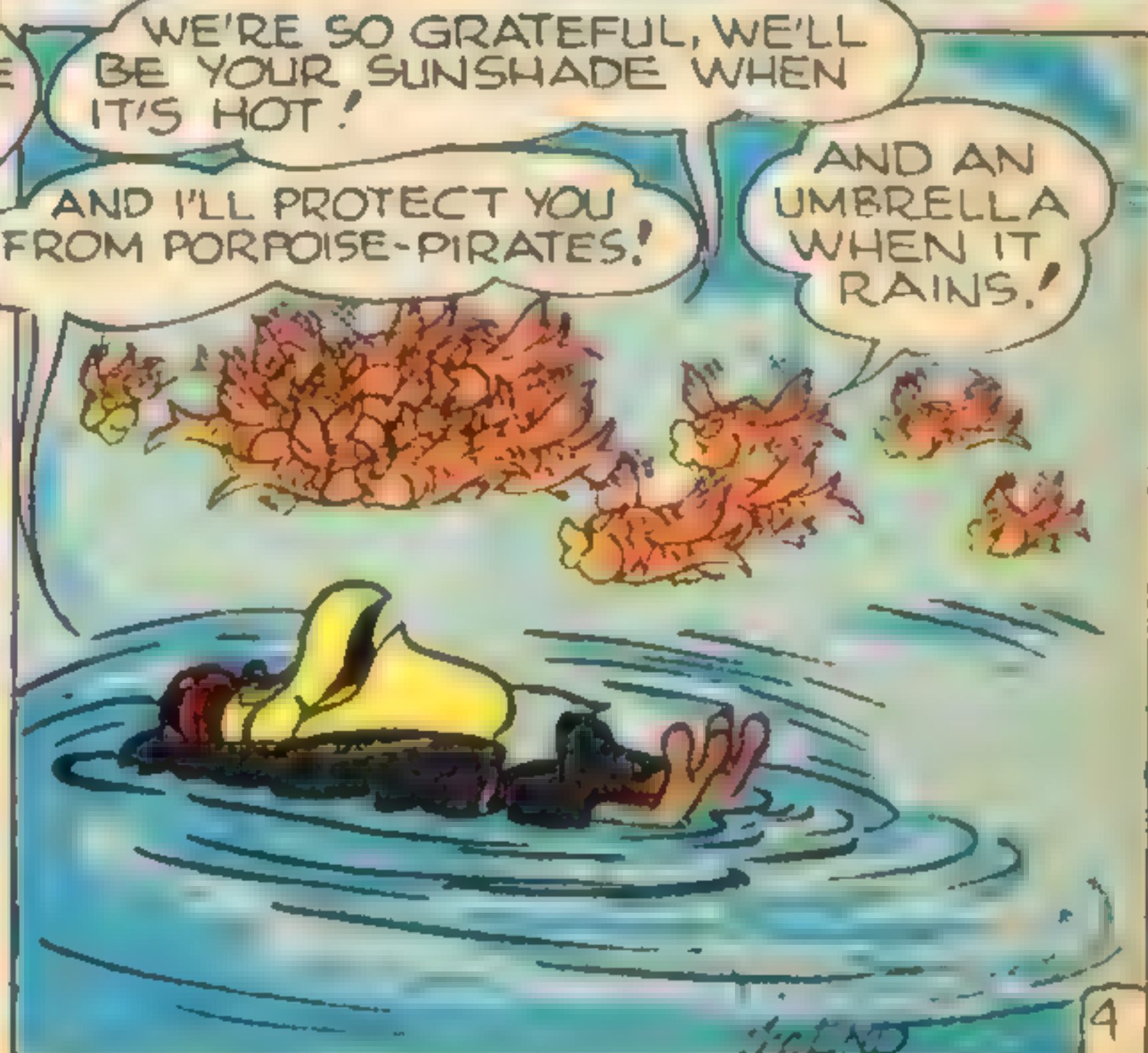
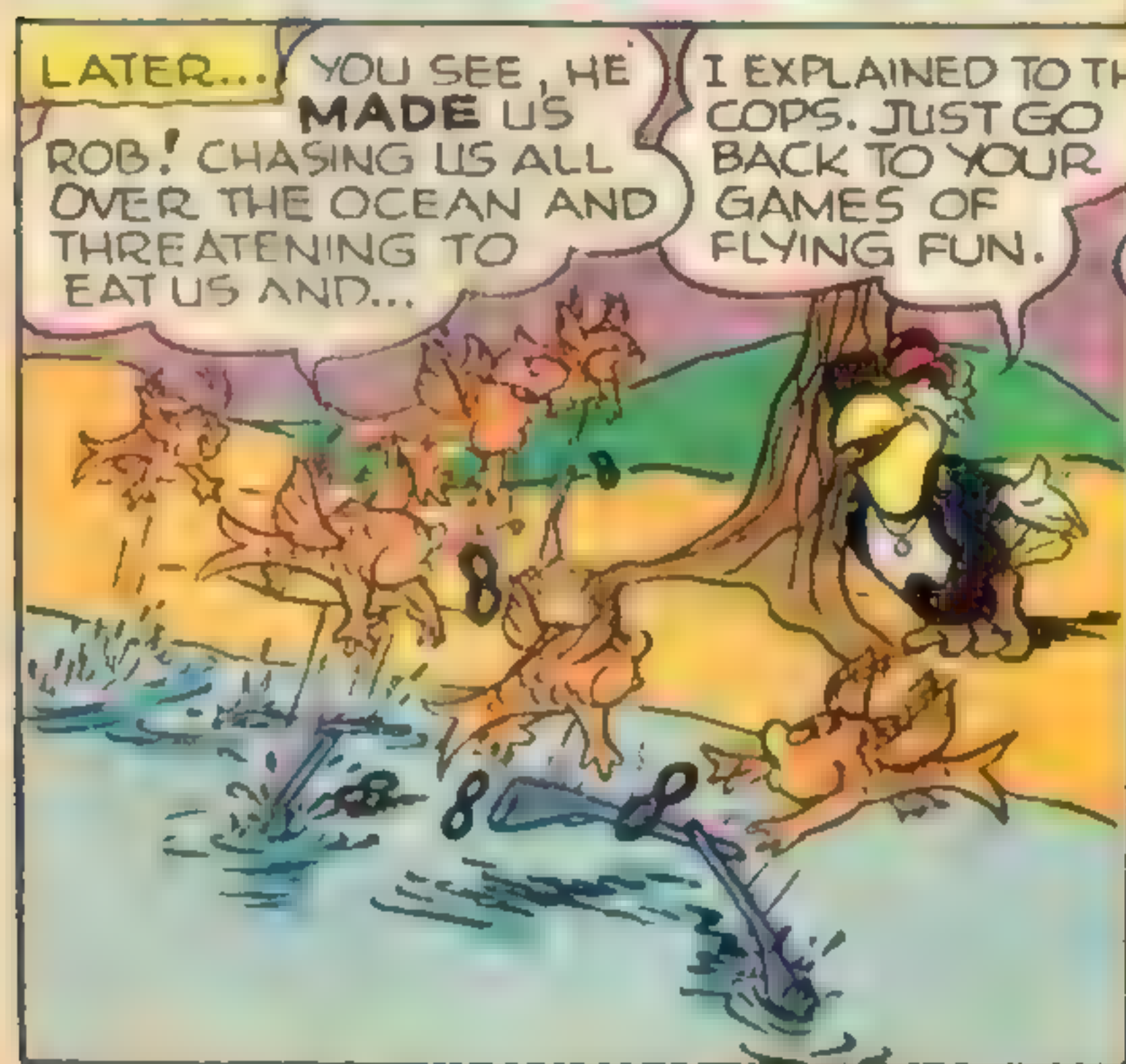
I LIKE TO TEACH THESE BEGINNERS ZOOM-TACTICS. THEY'RE SO HARMLESS AND...

DID I SAY "HARMLESS?" THEY'RE GUN-TOTING GANGSTERS!











PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE
by JESSE MERLAN •

A SHORT FABLE ON HOW SKUNKS GOT THAT WAY

IT was a very hot day, and around the deep drinking pool hidden way back in the cool of the woods, many dry and dusty forest folk were quenching their thirst. A group of gentle deer were daintily drinking, their manners so polite that they made hardly a sound. But next to them a big hippo gurgled and splashed and was rude enough to stir up a lot of mud. And right alongside him, a huge elephant was taking a cooling shower. The elephant dipped his long trunk into the pool and then held back his trunk and **WHOOSHED** ten or twenty pails of water over himself in one terrific spurt. It was better than a garden hose, and it certainly was refreshing.

But suddenly, the lazy quiet of the woods was shattered by a shrill screaming. Everyone around the pool snapped his head up to listen. The screams were coming closer, and they sounded more terrible every moment. Even the elephant stopped his shower to listen carefully.

"It's Philo Fox," said the elephant after a moment. "And he sounds as though he's in trouble."

Just at that instant the sleek red fur coat of Philo burst through the bushes edging the pool, and the fox threw himself recklessly into the water. **SPLASH!** And even before the yelping Philo came to the surface to shake himself, everybody knew what ailed him.

It was a sharp and pungent and penetrating odor. In short, it was a smell, and such a

smelly smell. Yes, Philo Fox had gotten himself sprayed by a skunk.

"Phew!" said a deer as he stepped back from the water and tried to keep his nose shut and that odor out, "Philo must have been annoying Stanley Skunk."

As the fox thrashed about in the pool, trying to wash the bad odor off him, he pleaded and whined for sympathy. "Honest, folks! I didn't mean to disturb Stanley. I just passed by his cave house on the hill and he let fly at me, and now . . ."

"And now you'll have to bathe twelve times a day for a month," said the elephant. "And I think it served you right, because Stanley Skunk is not one to spray unless he's angered. And you, Philo, must have been trying to chase and catch him. Just the way you pursue those poor little timid field mice. Shame on you!"

Even as Philo Fox climbed out of the water and shook his draggly (and smelly) red coat, he hung his head in guilt. "Well," he mumbled hastily at the accusing elephant, "I guess I was only playing with Stanley Skunk. I didn't mean to eat him, or hurt . . ."

Then from above came raucous shrieks of laughter that echoed noisily through the trees. It was Patrick Parrot, chuckling for all to hear. His shrill mirth was like the clanging of twelve brazen bells.

"AWWORRKK! Hahahoho!

AWWORRKK! Shure, and that's funny. Never heard a funnier lie or smelled a smellier fox in all me born days. Hahahohoha!"

Everybody kept silent, because we all know that Patrick Parrot, the wise old story-teller of our little forest world, never did like Philo Fox. You see, Philo's always wise-cracking and interrupting Pat when the parrot's telling a tale. Of course, sometimes some of us agree with Philo because Patrick can sure stretch some tall fables, but it's always fun to listen to Mr. P. Parrot spin a yarn.

"If you'll all gather round below me," said Pat Parrot, cocking his saucy Irish blue eye and ruffling his green feathers proudly, "I'll tell you how Stanley Skunk developed those little protective chemical bombs he carries to keep off prowlers."

As all the forest folk made themselves comfortable under Pat's roost, Philo Fox didn't have a word to say. So Pat squawked a loud squawk of triumph at having silenced Philo at last.

"Hahaha! Chasing skunks isn't like running after helpless chickens, is it, Philo Fox? You ought to have known better than to . . ."

The elephant interrupted. "Don't tease him, Pat. Philo's learned a lesson, and that is never to annoy a skunk. So if you have a story to tell, tell it without crowing over poor, sad Philo."

And Philo was sad. Because everybody kept edging away from him, giving him more than plenty of room. He smelled so. And Philo likes company. But he couldn't expect any for a long time. Not unless he used a lot of sweet perfume to sprinkle on himself.

Now Pat was a little more quiet after the elephant spoke. Not even saucy Pat is quite bold enough to disagree with a clever and aged elephant.

"All right, Elly," said Pat. "I guess Philo's been punished enough. And it's about time you heard the story of the first chemist."

"You see," said Patrick, "skillions of years ago there were many more greedy and hungry and hunting forest folk than there are now. In long ago times the world shook with the frightful roars of savage things. Why, there was one bloodthirsty old fellow big enough to tear three lions and two elephants apart at one time."

"Yes," said Carl the crocodile from his resting place deep in the gooey pool mud. "I remember old stories about him, Pat. He was a sort of cousin-ancestor of mine. A huge reptile called Tyranno-Saurus Rex. He was a terror in the dark ages of the past."

"Sure," added Pat, to confirm the crocodile's words. "And there were many monsters like him, cruelly attacking innocent neighbors in those dangerous times."

"But even in those years there were law-abiding and peaceful folk. And soon, in less



than a zillion years, one of the gentlest ones turned out to be Stanley Skunk's ancestor.

"Only this ancestor of Stan's didn't have any spraying apparatus to protect himself. And he sure needed it, with all those savage beasts about. It was as much as your life was worth to go for a walk in the woods in those days."

"Another sad and strange thing was that Stanley Skunk's ancestor wanted to be left alone with his family to do some thinking about the sciences of the world. You see, this ancient Stan had become interested in early chemistry. Yes, in the science that today tells us what things are made of. With atoms and molecules and test tubes and things. And Stan Student-Ancestor Skunk was the first chemist we know of."

"He'd make test tubes out of hollow rocks and get water to boil them in the sun and conduct all sorts of experiments. He was sure a smart one."

"Only his work was always being stopped by the hunting folk that wanted to eat him. Ancestors of Philo Fox's. I don't doubt." Patrick Parrot couldn't resist that dig at his old foe.

"But anyway," Pat went on with his story, "it got so poor Ancestor Skunk had to do more running and hiding than studying in chemistry. Yes, the cruel eaters and hunters got that bad. They'd rush him around till he was dizzy."

"Then, one day, Ancestor Skunk decided to use his chemical knowledge to teach a lesson to those evil neighbors who wanted to eat him. So he boiled away at liquids and mixed gases and added minerals—and after two solid weeks of experiments he knew he had something that would make all skunks safe forever."

"So this Ancestor Skunk took a test tube full of his great discovery and walked calmly out into an open field. He was ready to trust his life to the science of chemistry."



"When the evil eaters saw Ancestor Skunk way out in the open field, they licked their chops and rushed him. They figured he was just an easy meal and good eating."

"But what a surprise they got! For just as they reached out sharp fangs and claws to bite and maul Ancestor Skunk, he let loose the contents of his precious test tube and it hissed all about and spurted a strange liquid chemical. And did those cruel eaters run! For Ancestor Chemistry-Student Skunk had invented and used what we now know as a skunk's spray. And to this day, no one bothers the Skunk family."

"Not even the Philo Foxes," concluded Pat Parrot.

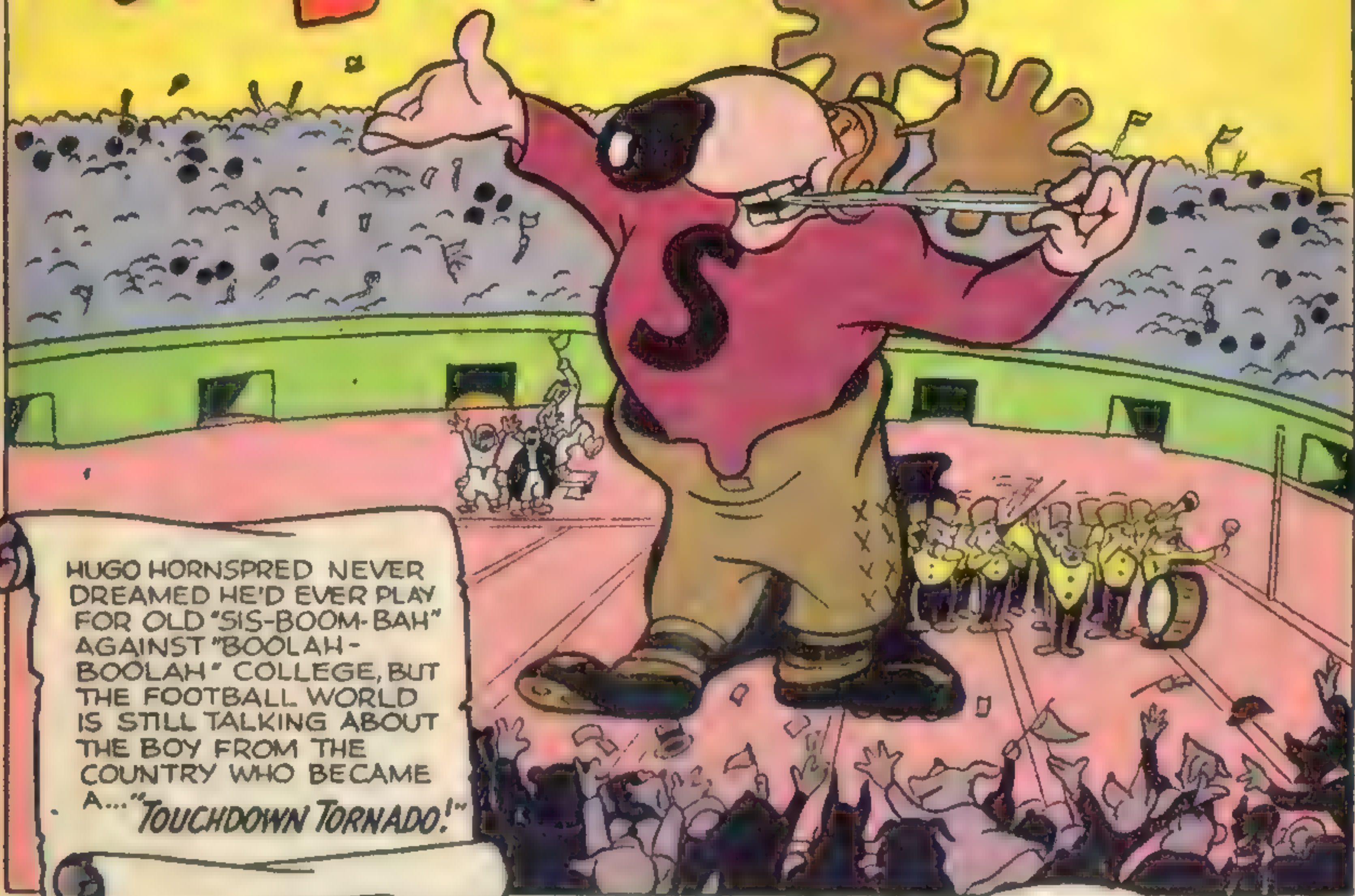
And as Patrick's audience began to stretch and yawn and move away, a neat little black head poked itself over a bush nearby. It was Stanley Skunk. He looked at Patrick Parrot and at Pat's audience. Especially at Philo Fox, who was slinking guiltily away.

"I don't know what Patrick's been telling you," chirped up Stanley, "although I certainly wouldn't advise any smart aleck to try to sneak up behind me to play nasty tricks. But I'm really very friendly and very nice—except to those who WANT to be enemies."

Pat chuckled and winked down at Stanley. "That's right. And if you don't believe my little story about chemistry and Mr. S. Skunk . . . just try being mean to him sometime."

But now none of the forest folk are silly enough to try THAT!

HUGO HORNSPREED



HUGO HORNSPREED NEVER DREAMED HE'D EVER PLAY FOR OLD "SIS-BOOM-BAH" AGAINST "BOOLAH-BOOLAH" COLLEGE, BUT THE FOOTBALL WORLD IS STILL TALKING ABOUT THE BOY FROM THE COUNTRY WHO BECAME A... "TOUCHDOWN TORNADO!"

LISTEN, SON, I'M COACH PEPTAUK OF OLD SIS-BOOM-BAH. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY FULLBACK ON THE FOOTBALL TEAM?

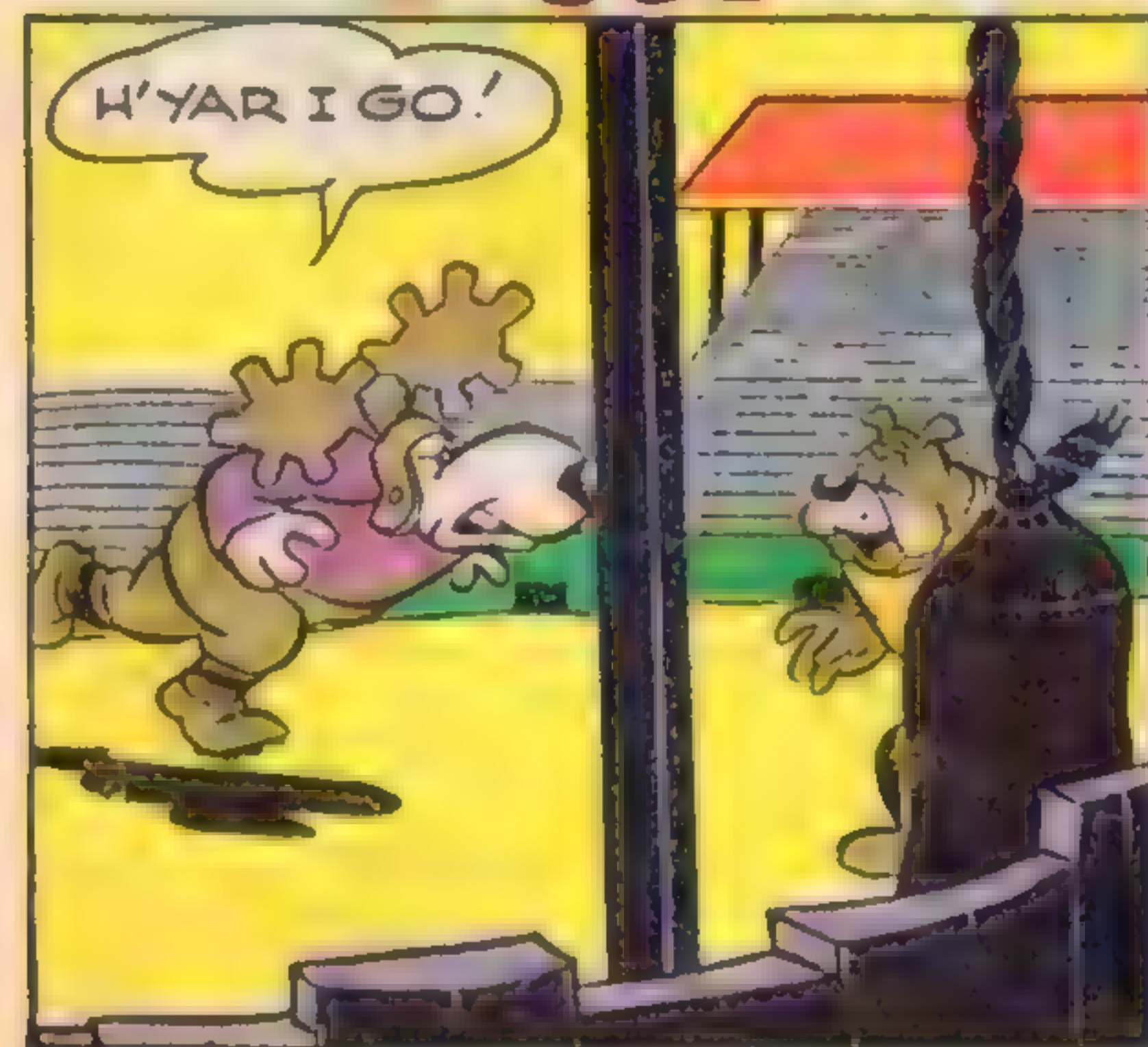
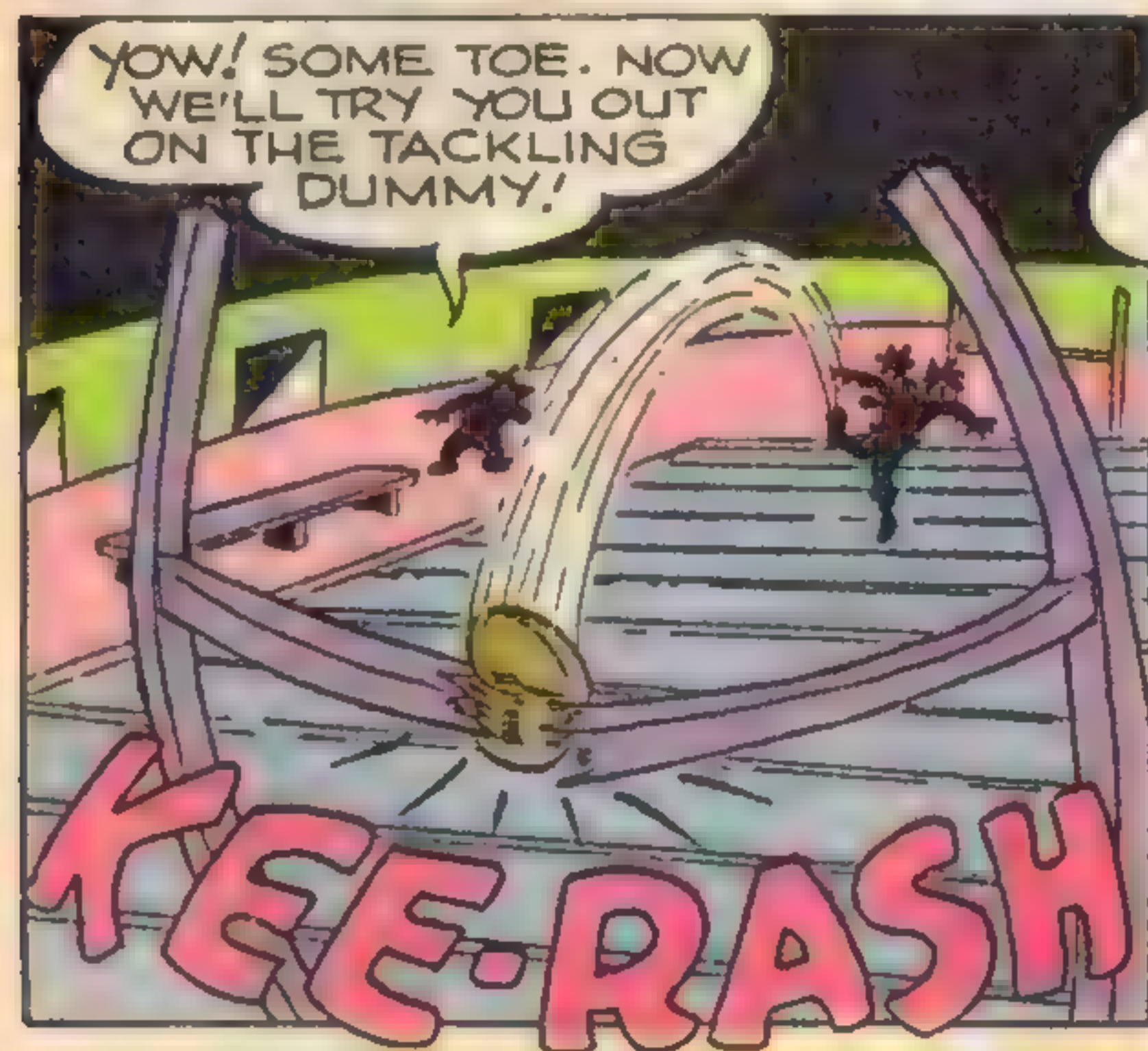
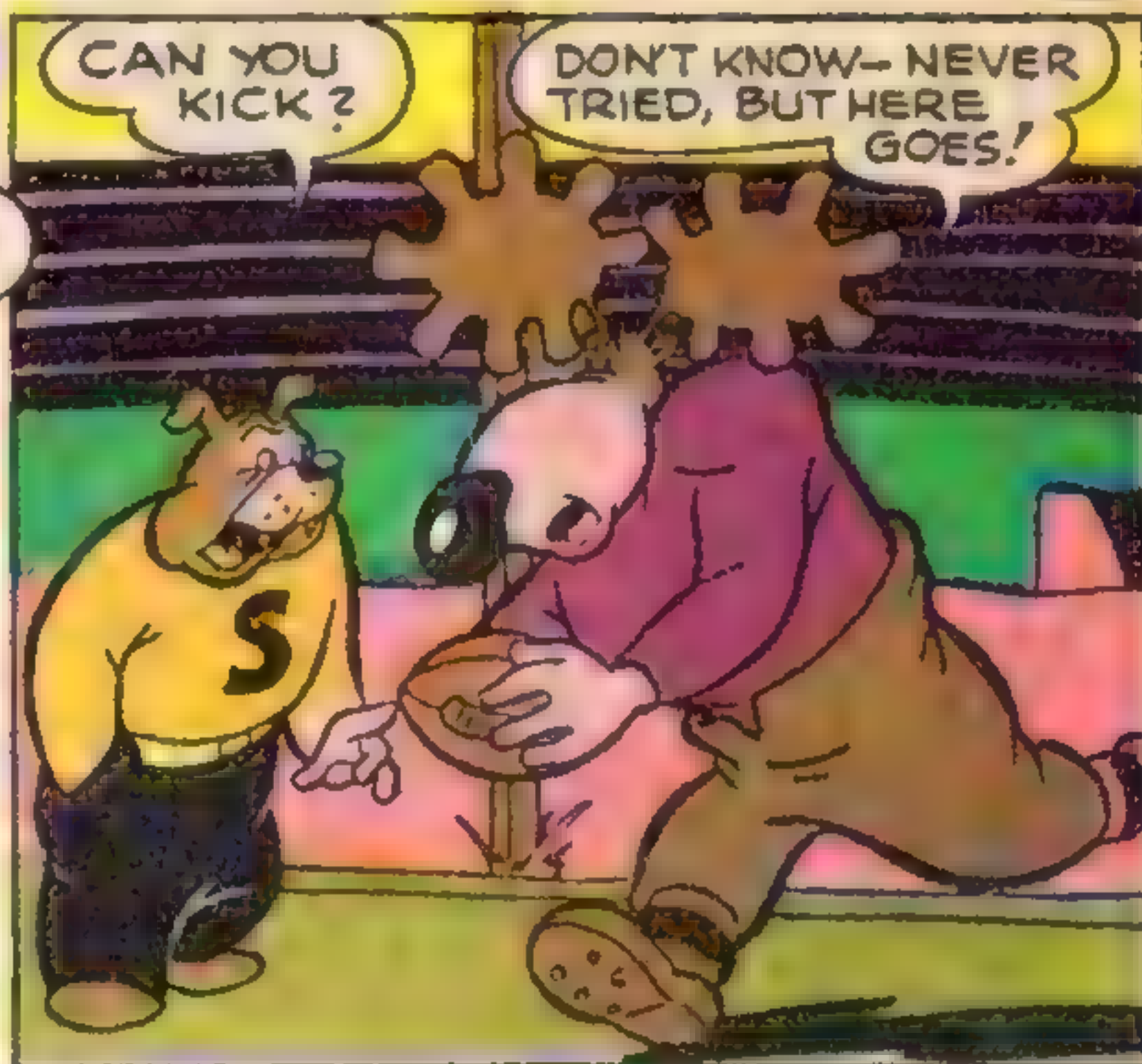
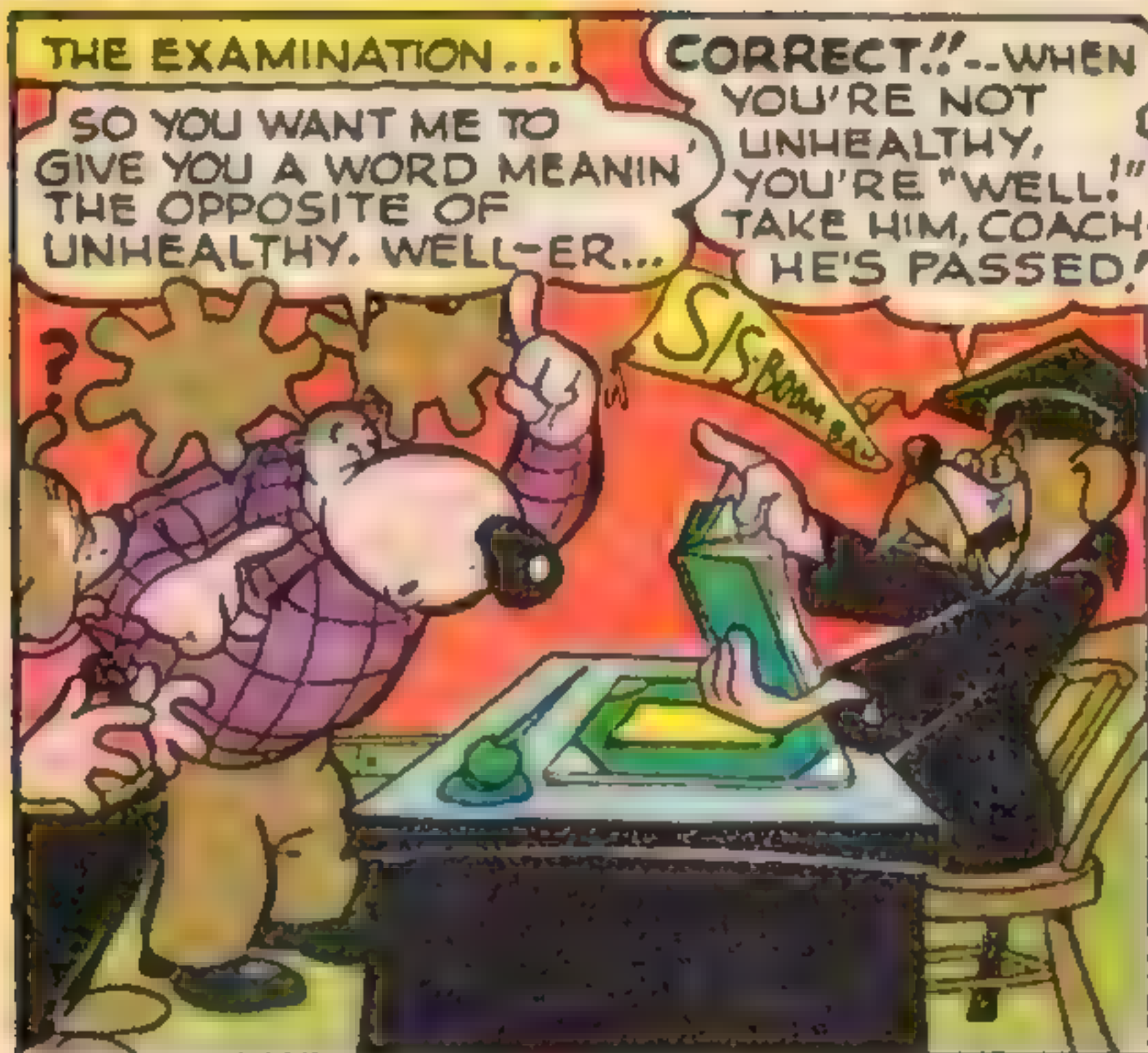


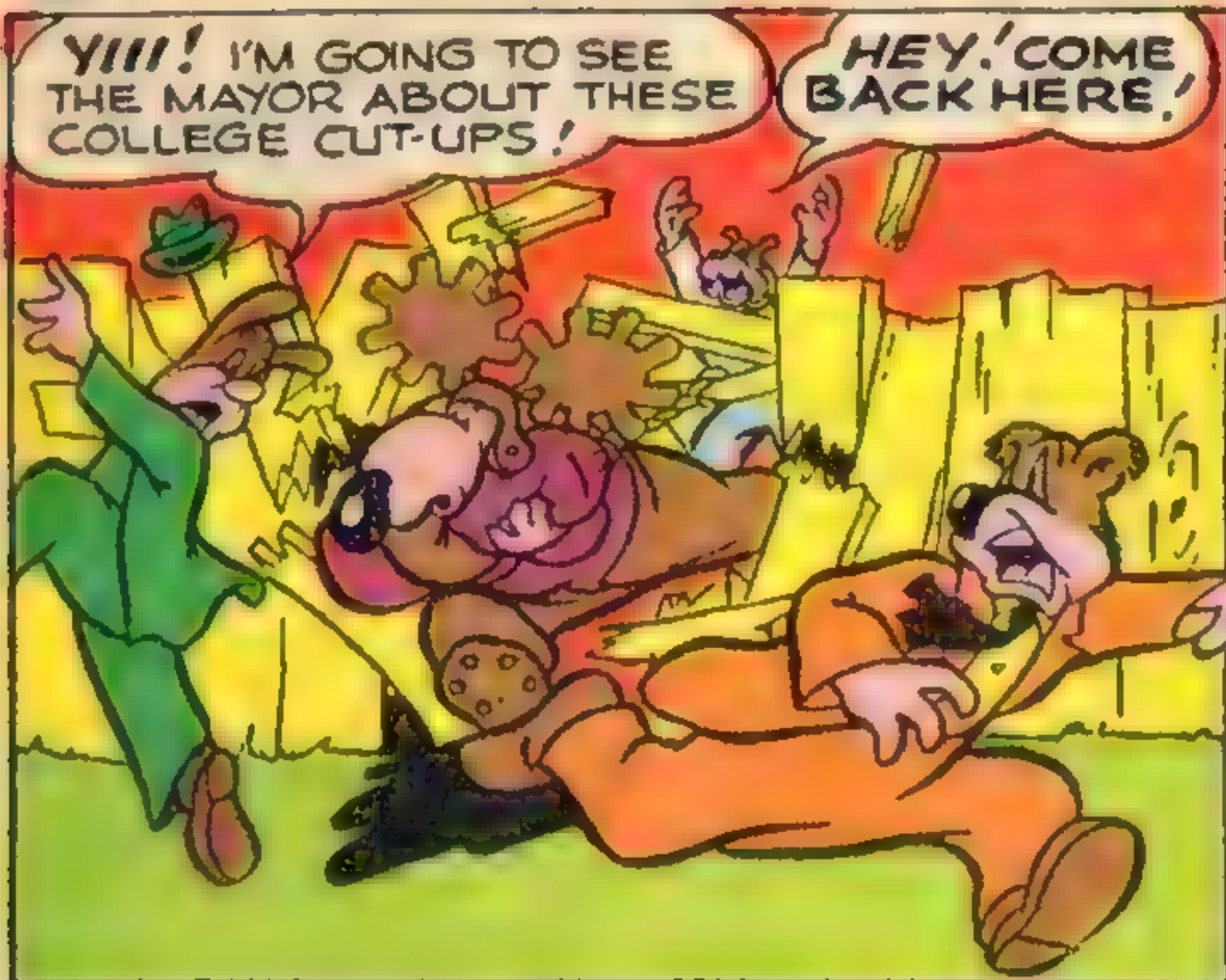
HAINT NEVER PLAYED NO FOOTBALL, BUT EFEN PAW AN' MAW SEZ I KIN, IT'S OKAY WITH ME!

BOY, IS HE DUMB. I HOPE HE CAN PASS THE ENROLLMENT EXAM!



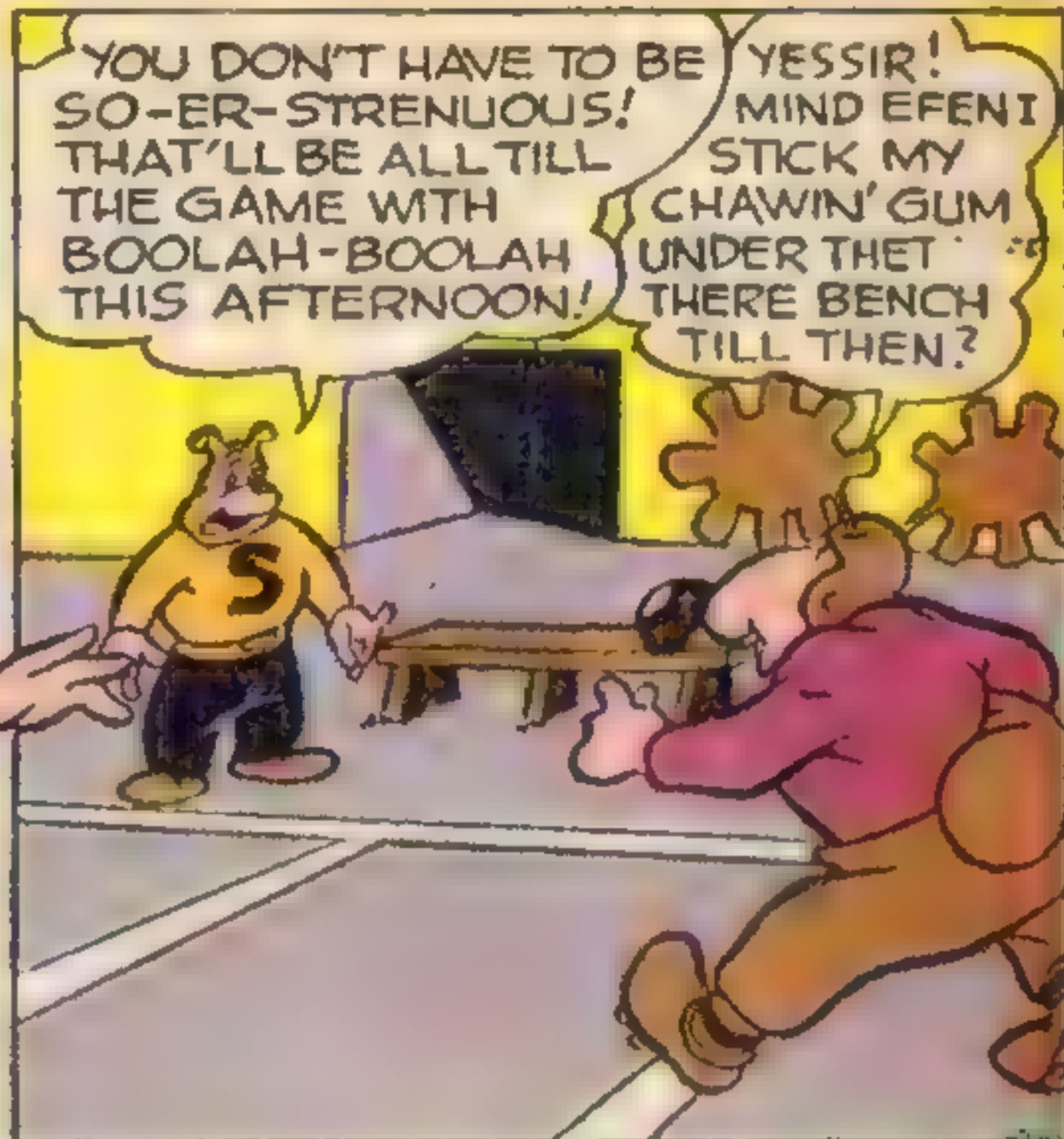
GOOD BYE, MAW. GOOD BYE, PAW-MEBBE I'LL BRING YUH BACK ONE O' THEM TETCH DOWNS I'VE HEERD TELL ABOUT!





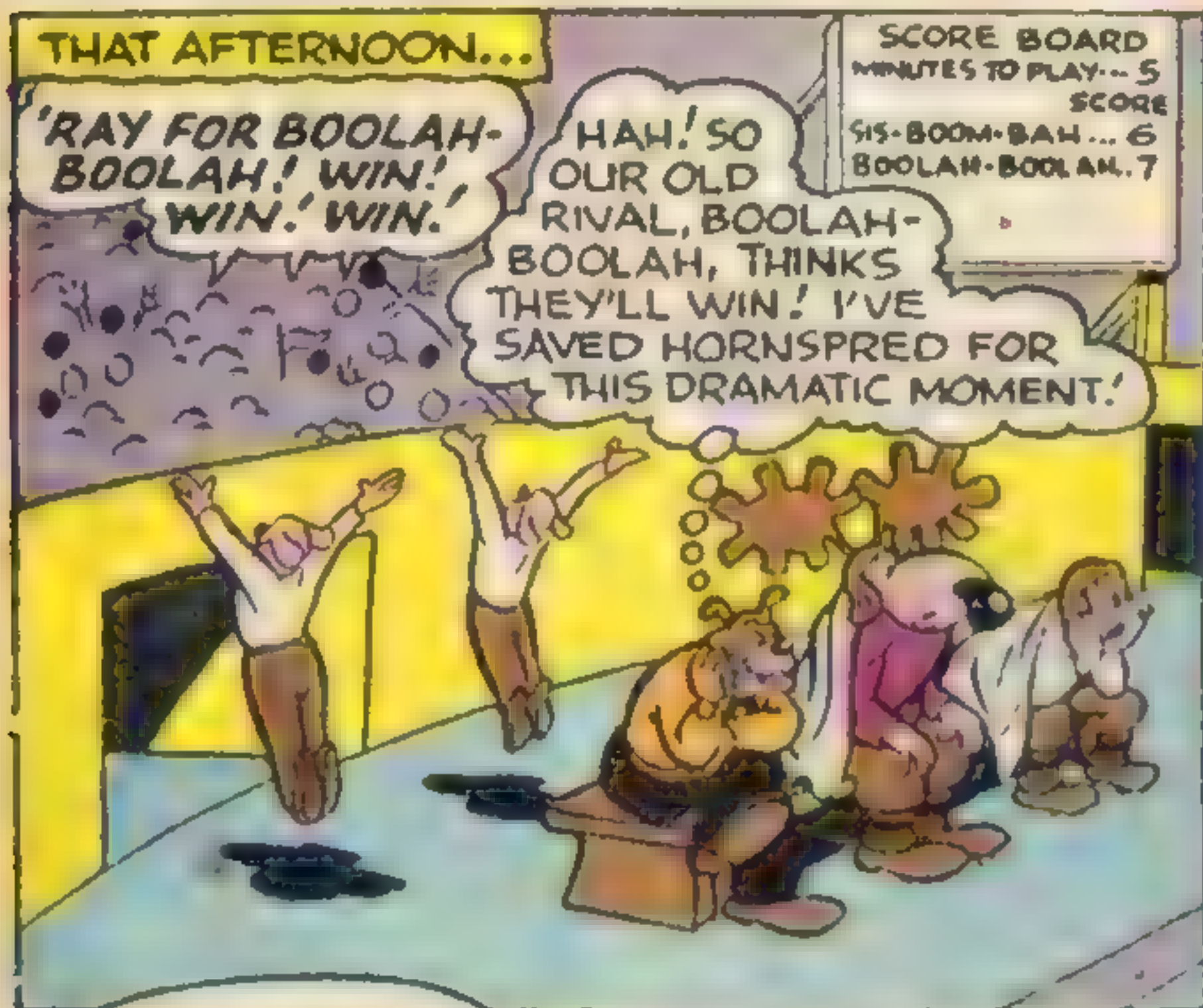
YIII! I'M GOING TO SEE THE MAYOR ABOUT THESE COLLEGE CUT-UPS!

HEY! COME BACK HERE!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SO-ER-STRENUOUS! THAT'LL BE ALL TILL THE GAME WITH BOOLAH-BOOLAH THIS AFTERNOON!

YESSIR! MIND EFENT STICK MY CHAWIN' GUM UNDER THET THERE BENCH TILL THEN?



THAT AFTERNOON...

'RAY FOR BOOLAH-BOOLAH! WIN! WIN! WIN!

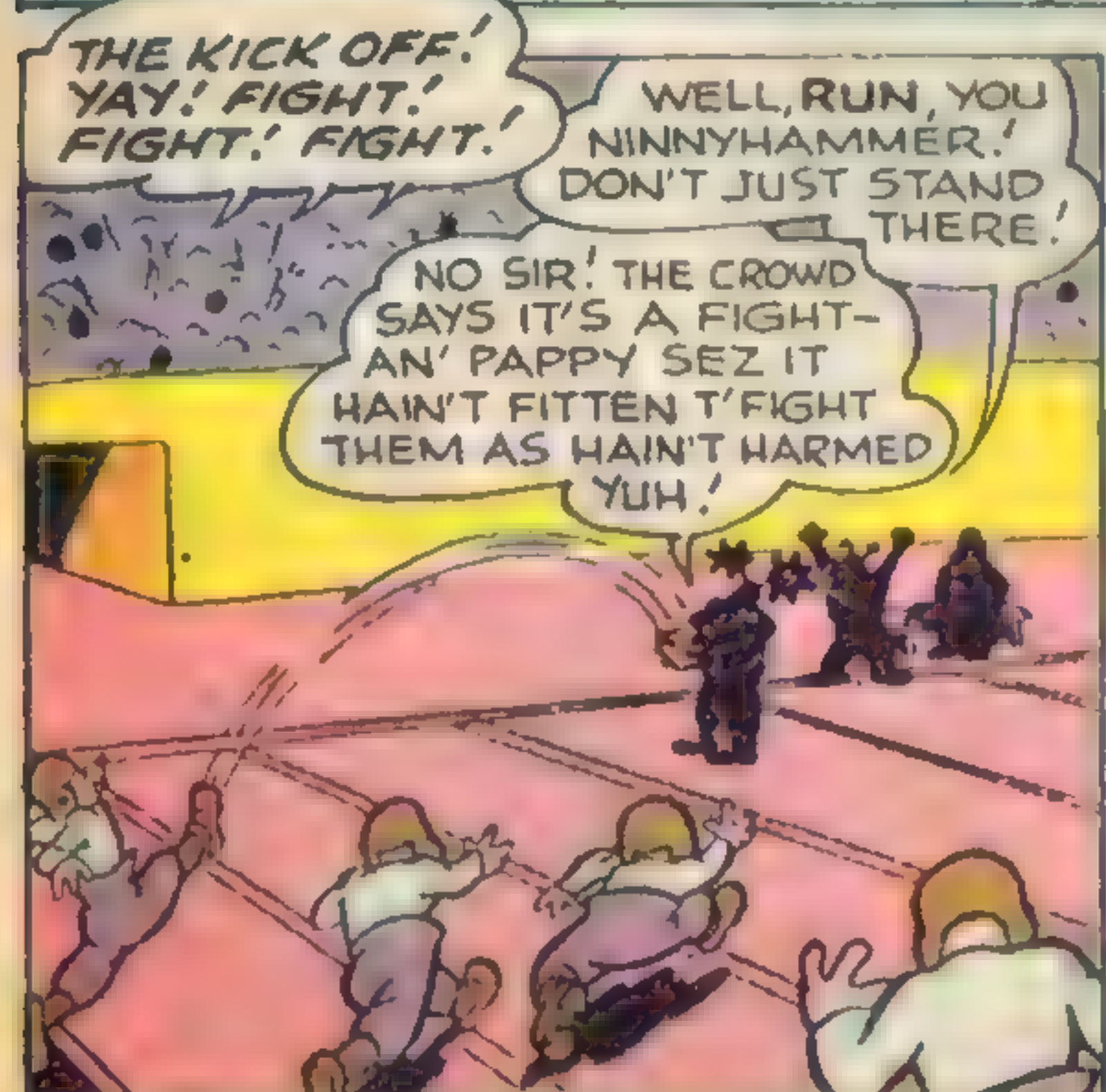
HAH! SO OUR OLD RIVAL, BOOLAH-BOOLAH, THINKS THEY'LL WIN! I'VE SAVED HORNSPREED FOR THIS DRAMATIC MOMENT!

SCORE BOARD
MINUTES TO PLAY... 5
SCORE
SIS-BOOM-BAH... 6
BOOLAH-BOOLAH... 7



GET IN THERE AND WIN FOR DEAR OLD SIS-BOOM-BAH! WHEN THEY KICK OFF, TAKE THE BALL AND RUN BETWEEN THEIR GOAL POSTS!

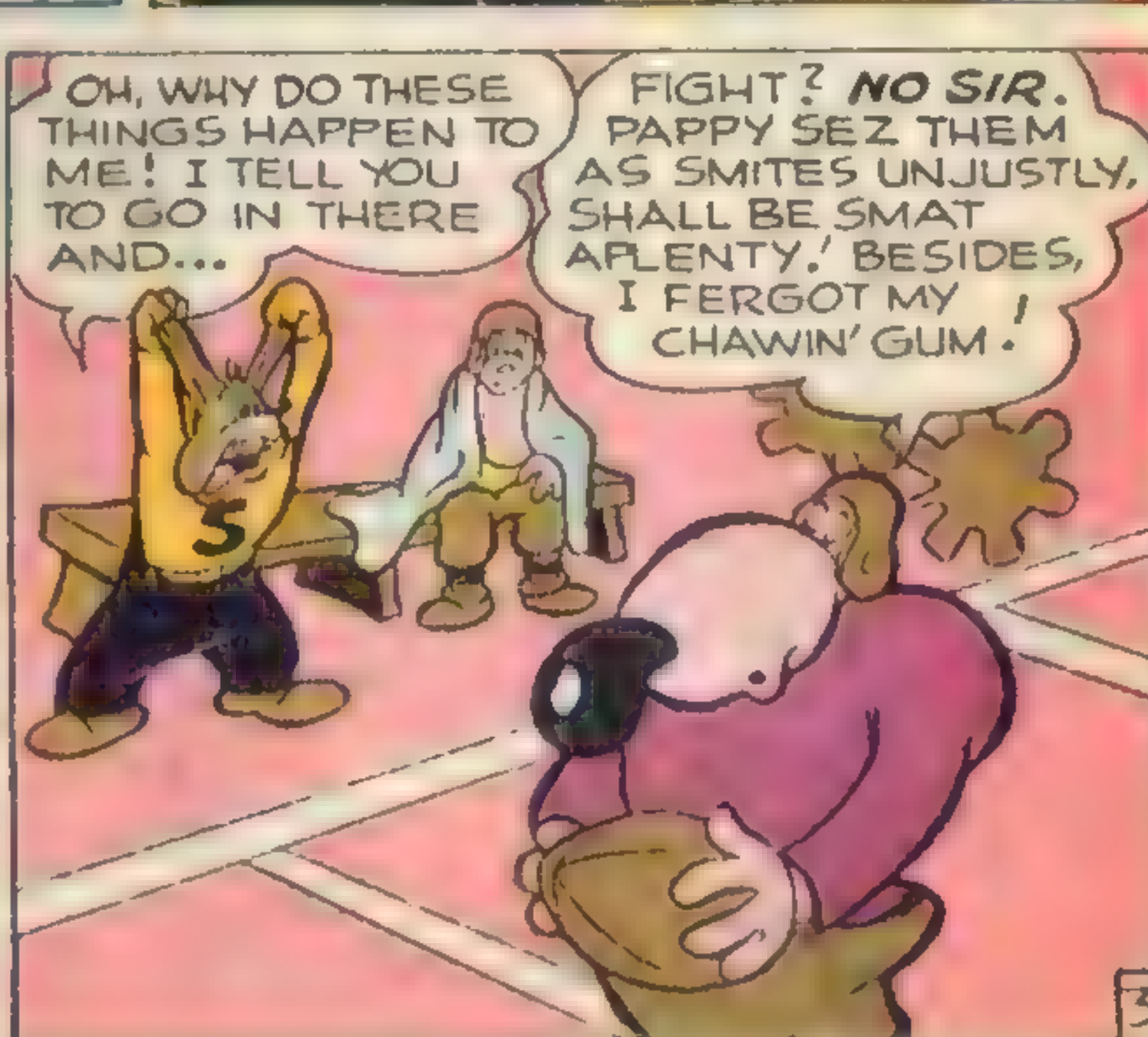
YESSIR!



THE KICK OFF! YAY! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

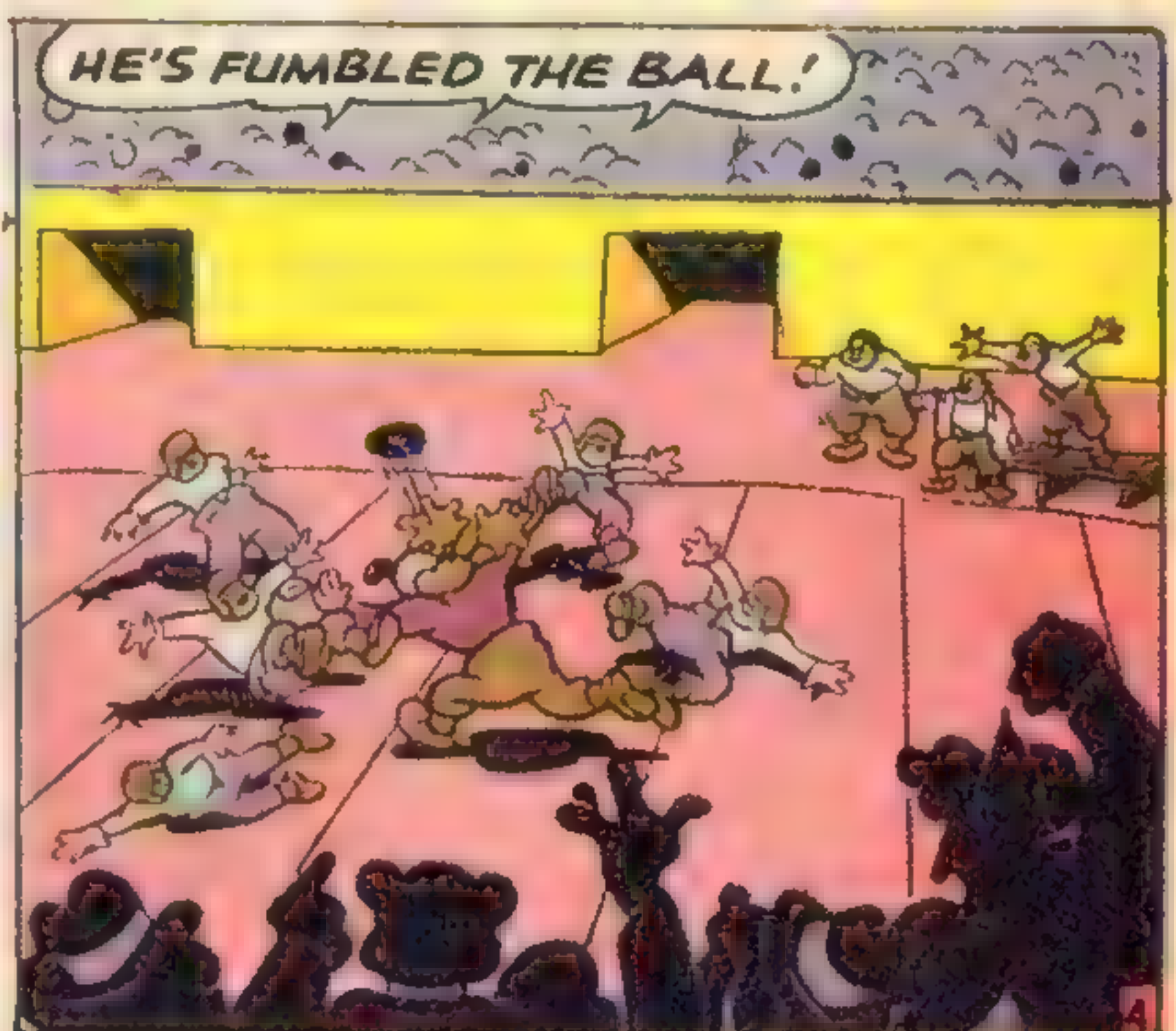
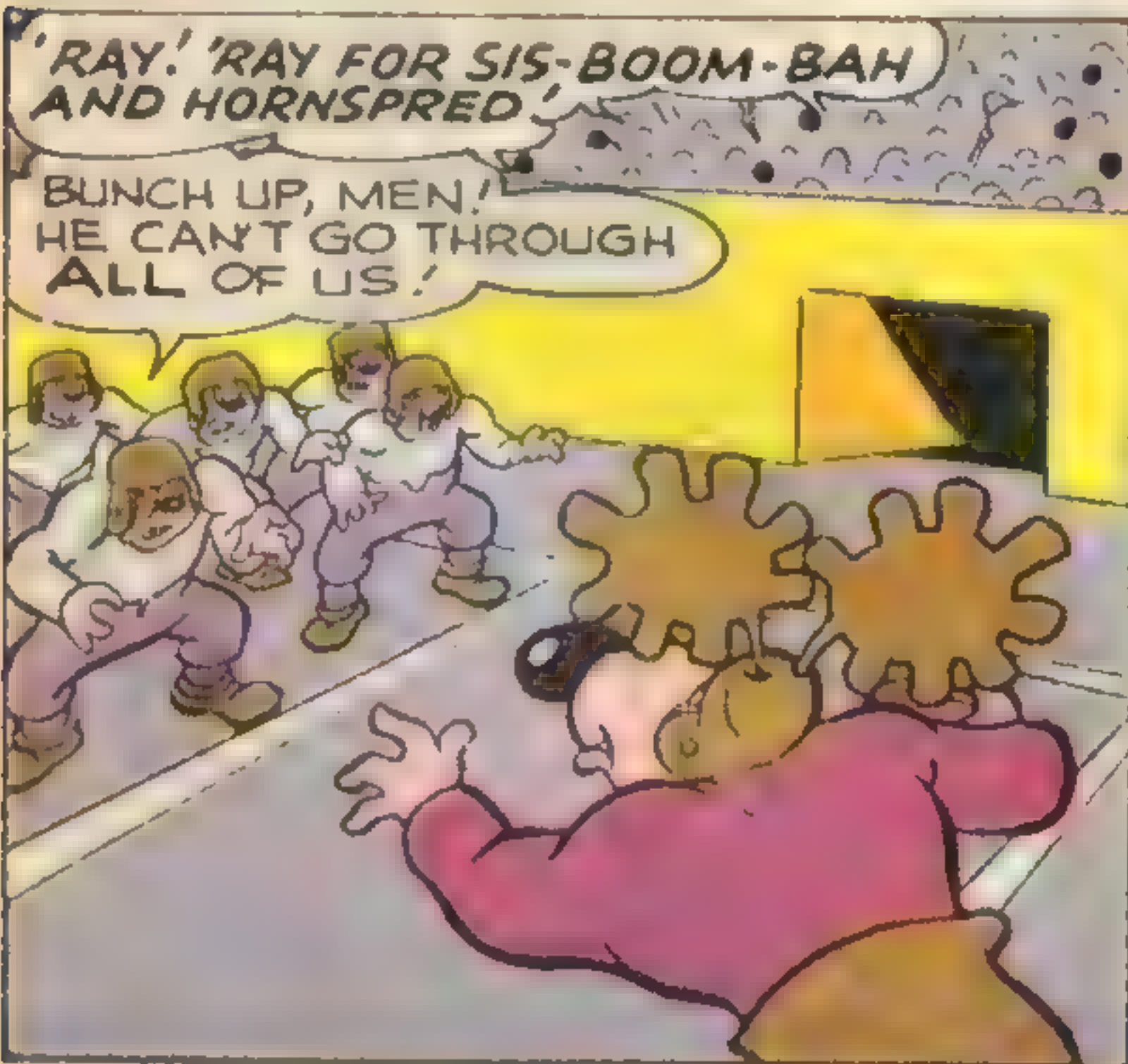
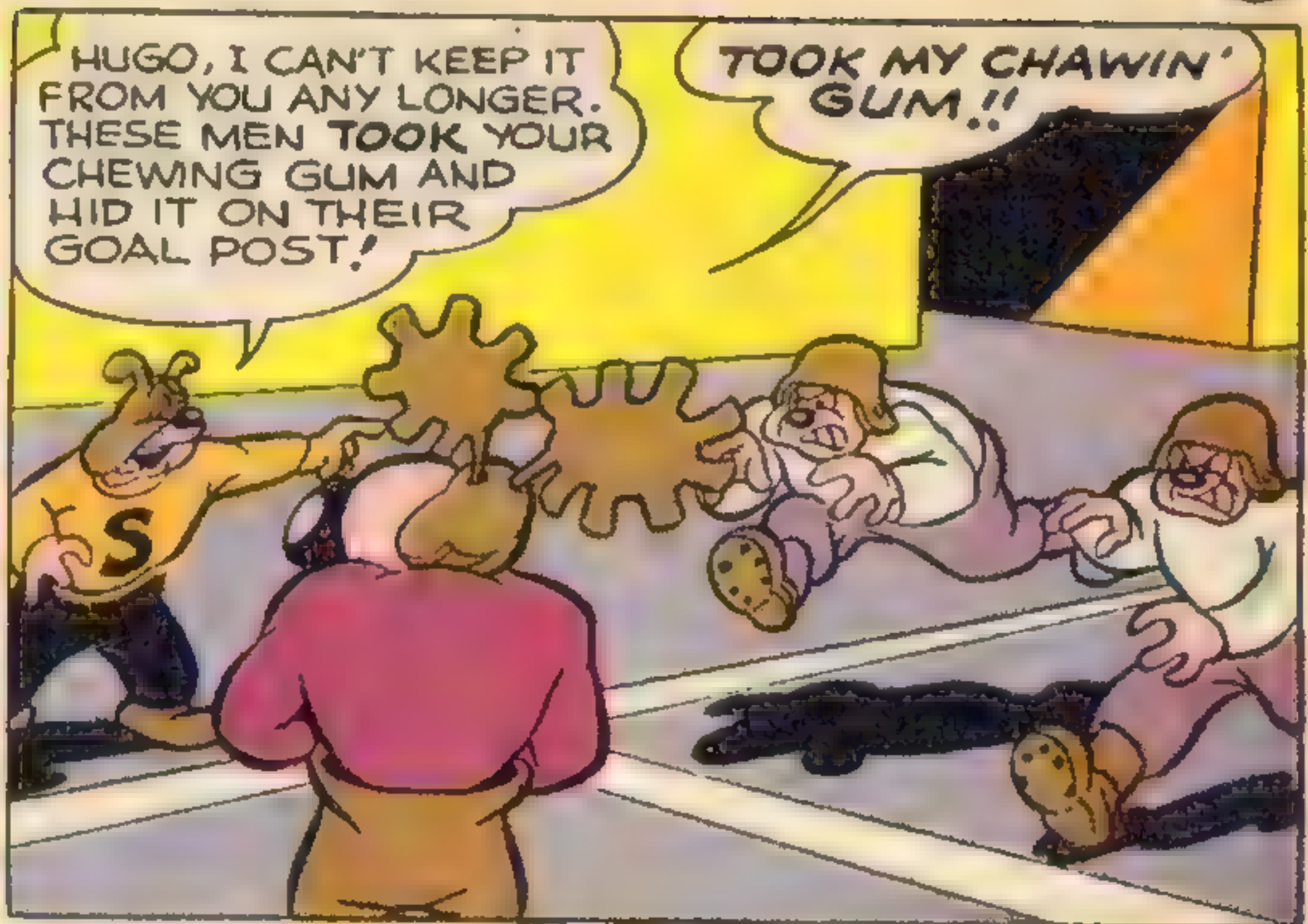
WELL, RUN, YOU NINNYHAMMER! DON'T JUST STAND THERE!

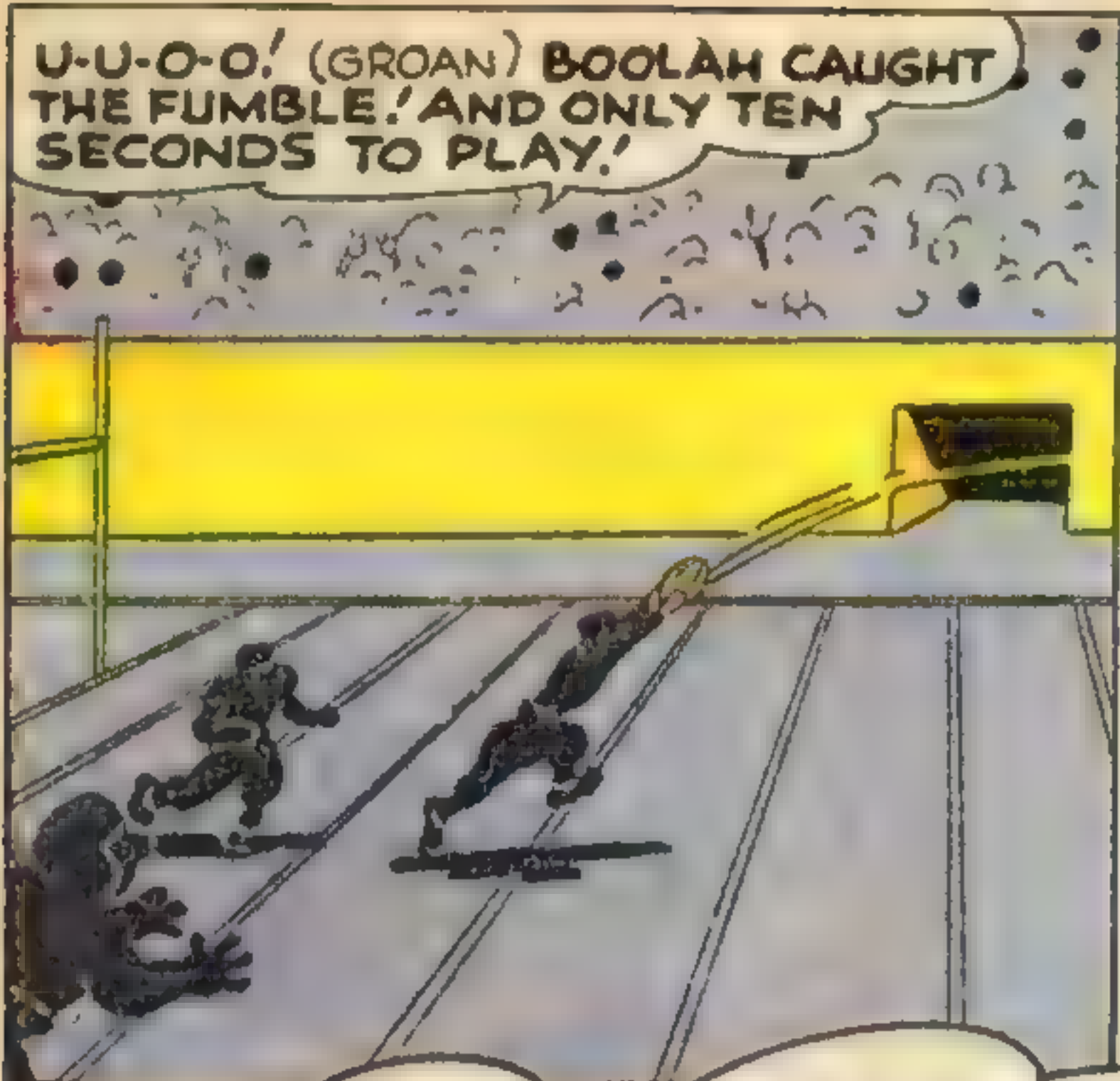
NO SIR! THE CROWD SAYS IT'S A FIGHT-AN' PAPPY SEZ IT HAIN'T FITTEN T' FIGHT THEM AS HAIN'T HARMED YUH!



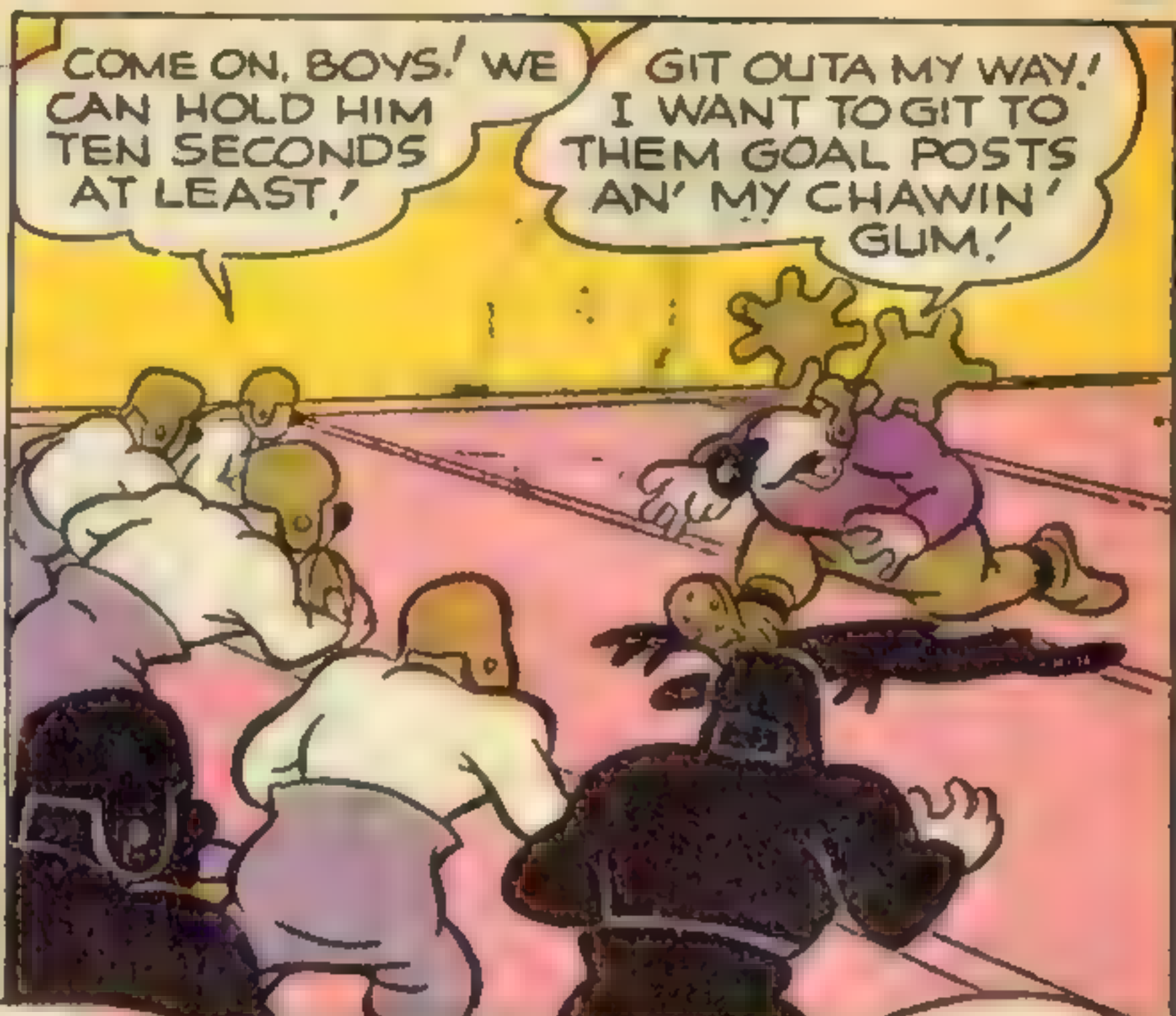
OH, WHY DO THESE THINGS HAPPEN TO ME! I TELL YOU TO GO IN THERE AND...

FIGHT? NO SIR. PAPPY SEZ THEM AS SMITES UNJUSTLY, SHALL BE SMAT APLENTY! BESIDES, I FERGOT MY CHAWIN' GUM.



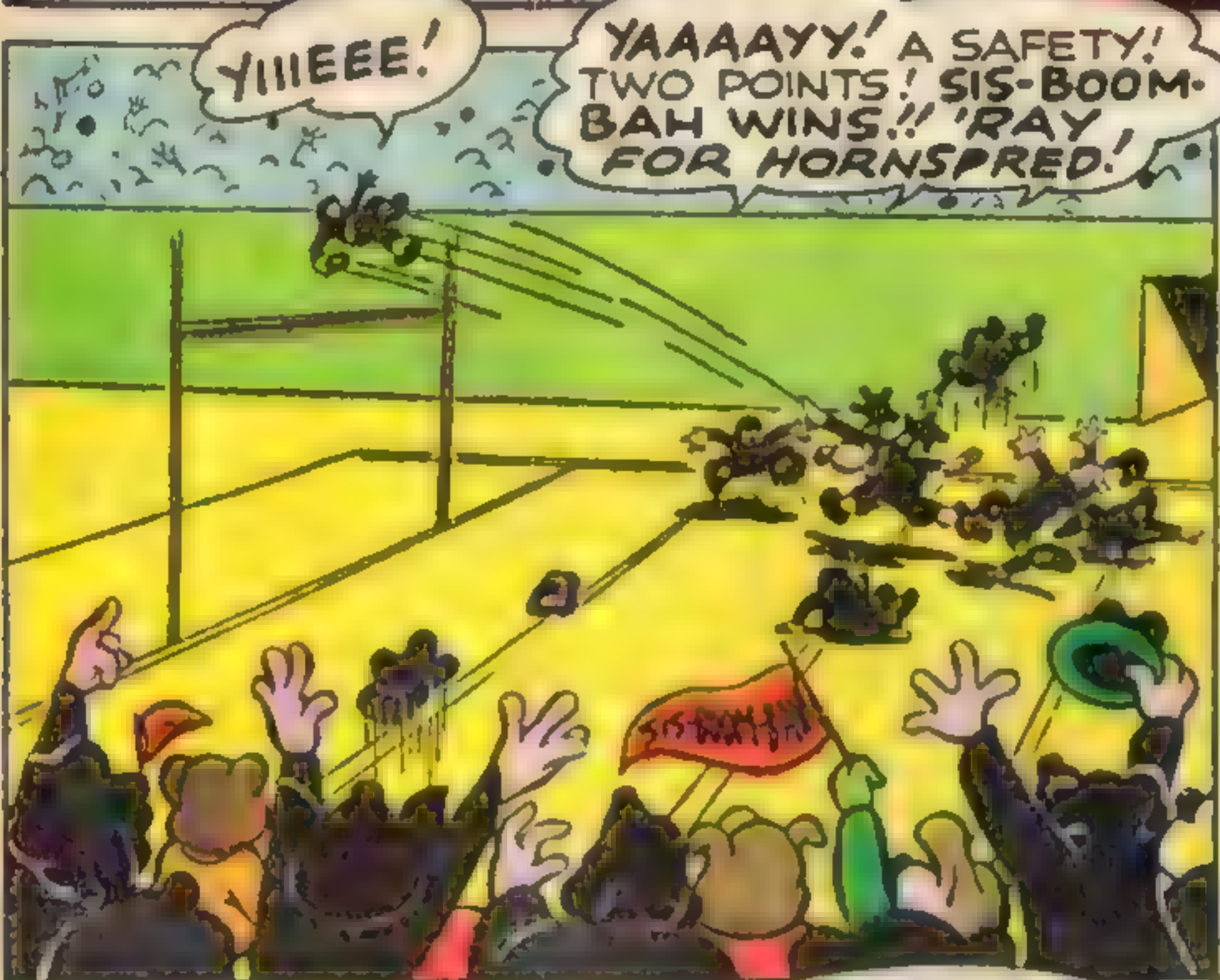


U-U-O-O! (GROAN) BOOLAH CAUGHT THE FUMBLE! AND ONLY TEN SECONDS TO PLAY!



COME ON, BOYS! WE CAN HOLD HIM TEN SECONDS AT LEAST!

GIT OUTA MY WAY! I WANT TO GIT TO THEM GOAL POSTS AN' MY CHAWIN' GUM!



YIIIEEE!

YAAAAY! A SAFETY! TWO POINTS! SIS-BOOM-BAH WINS!! 'RAY FOR HORNSPRED!



AND LATER...

A SLIGHT MISTAKE OCCURRED, HORNSPRED. YOUR GUM WAS HERE ALL THE TIME! SORRY ALL THIS HAPPENED!

GOSH ALL CRINKUS!—NOW I'LL HAFTA 'POLO-GIZE T' ALL THEM BOOLAH-BOOLAH FELLERS.

LIKE FUN I AM!




HI, MAW-HI, PAW! I GOT A ATHALETIC SWEATER AN' EVERYTHING, BUT I QUIT COLLEGE ON ACCOUNT OF THE COACH SEZ HE'S GOIN' AWAY TO HAVE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN!

WE'RE RIGHT PROUD OF YUH, HUGO—AN' THET THERE SWEATER WILL BE MIGHTY HANDY T' STUFF UP TH' DRAUGHTY HOLE IN TH' CHIMBELY CORNER!

MY LITTLE HUGO!—HE'S WON A ATHALETIC DIPLOMY!

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Bernie Bierman SHOWS YOU HOW—IN WHEATIES NEW LIBRARY OF SPORTS

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"TRAINING IMPORTANT," SAYS BIERMAN

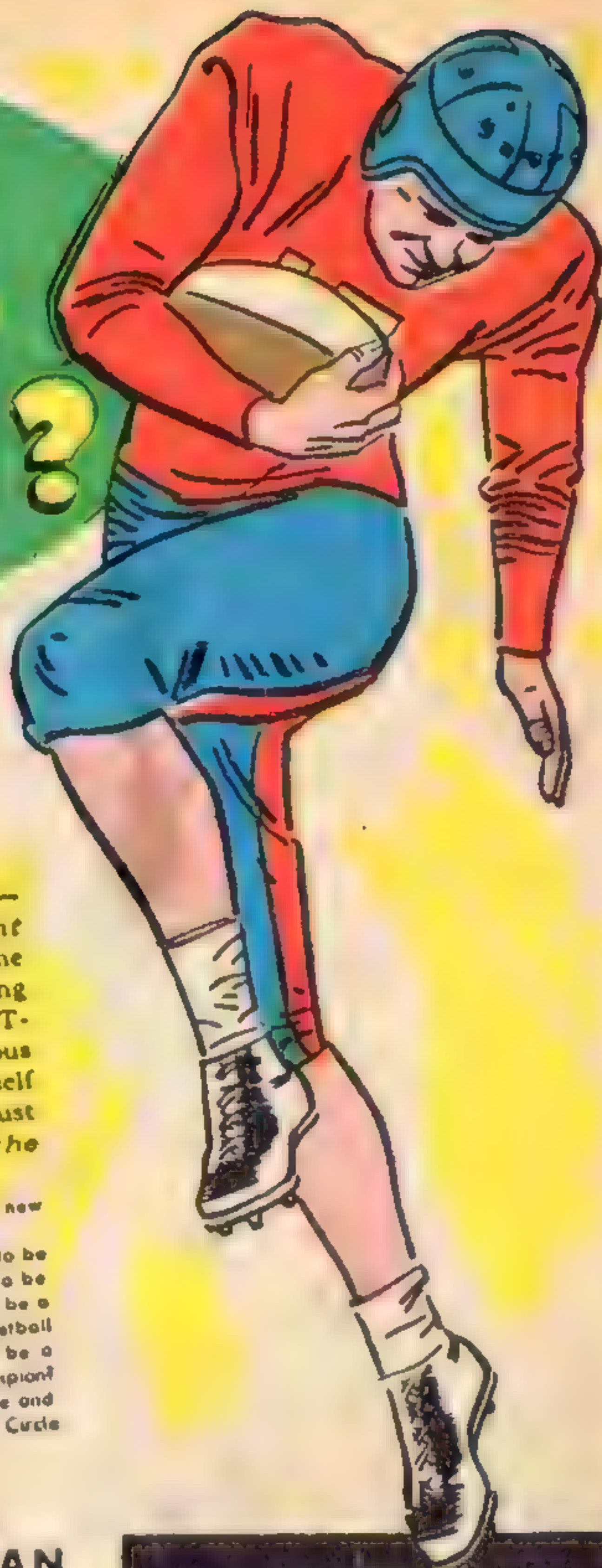
"TRAINING HELPS BUILD CHAMPIONS," says Bernie Bierman. "Now, I say that eating right is a big part of any good training program. That's why I'm in favor of a big breakfast for my boys—one that includes lots of food-energy and other important nourishment, like you get in that well-known 'Breakfast of Champions.' Those toasted whole wheat flakes called Wheaties, with plenty of milk and fruit, make a mighty fine training dish. And I notice Wheaties have a keen flavor that rates ace high with hungry football players."



"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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KING OSCAR'S COURT

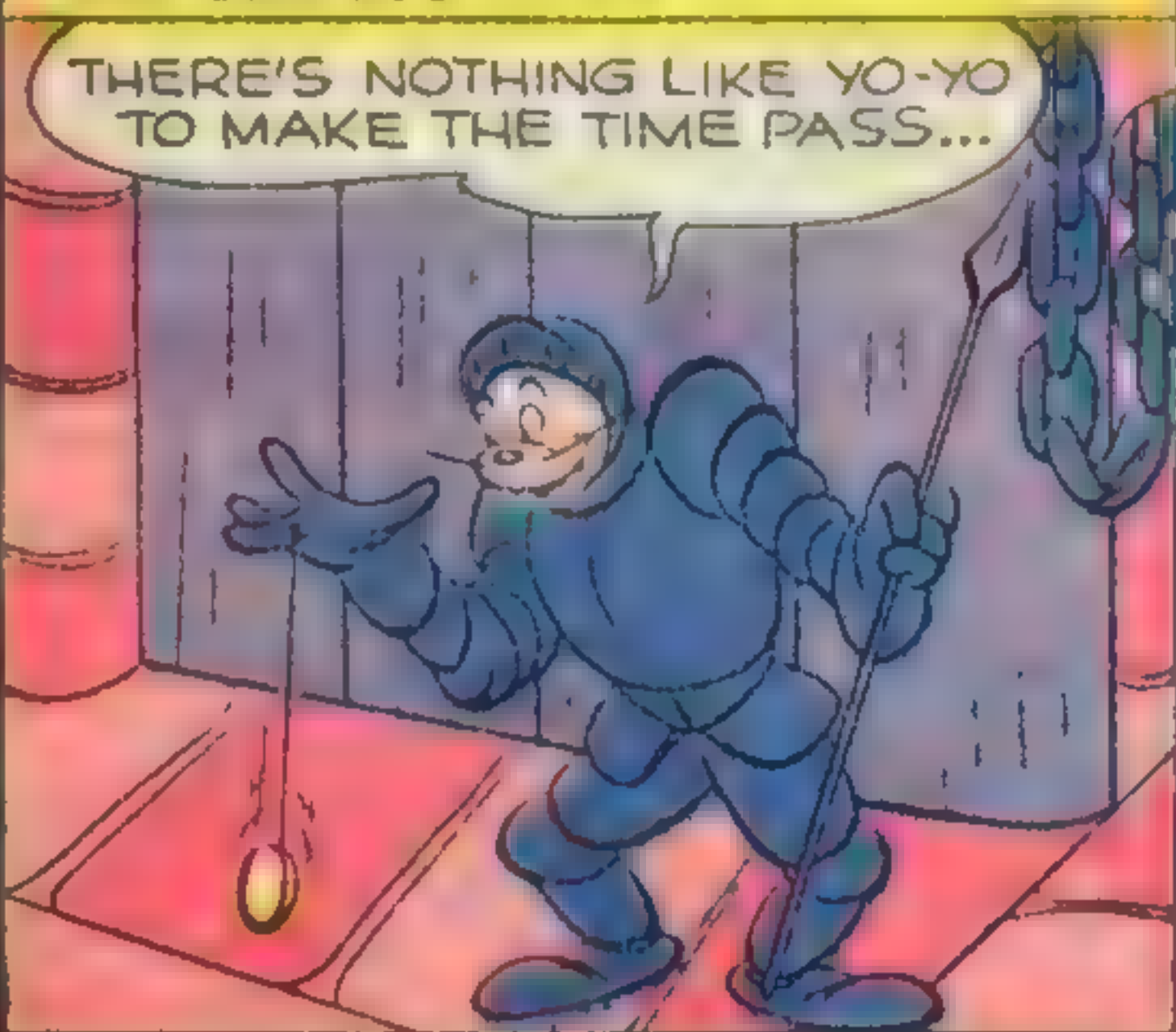
IN DAYS OF OLDE WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLDE, YOUR CHANCES OF PEACE AND QUIET WERENT WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL. AND EVEN THE GREAT SIR SCRAMSELOT, MEMBER OF KING OSCAR'S ROUND TABLE, NEARLY ENDS UP BEHIND YE OLDE EIGHTE BALLE — WHEN IN GOING TO THE RESCUE OF A PRINCESS BEAUTIFUL IN DISTRESS, HE IS CHIEF PARTICIPANT IN A TERRIFIC TALE OF...

"SHENNANIGANS AND CHIVALRY!"



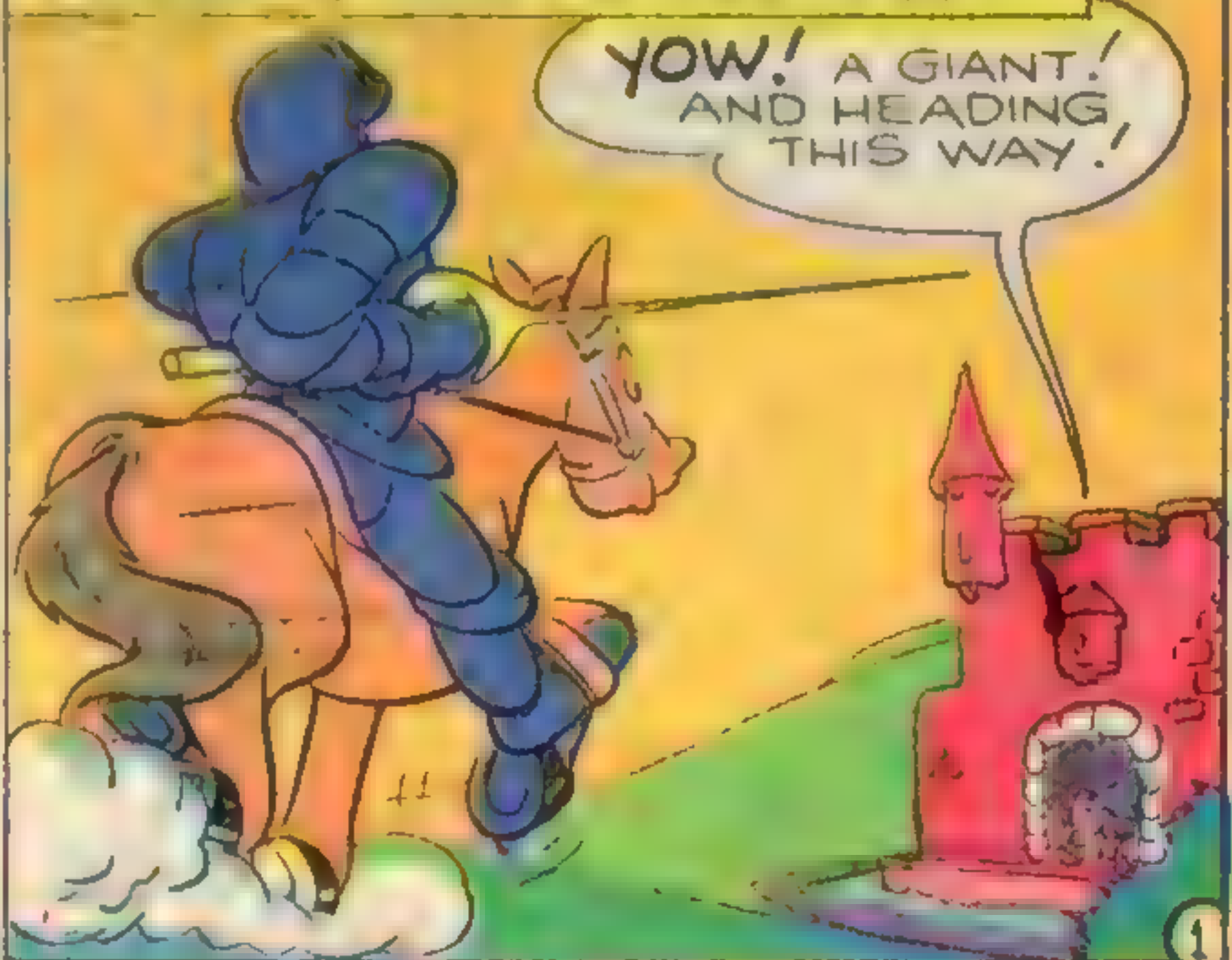
IT'S SIR SCRAMSELOT'S TURN TO STAND SENTRY DUTY ON THE DRAWBRIDGE TO KING OSCAR'S COURT...

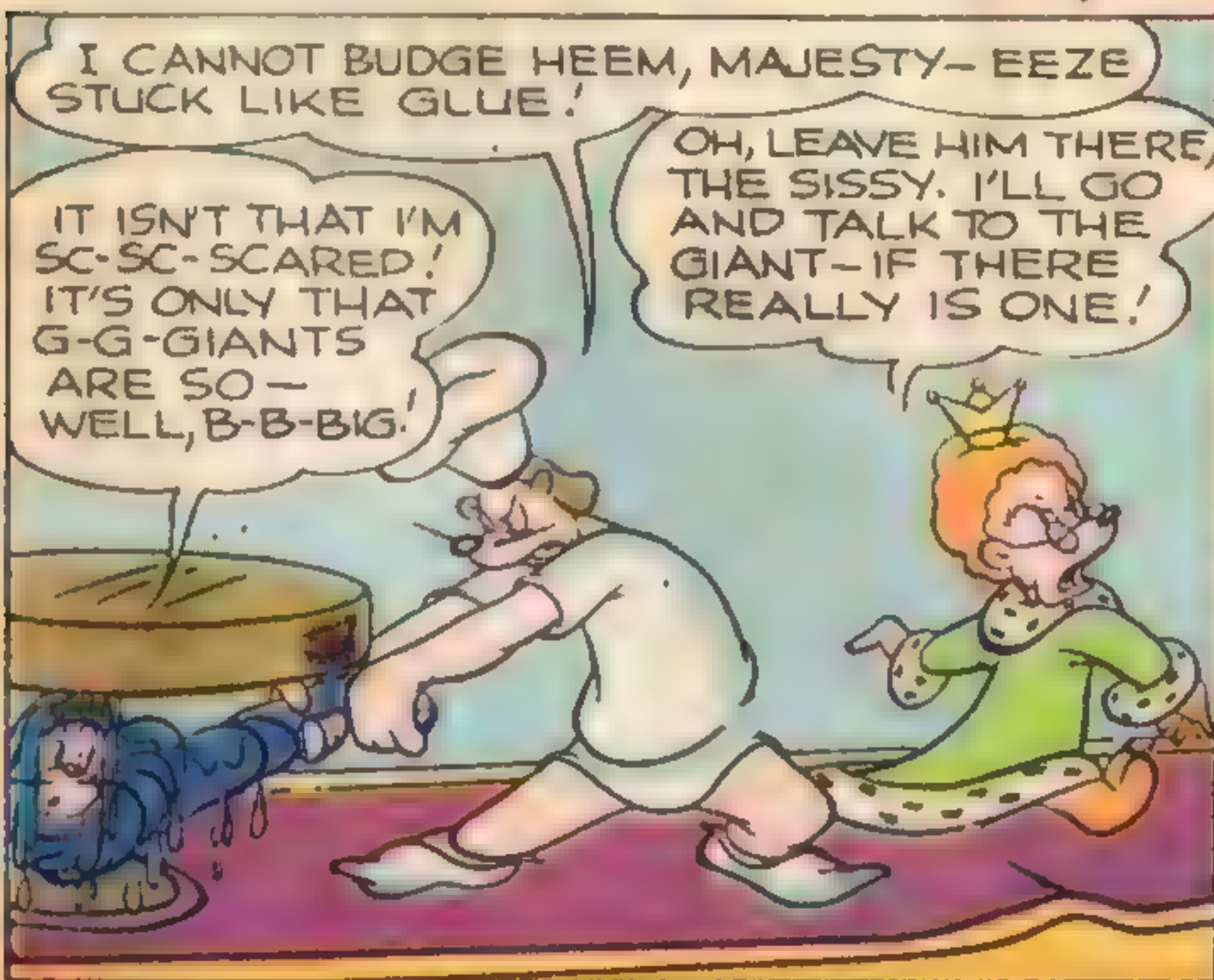
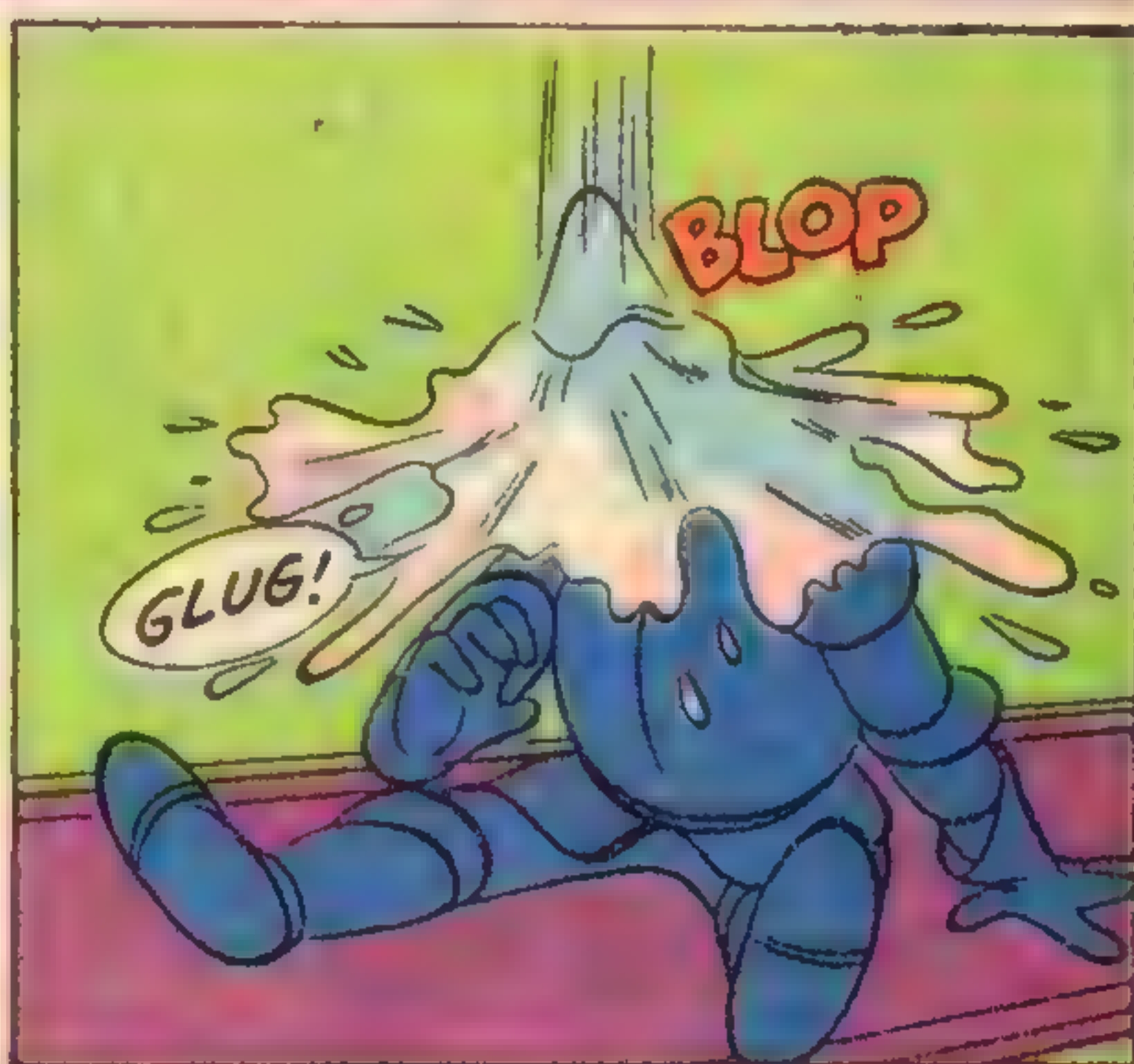
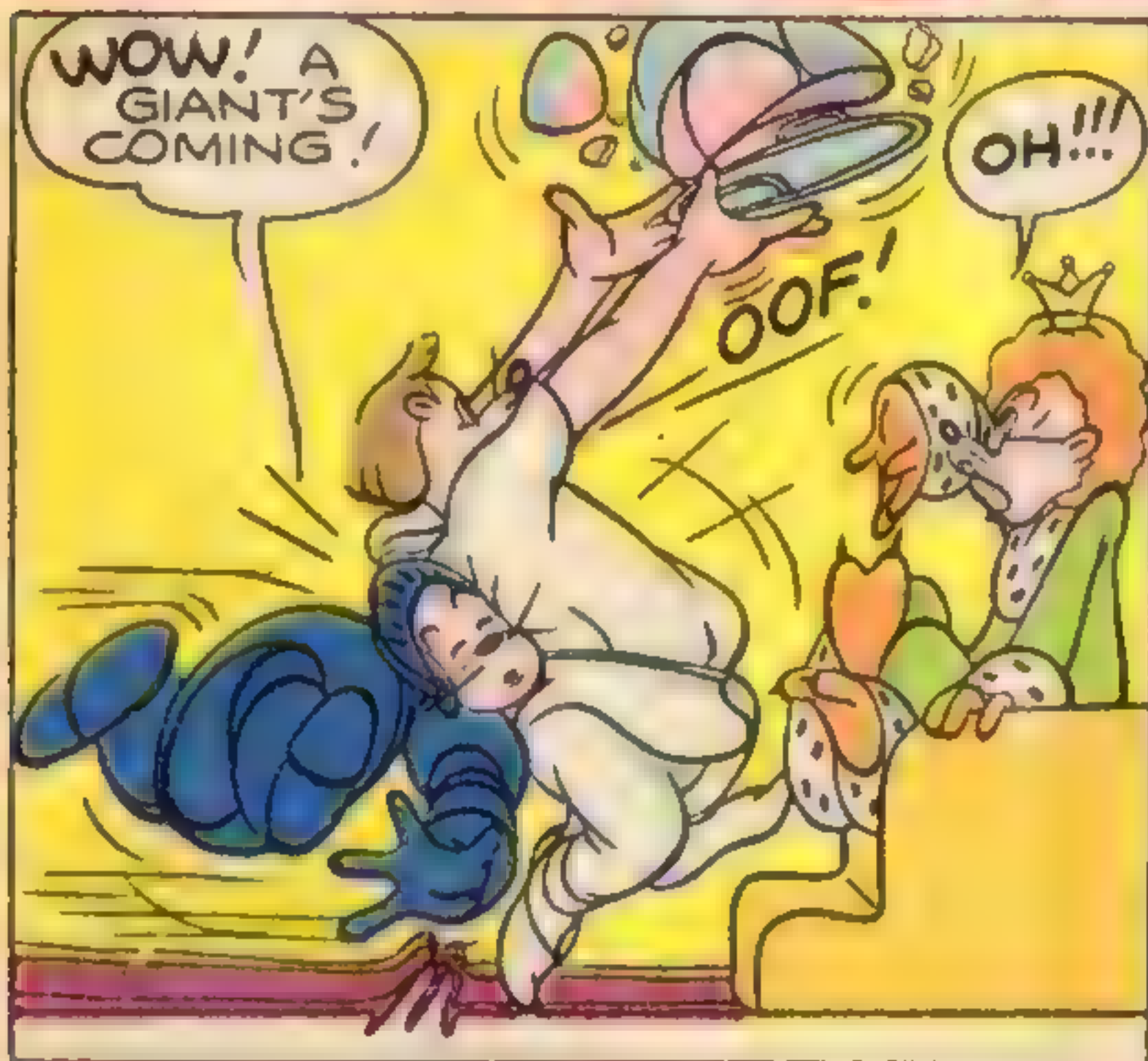
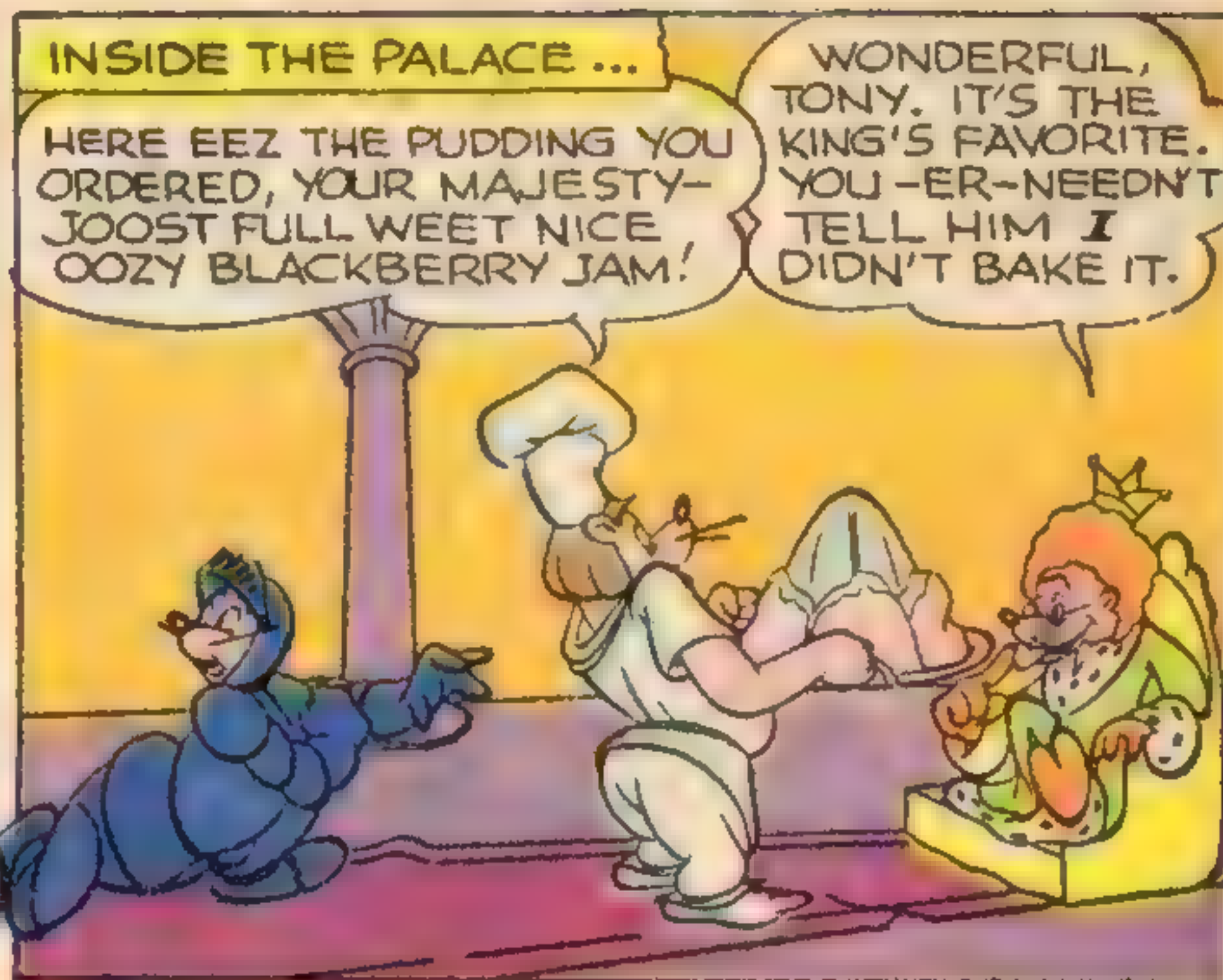
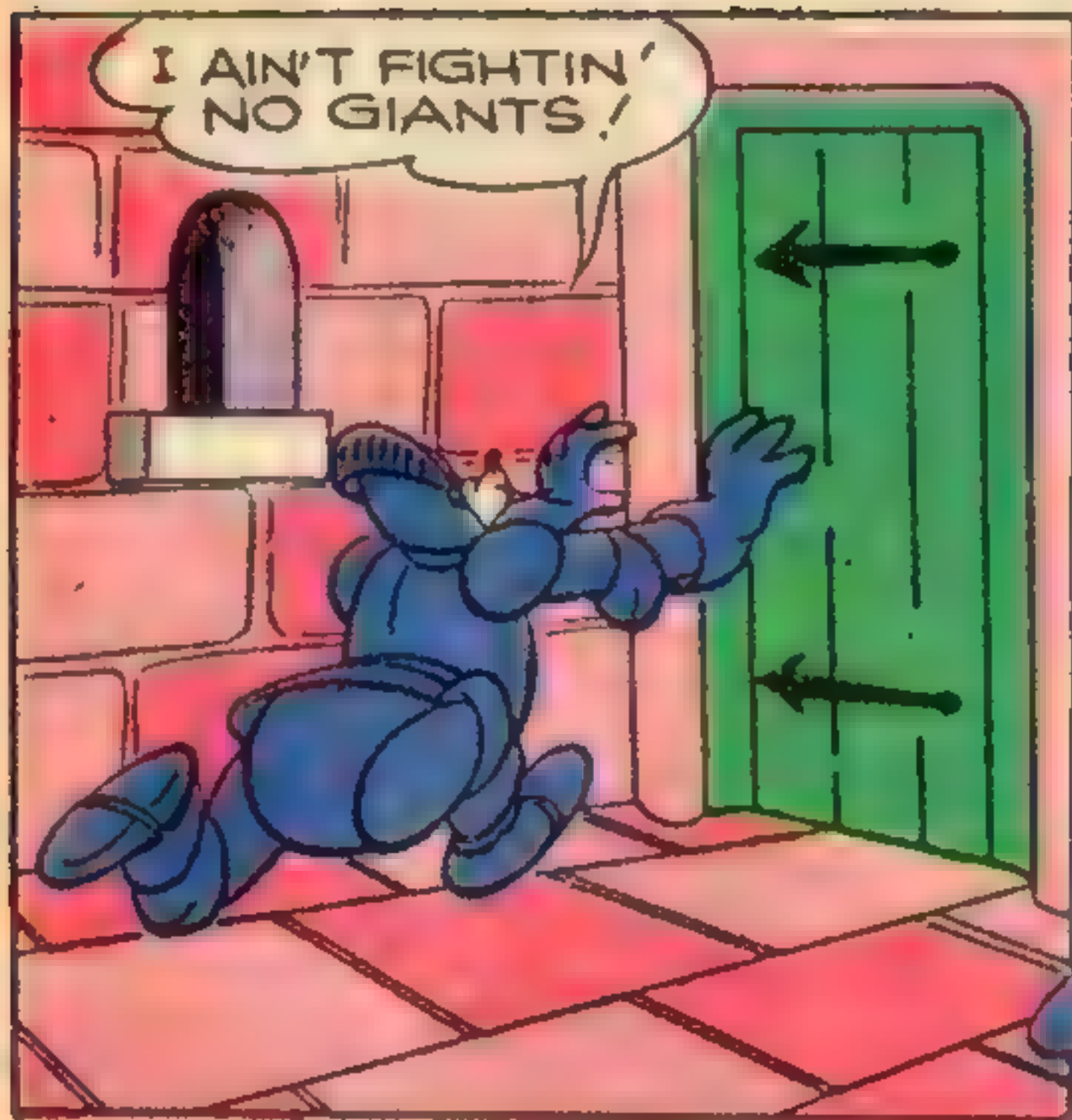
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE YO-YO TO MAKE THE TIME PASS...



SUDDENLY, FROM THE WESTWARD...

YOW! A GIANT! AND HEADING THIS WAY!







YOU SEE, THIS IS BUT A DISGUISE, WHICH I USED SO AS NOT TO BE BOTHERED ON MY WAY HERE. I'M KING LONGENLEEN.

WELL, I NEVER! AND WHAT BRINGS YOU HITHER, GOOD KING LONGENLEEN?

DIRE NEWS. THE ENCHANTRESS, QUEEN GROGAN O'SHEA, HAS TAKEN POSSESSION OF MY REALM'S BEAUTY SHOPPE, THE 'PRINCESS BEAUTIFUL', SO THAT OTHER WOMEN CAN'T USE IT AND BE AS PRETTY AS SHE!

OH, THAT VAIN CREATURE!

COME, KING LONGENLEEN. I HEAR THE KNIGHTS GATHERED AT THE ROUND TABLE, NOW!

THANK YOU, GRACIOUS MAJESTY!

GREAT IDEA, KING OSCAR - RIGGING UP THE ROUND TABLE TO SPIN SO WE CAN PLAY BINGO!

I GOT A MILLION OF 'EM! A MILLION OF 'EM!

BINGO! WHEEEE - I WIN THE FUR-LINED WINTER ARMOR!

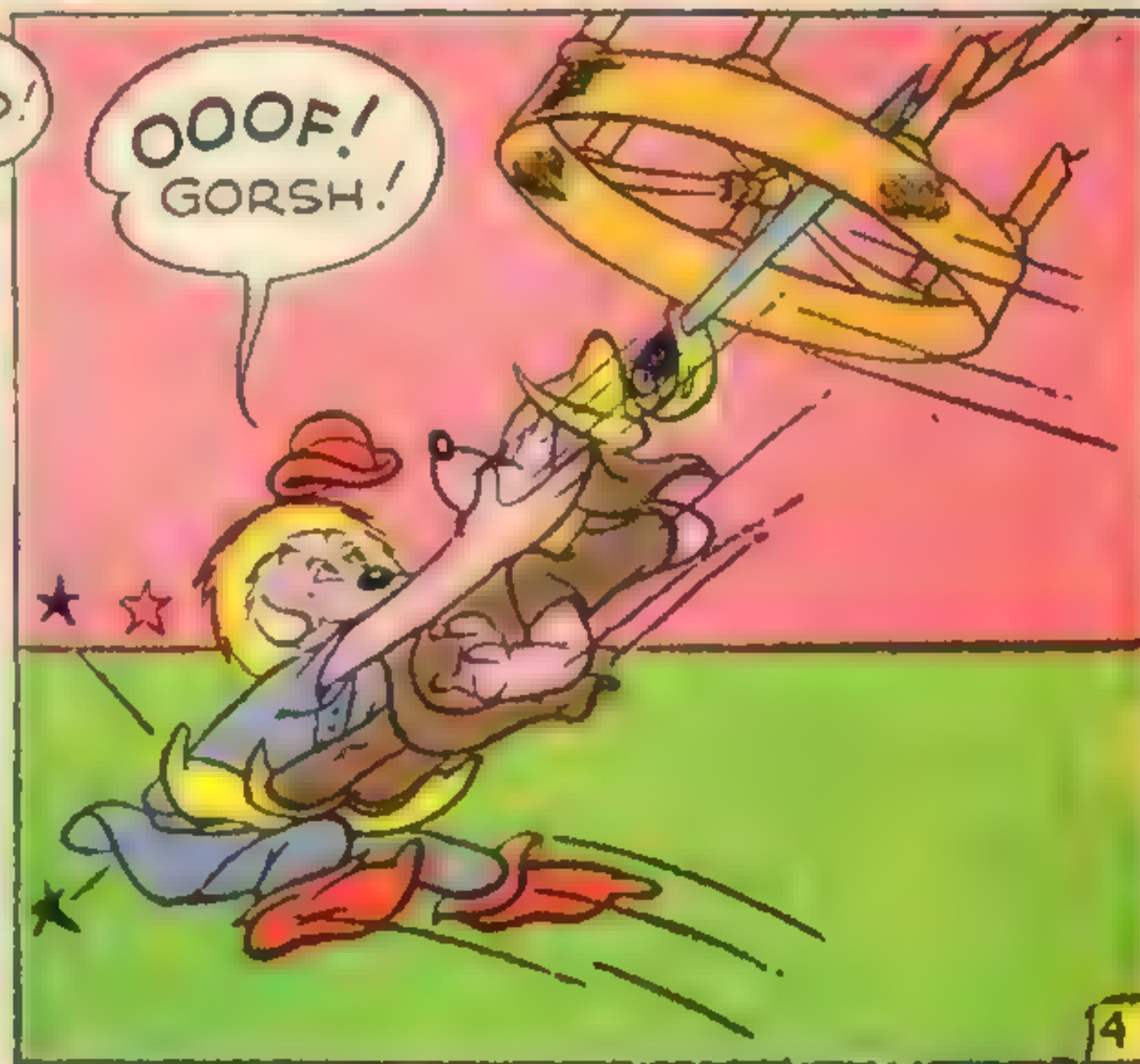
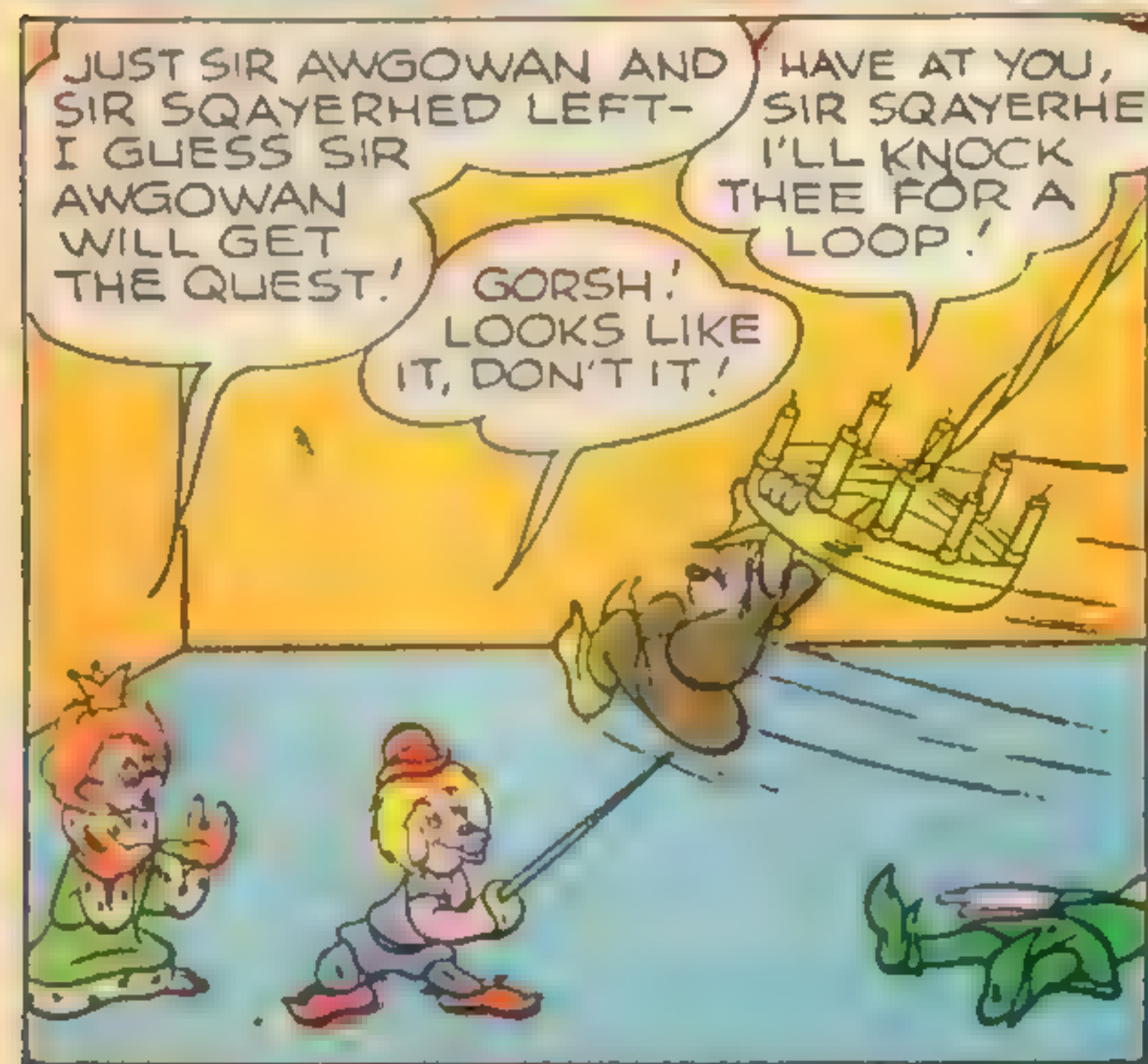
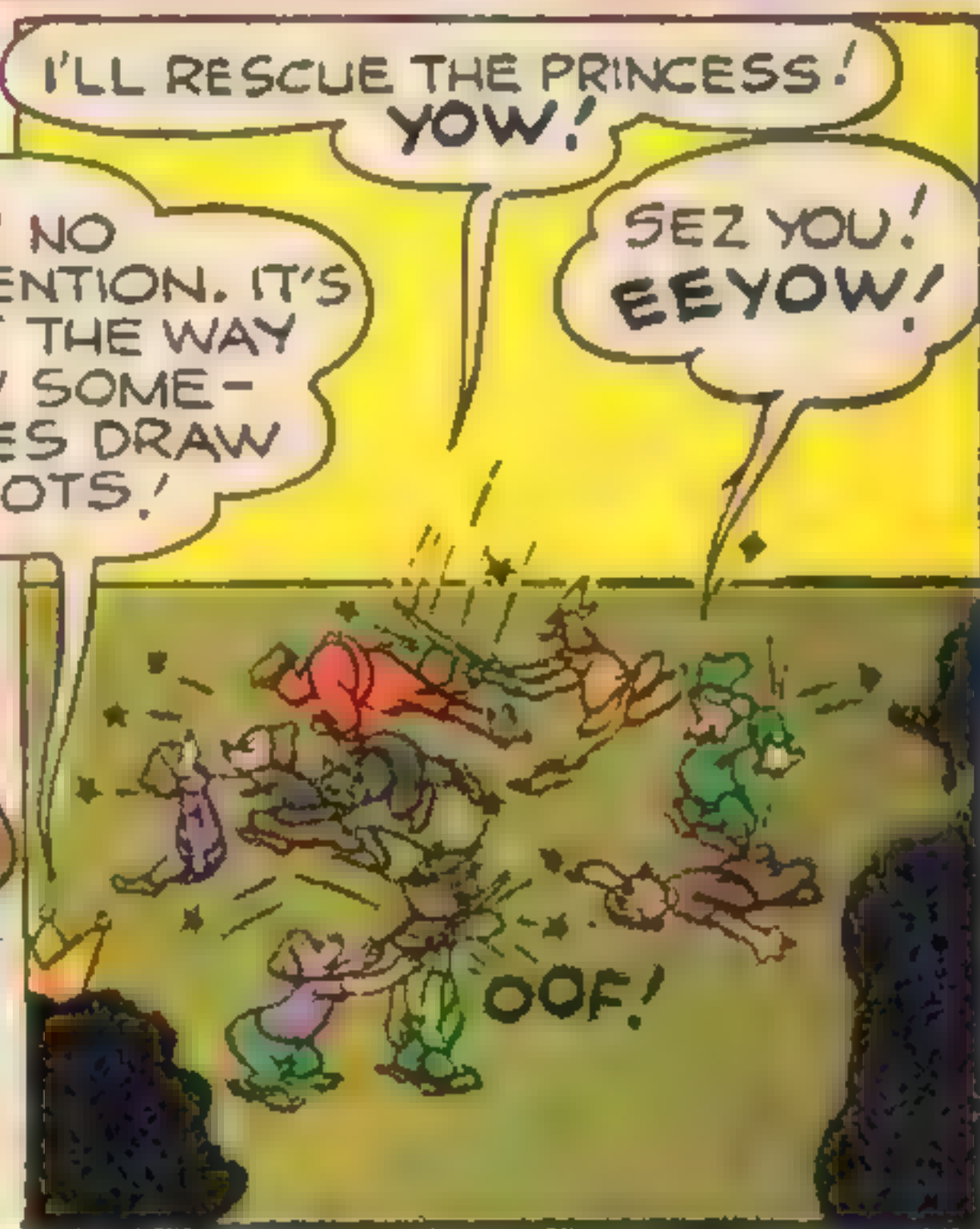
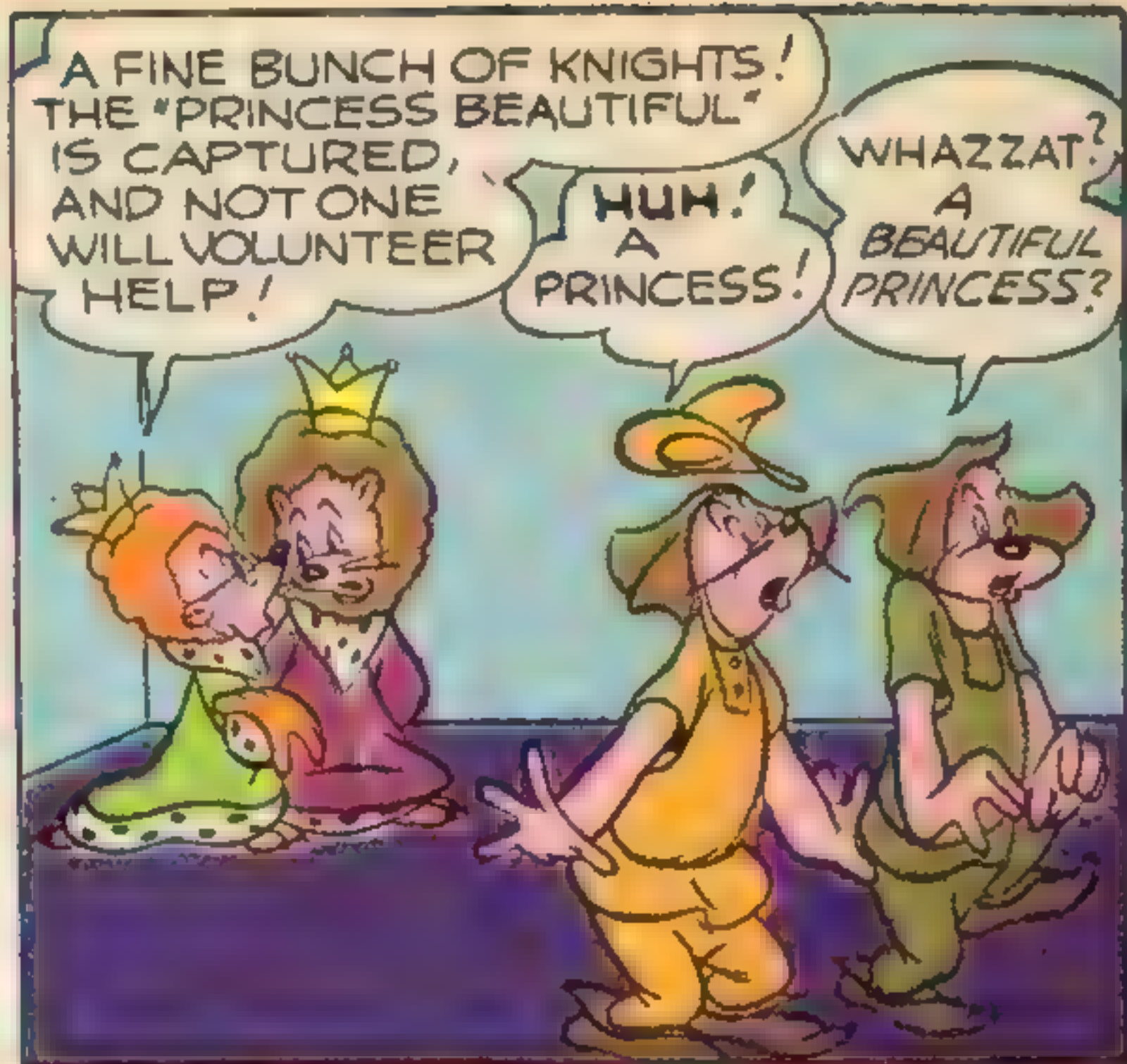
OSCAR!!!

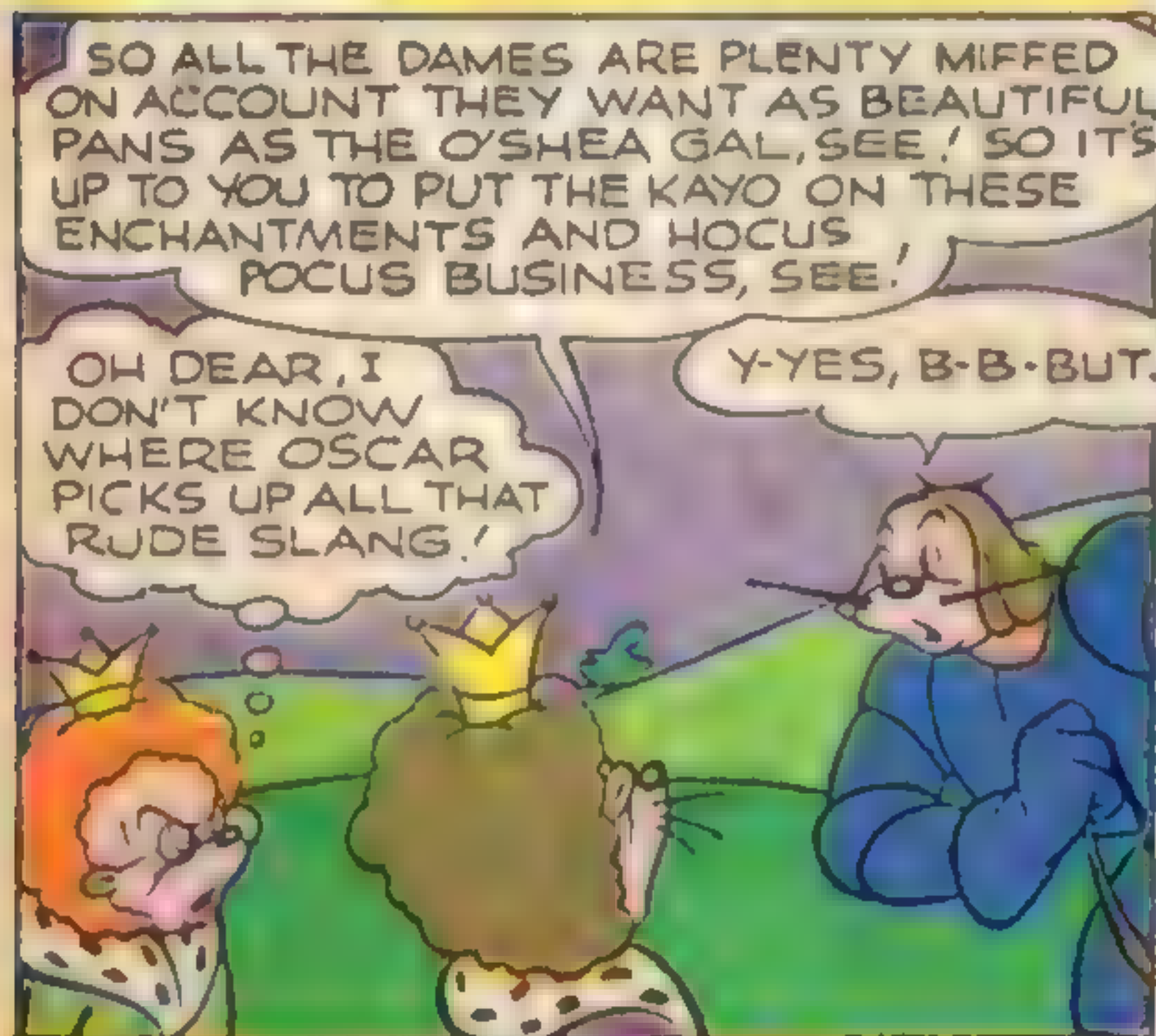
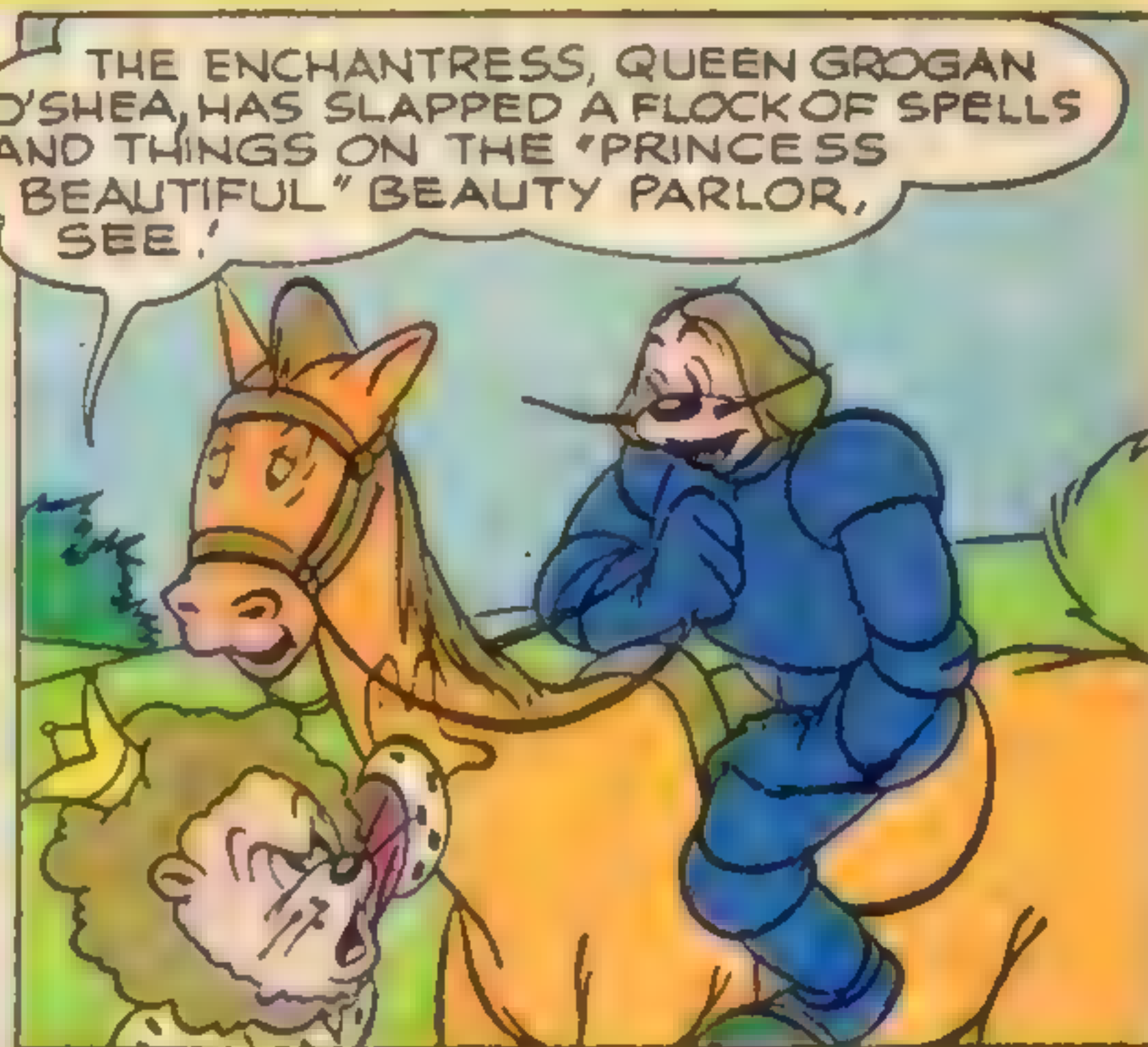
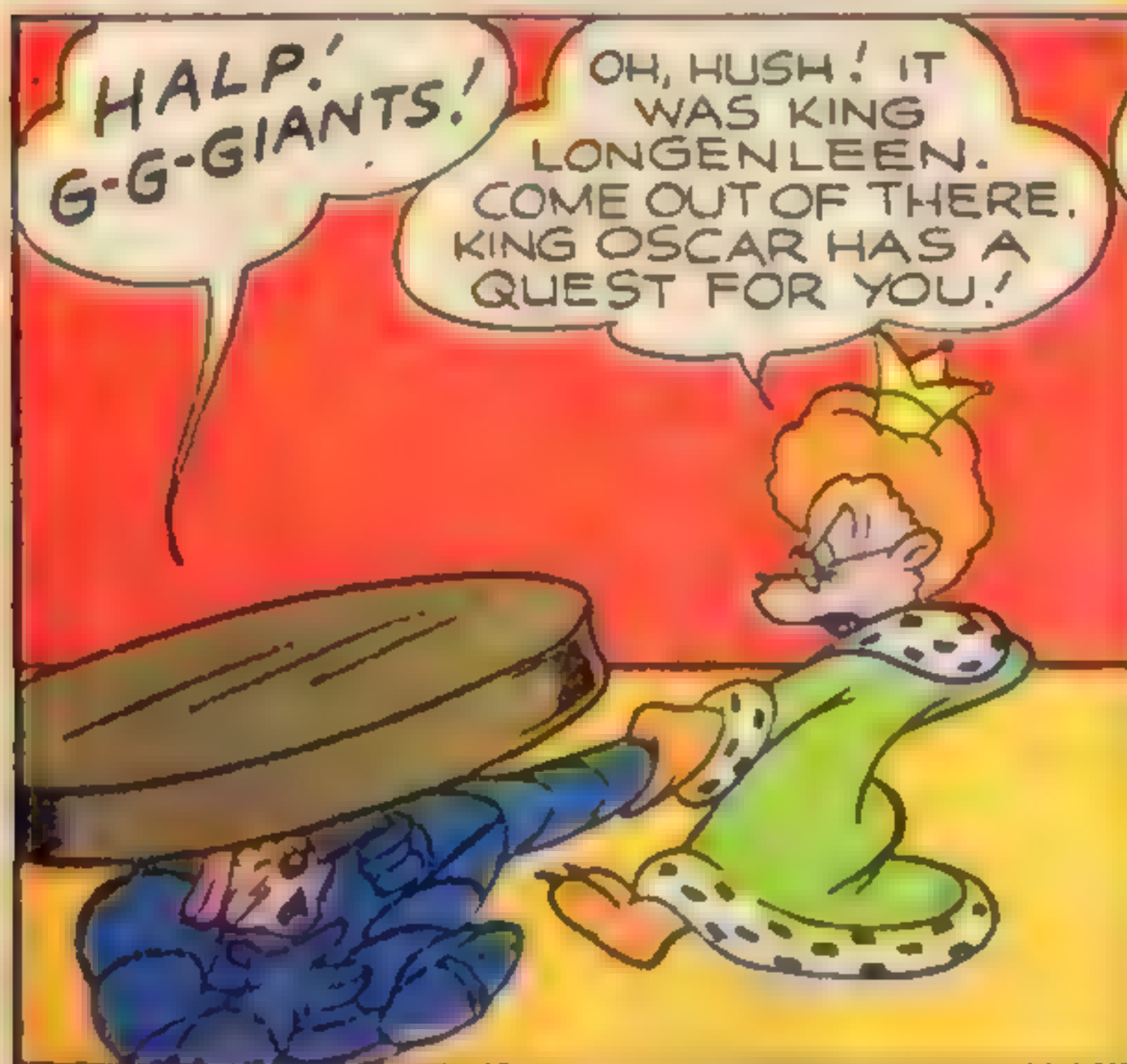
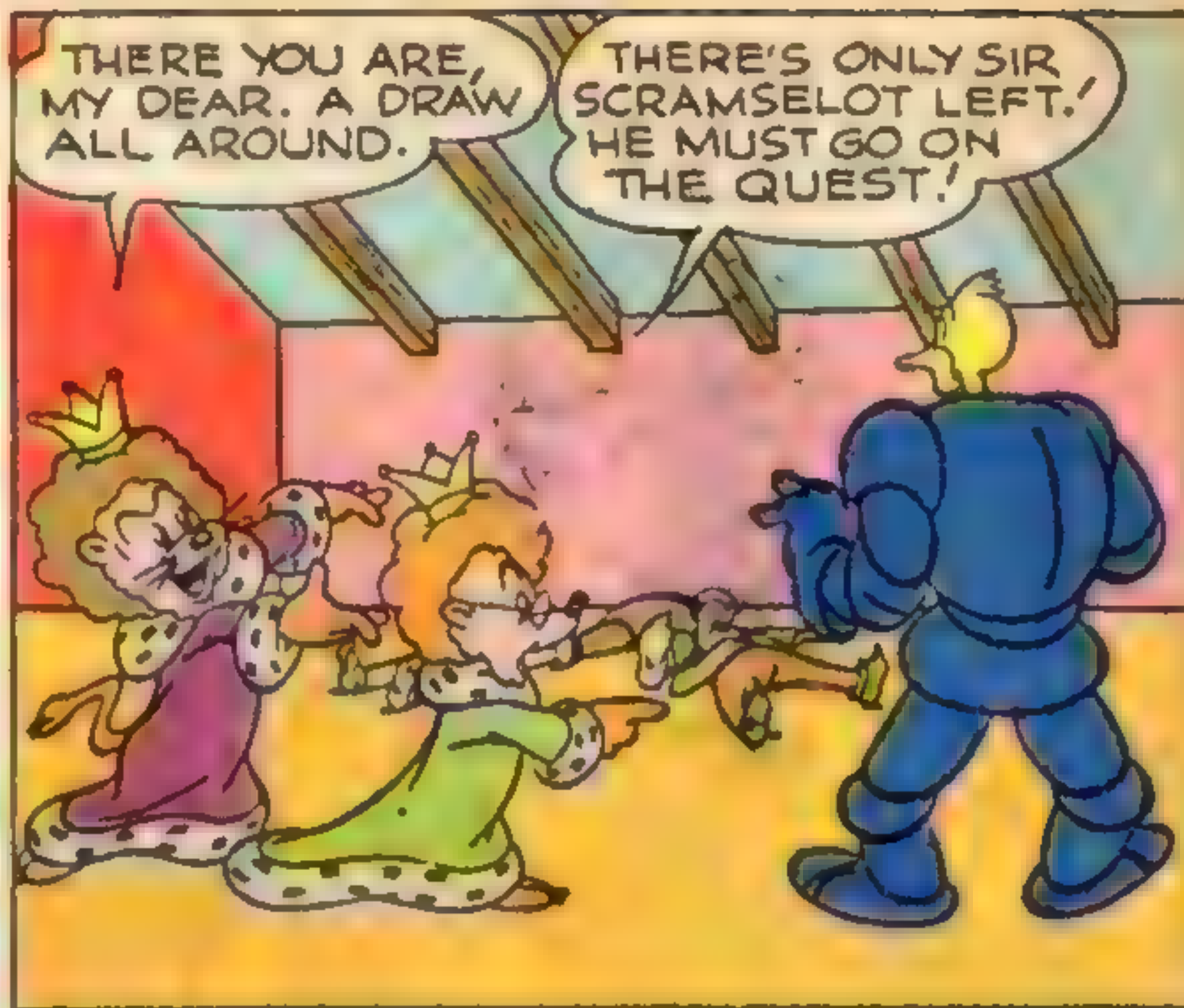
HUH!... OH... YES, MY LOVE!

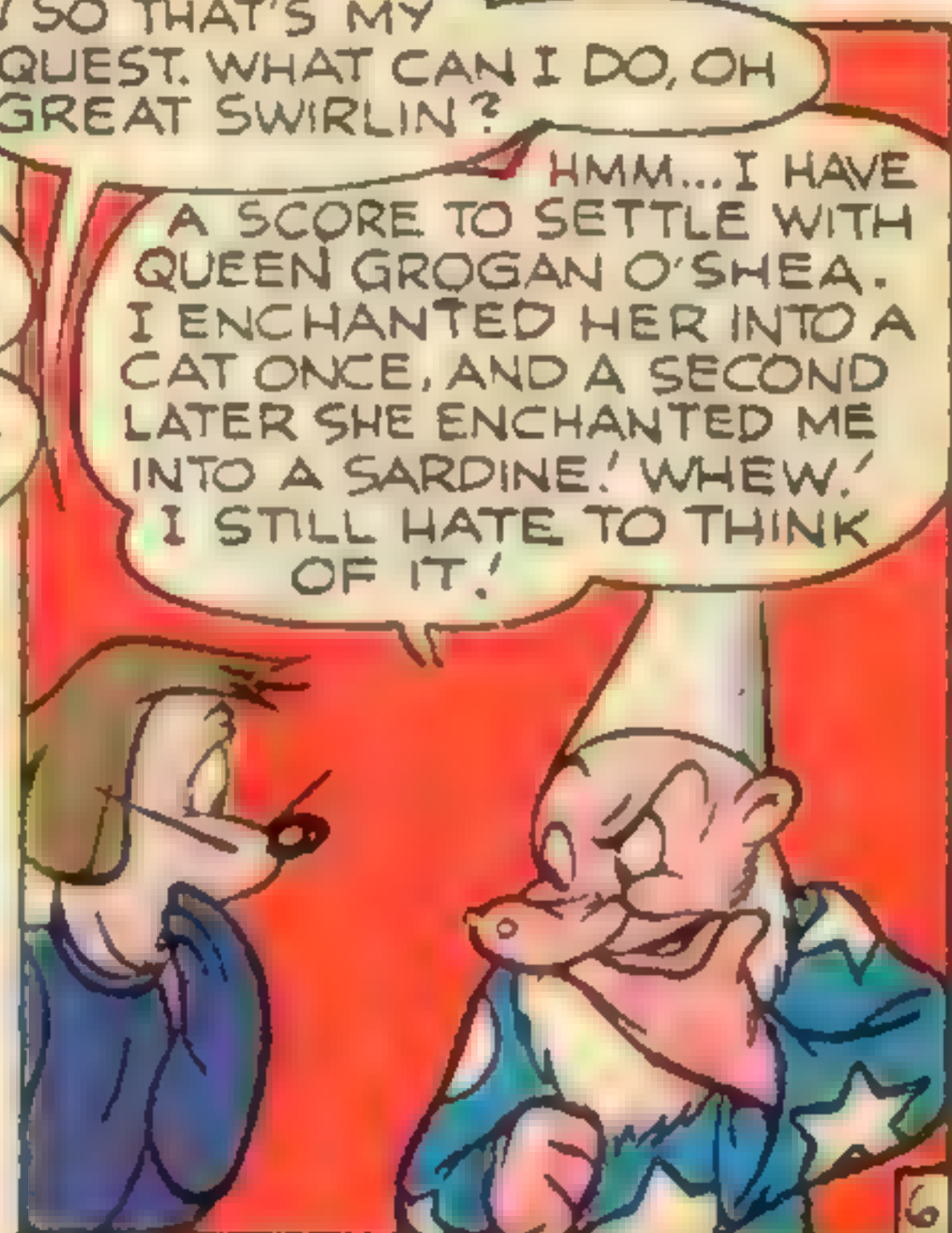
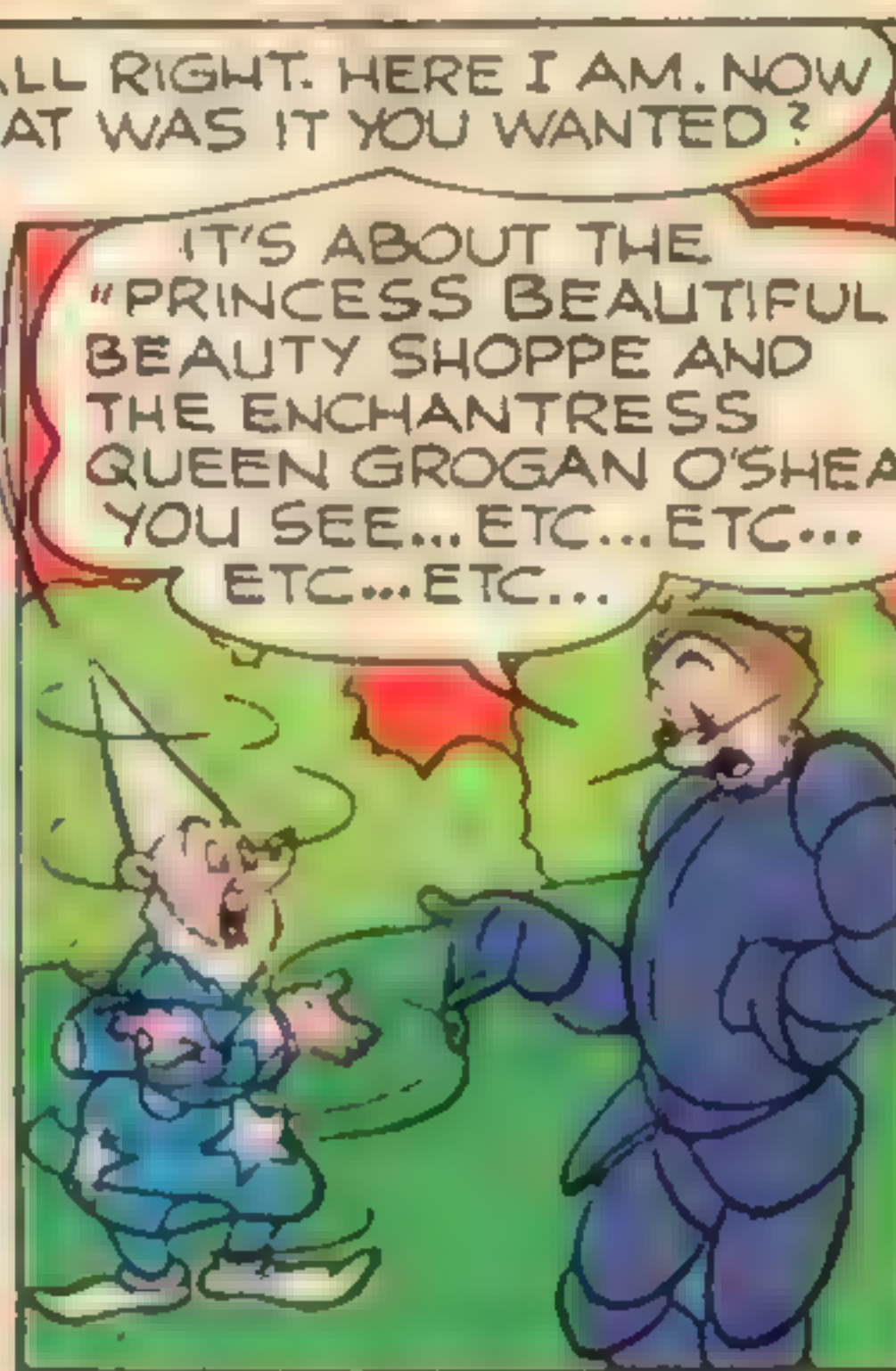
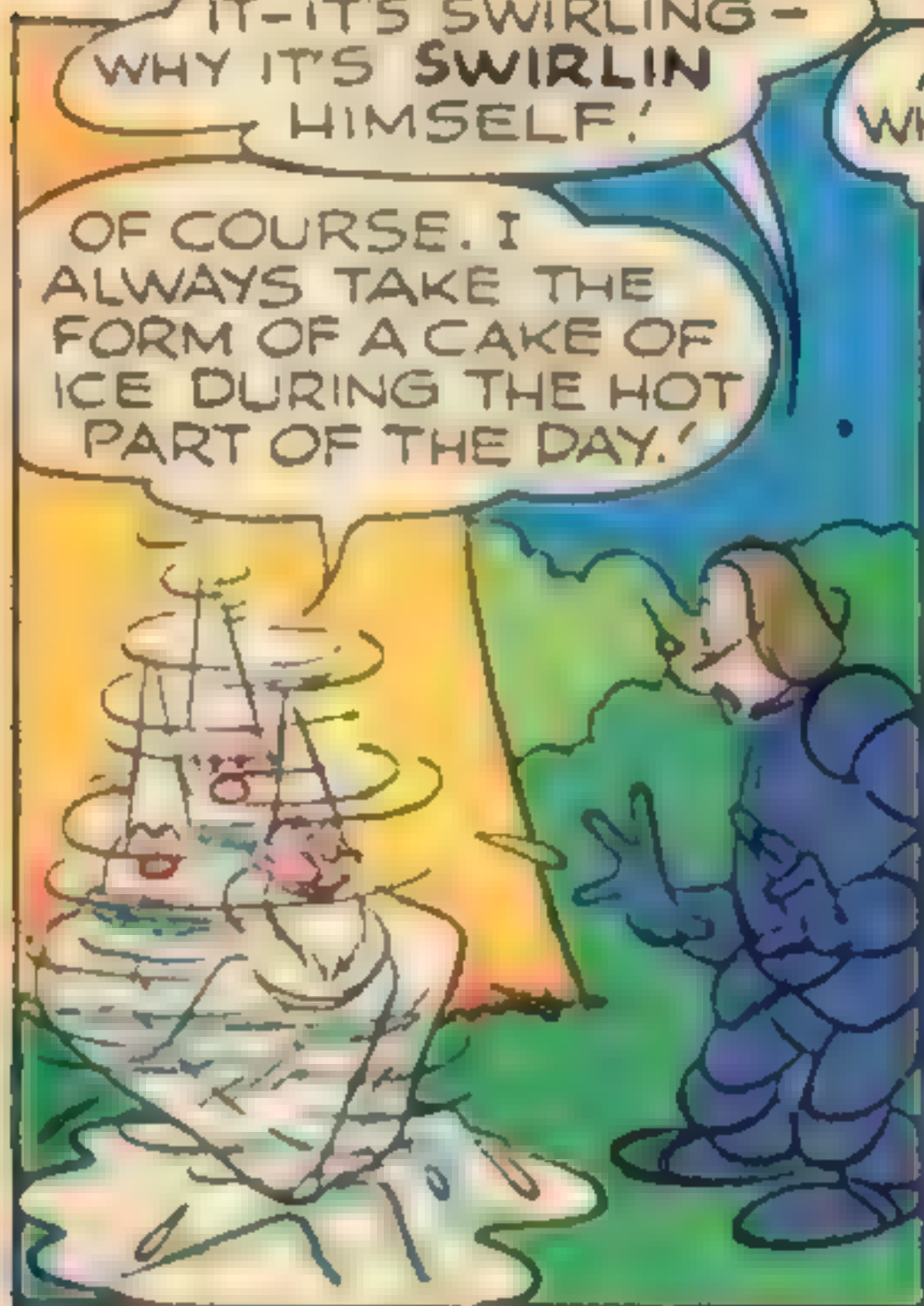
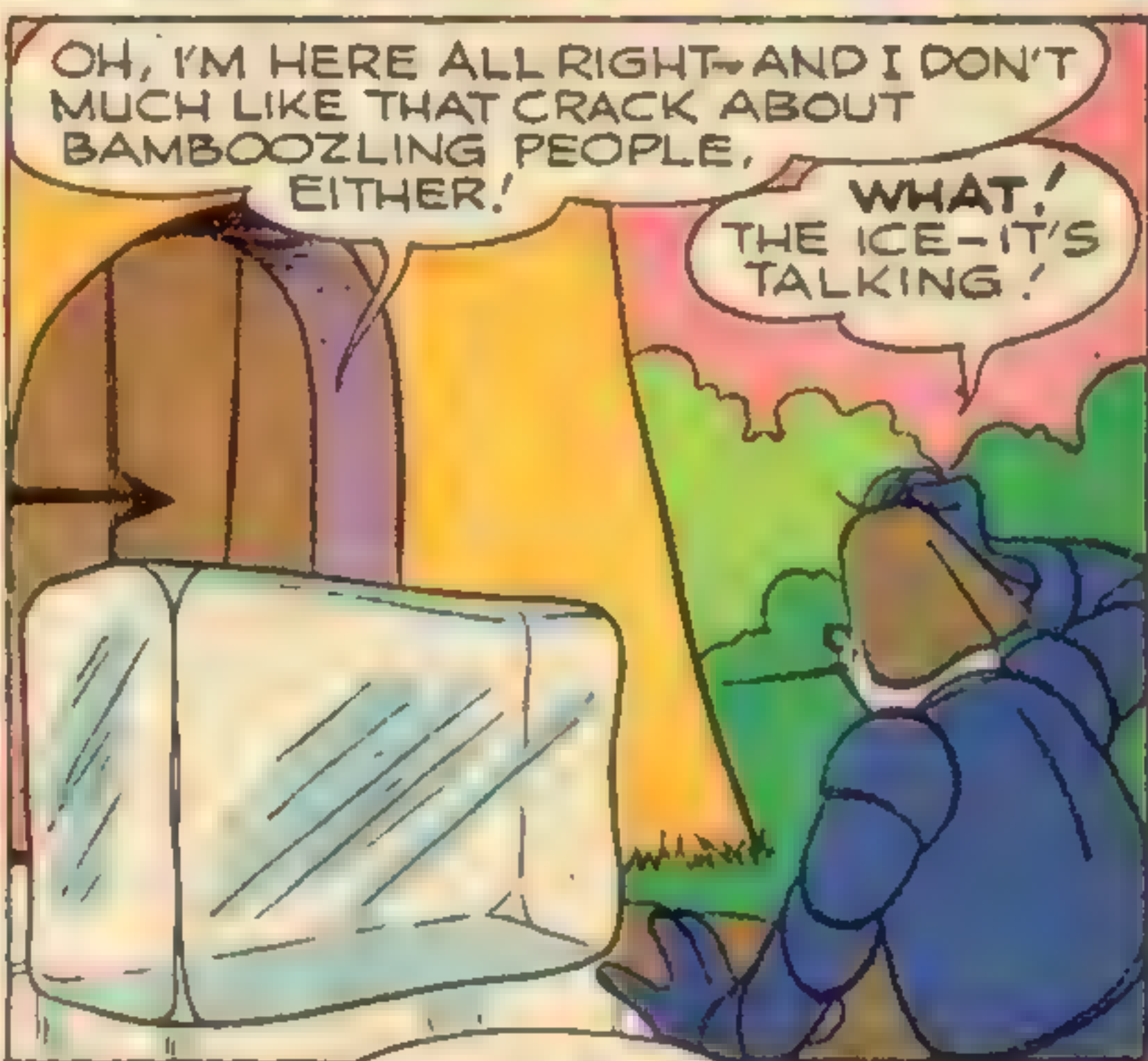
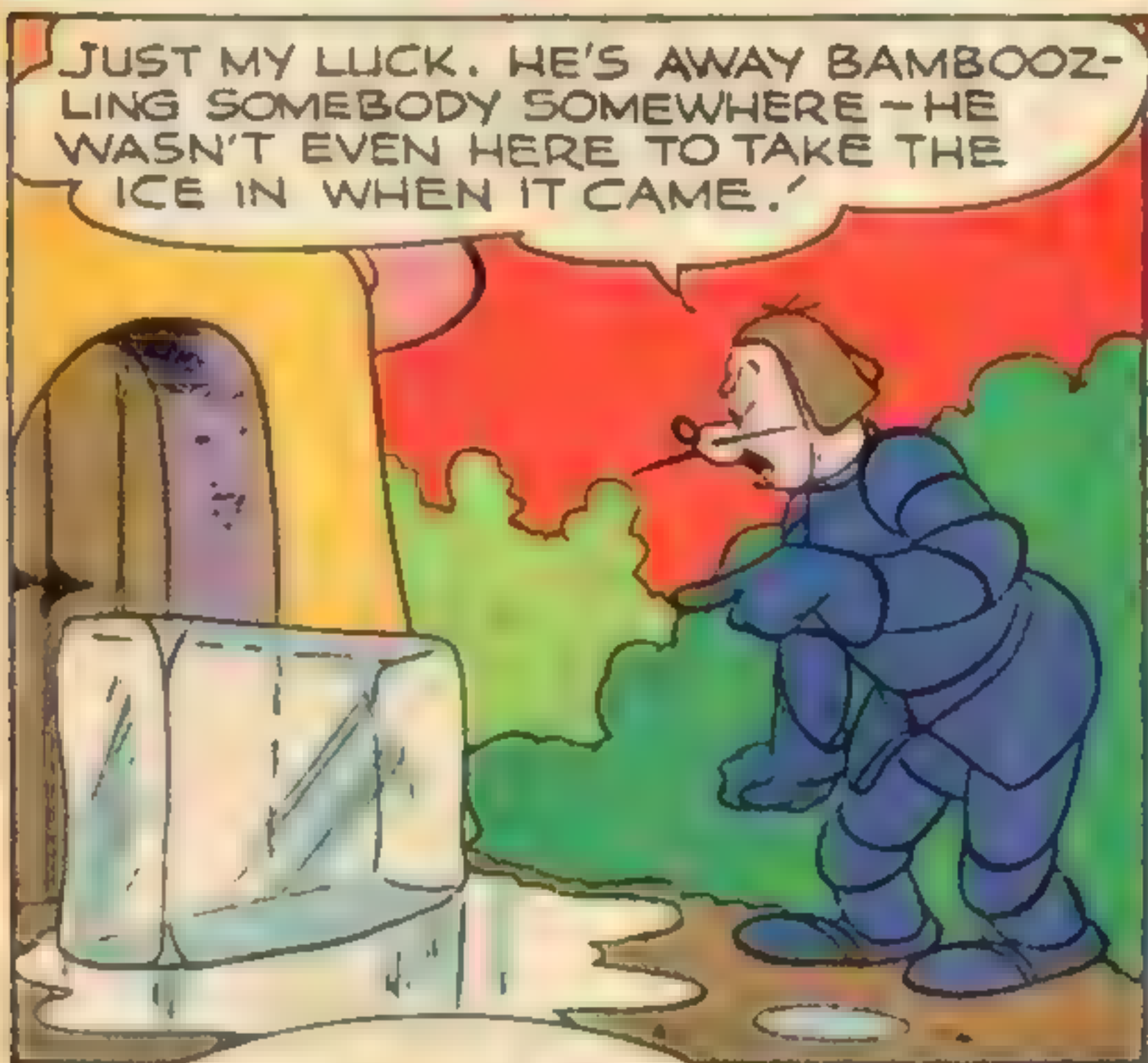
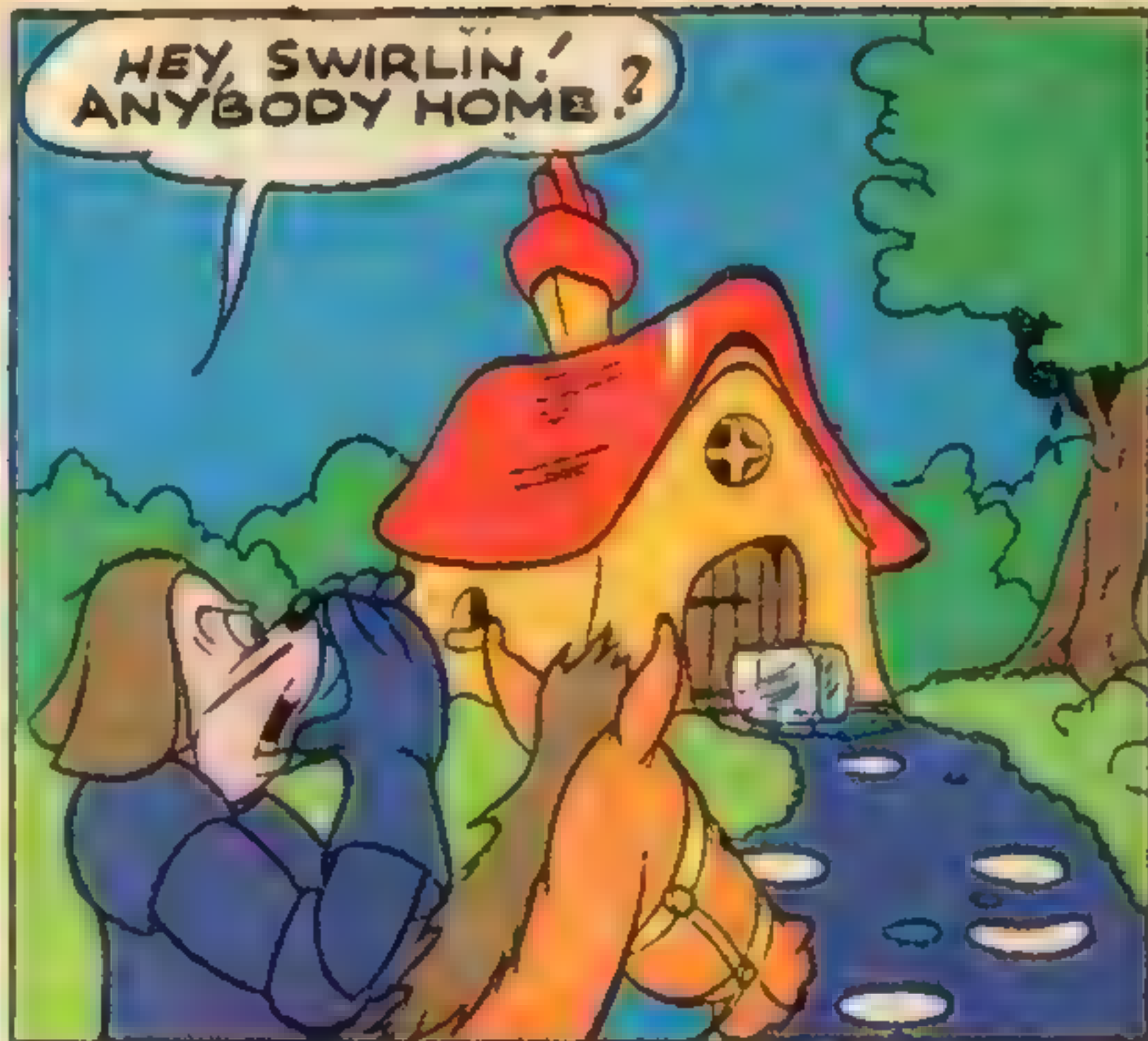
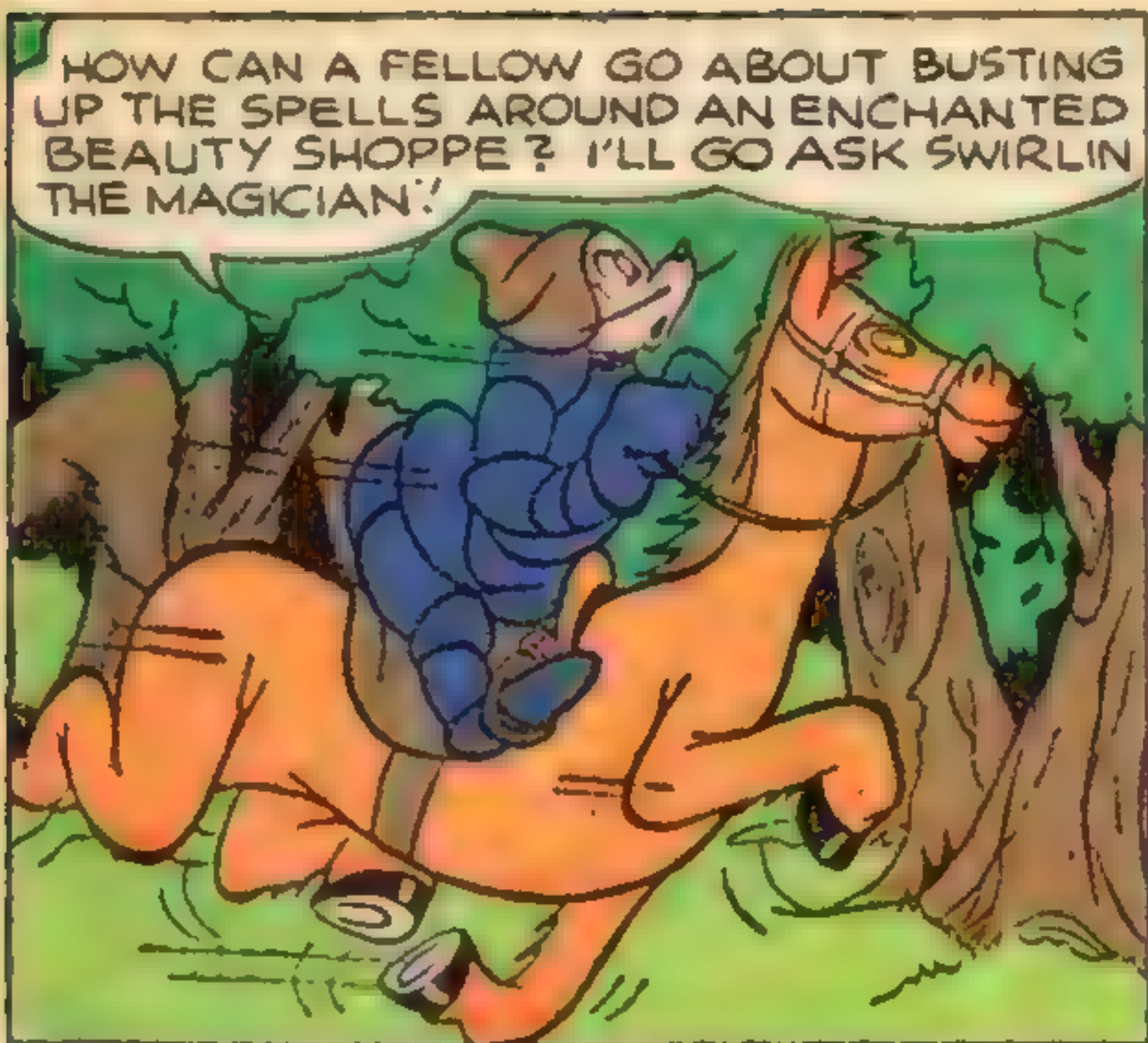
THIS GENTLEMAN HERE, KING LONGENLEEN, HAS A QUEST!

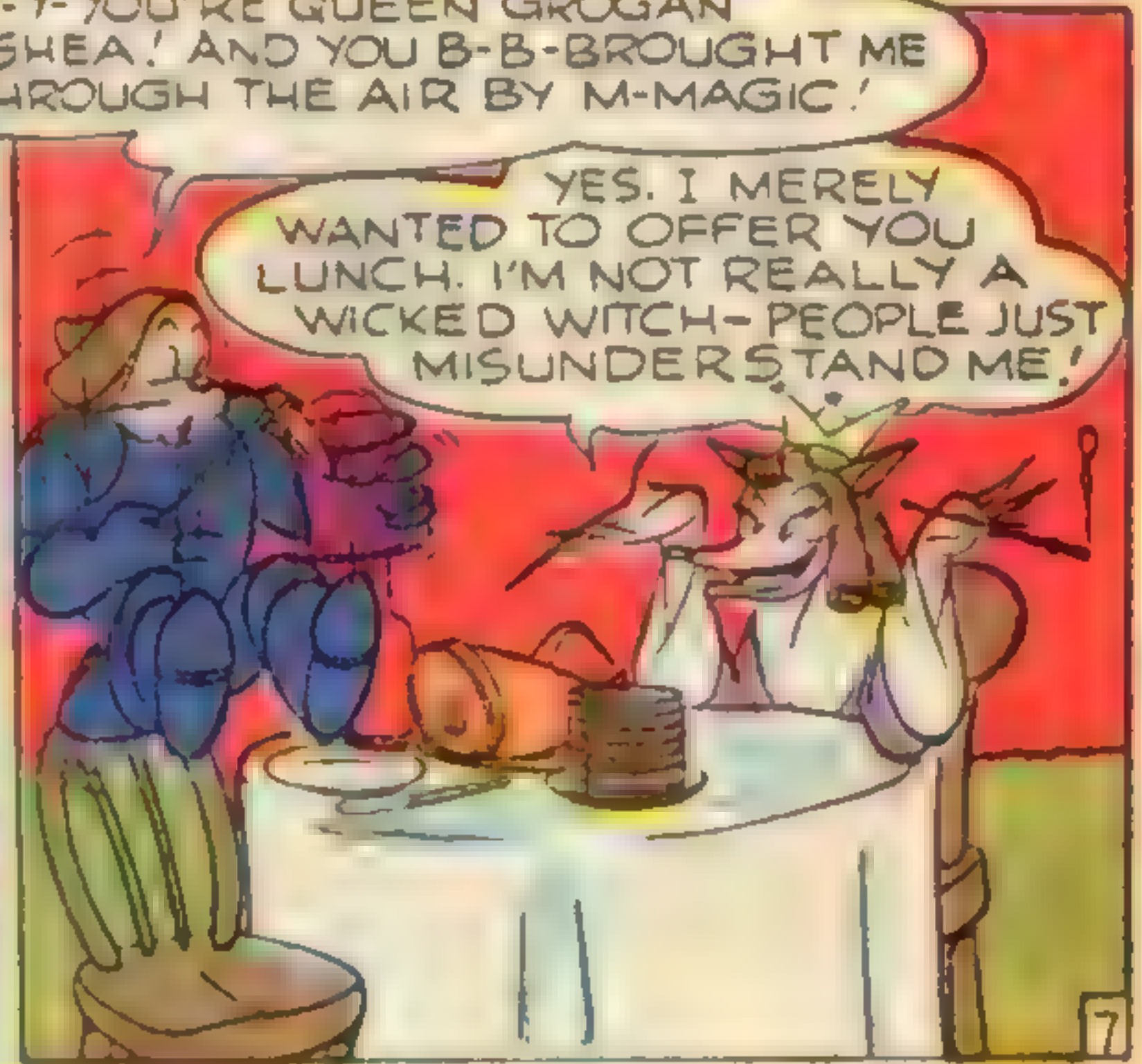
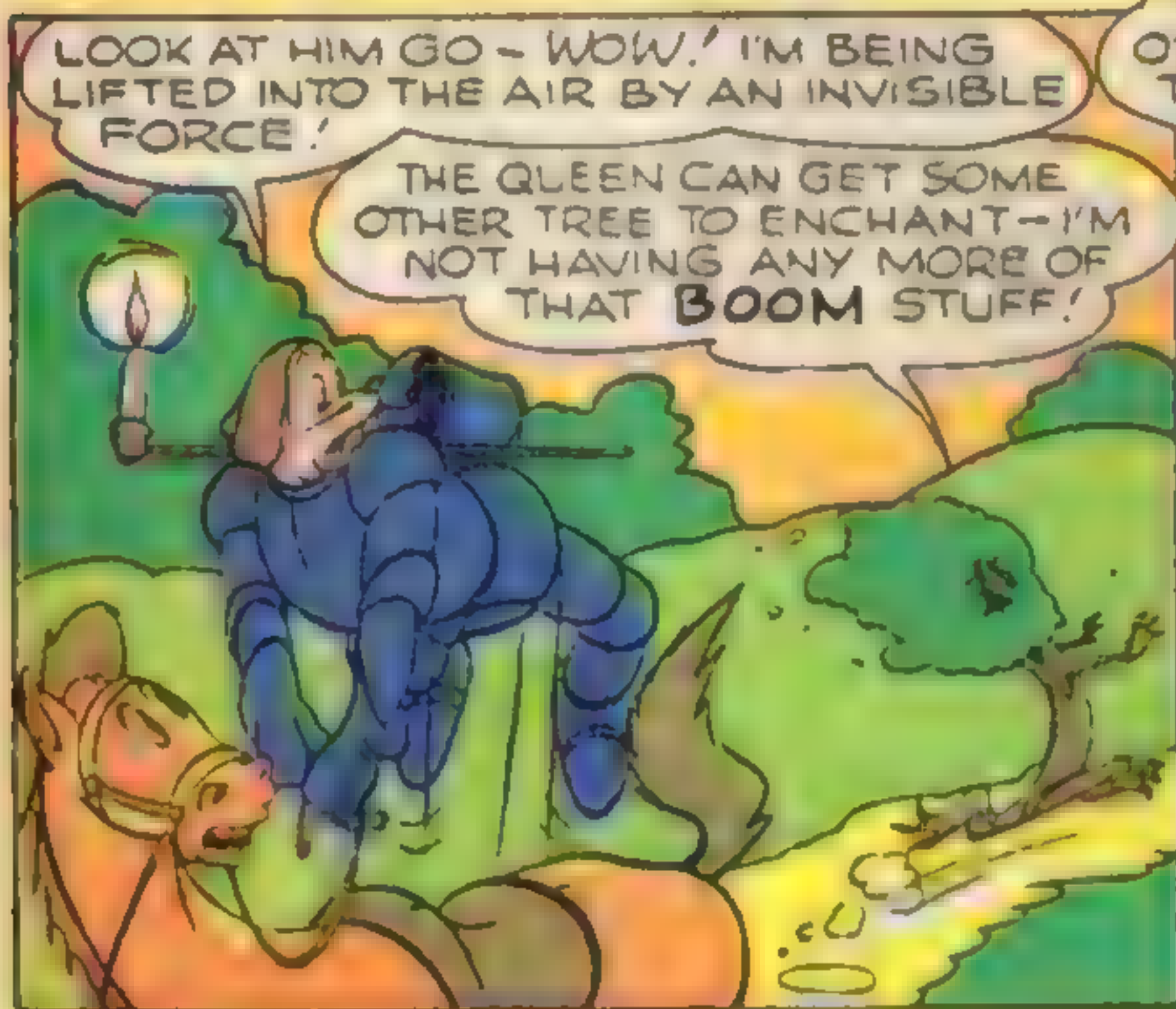
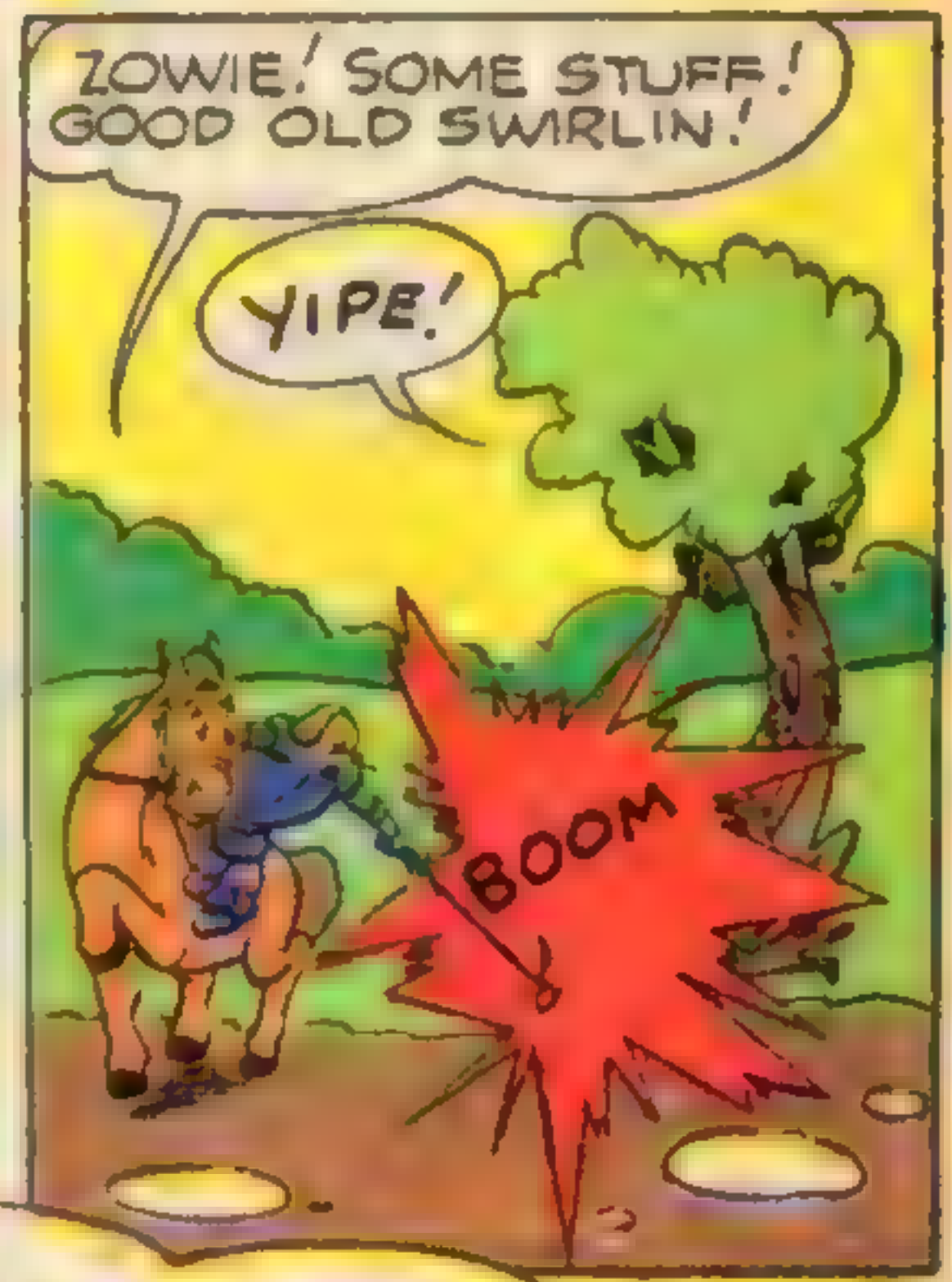
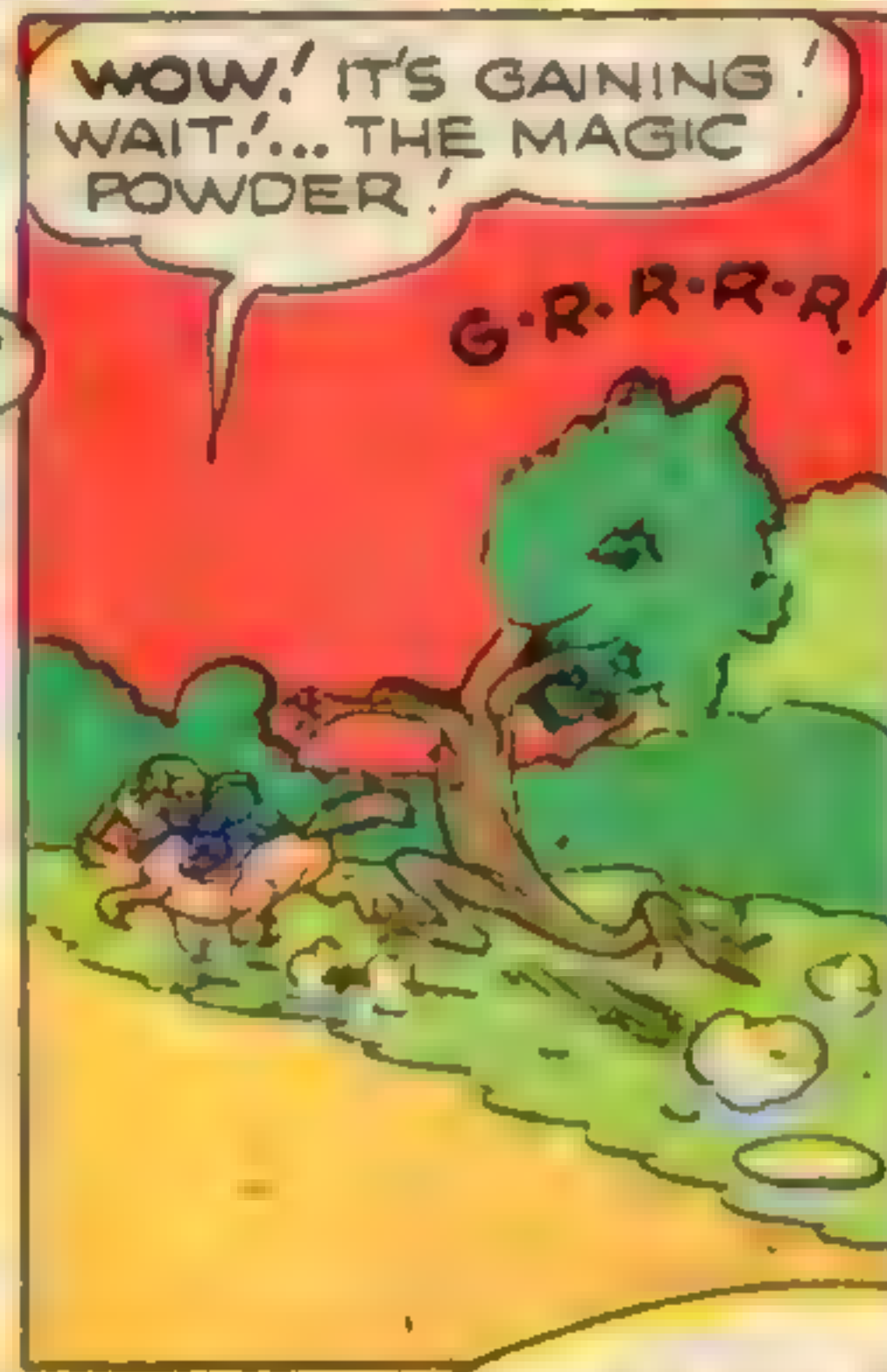
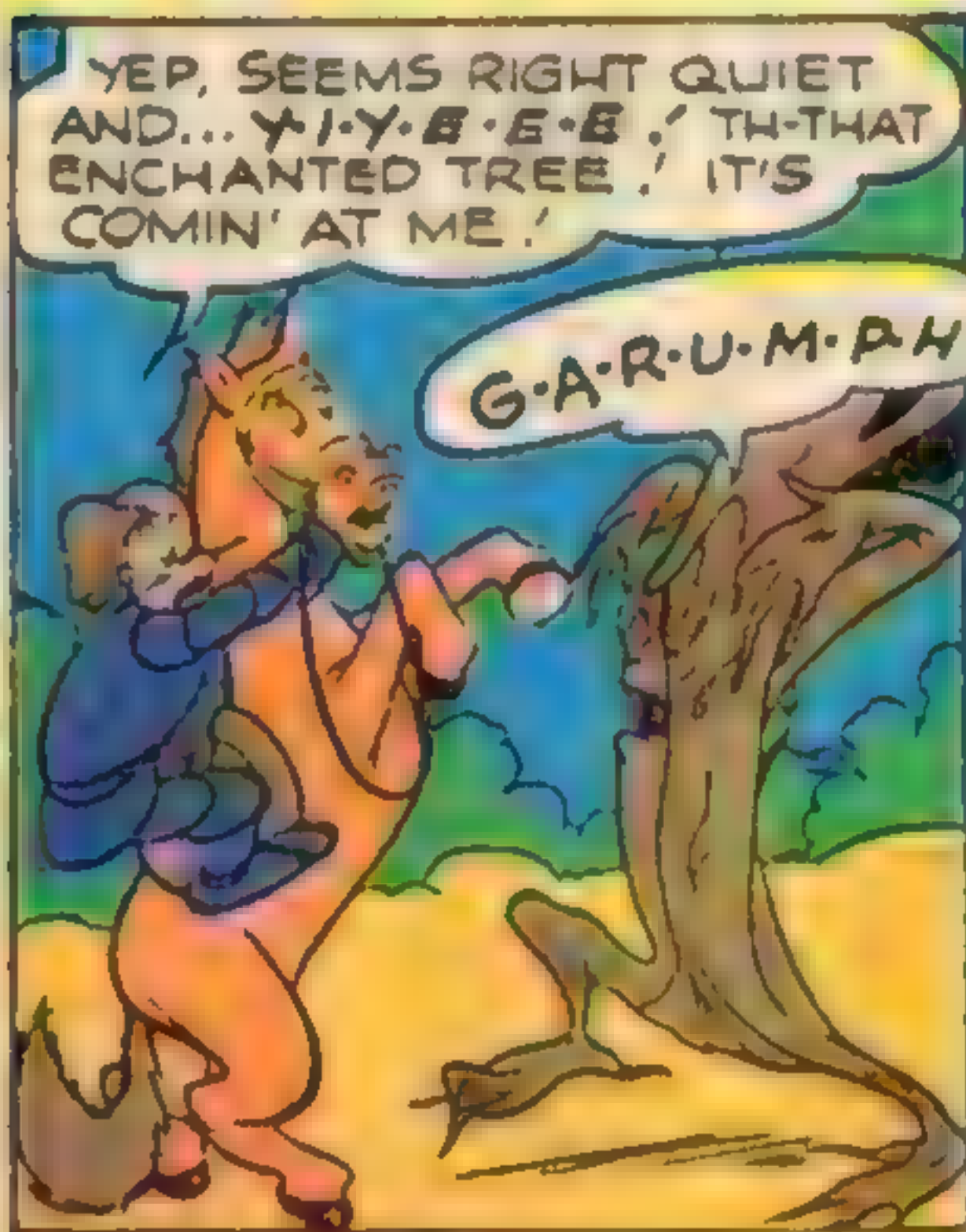
QUESTS - ALWAYS QUESTS! WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING FOR US ONCE IN A WHILE?

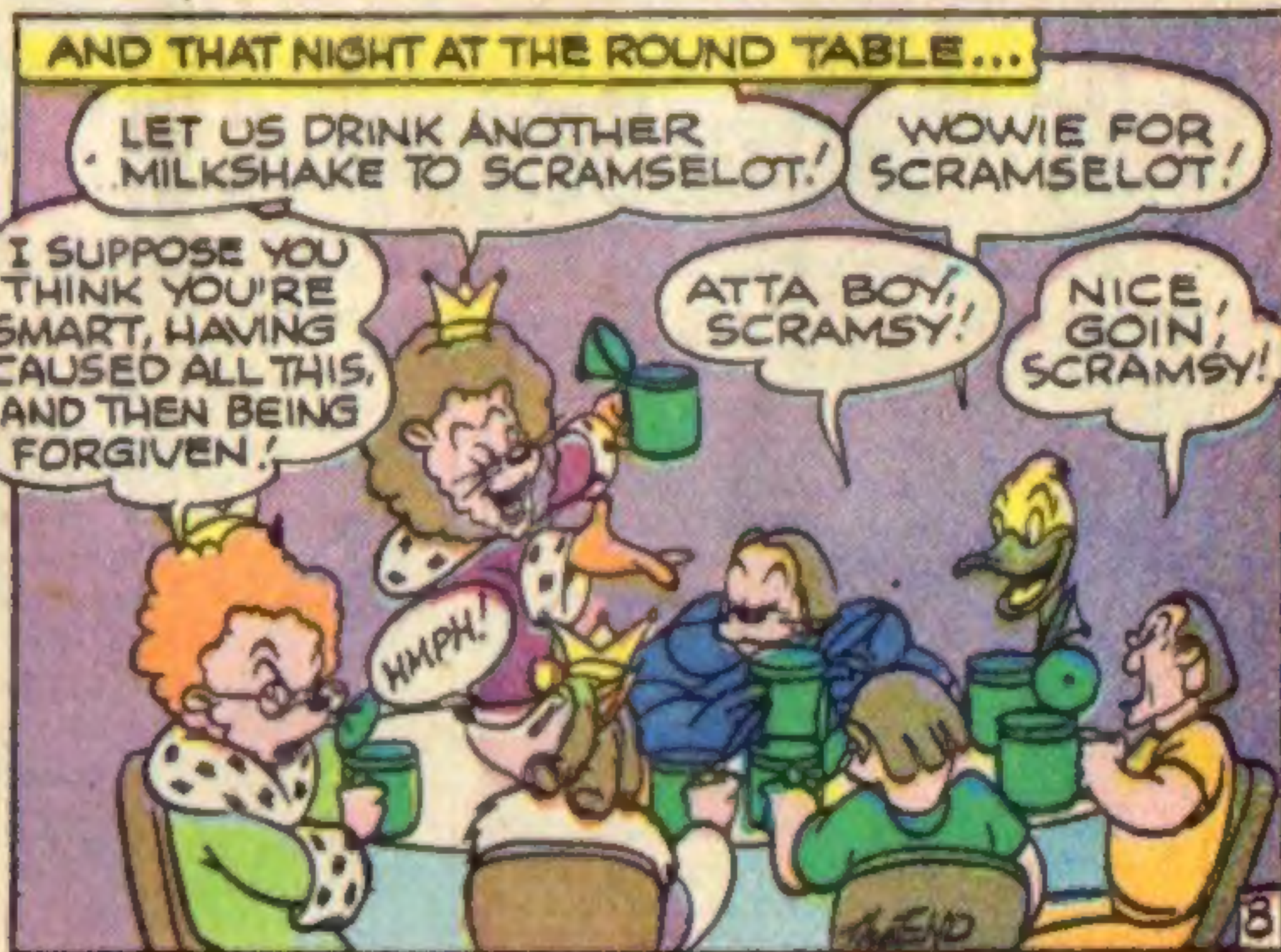
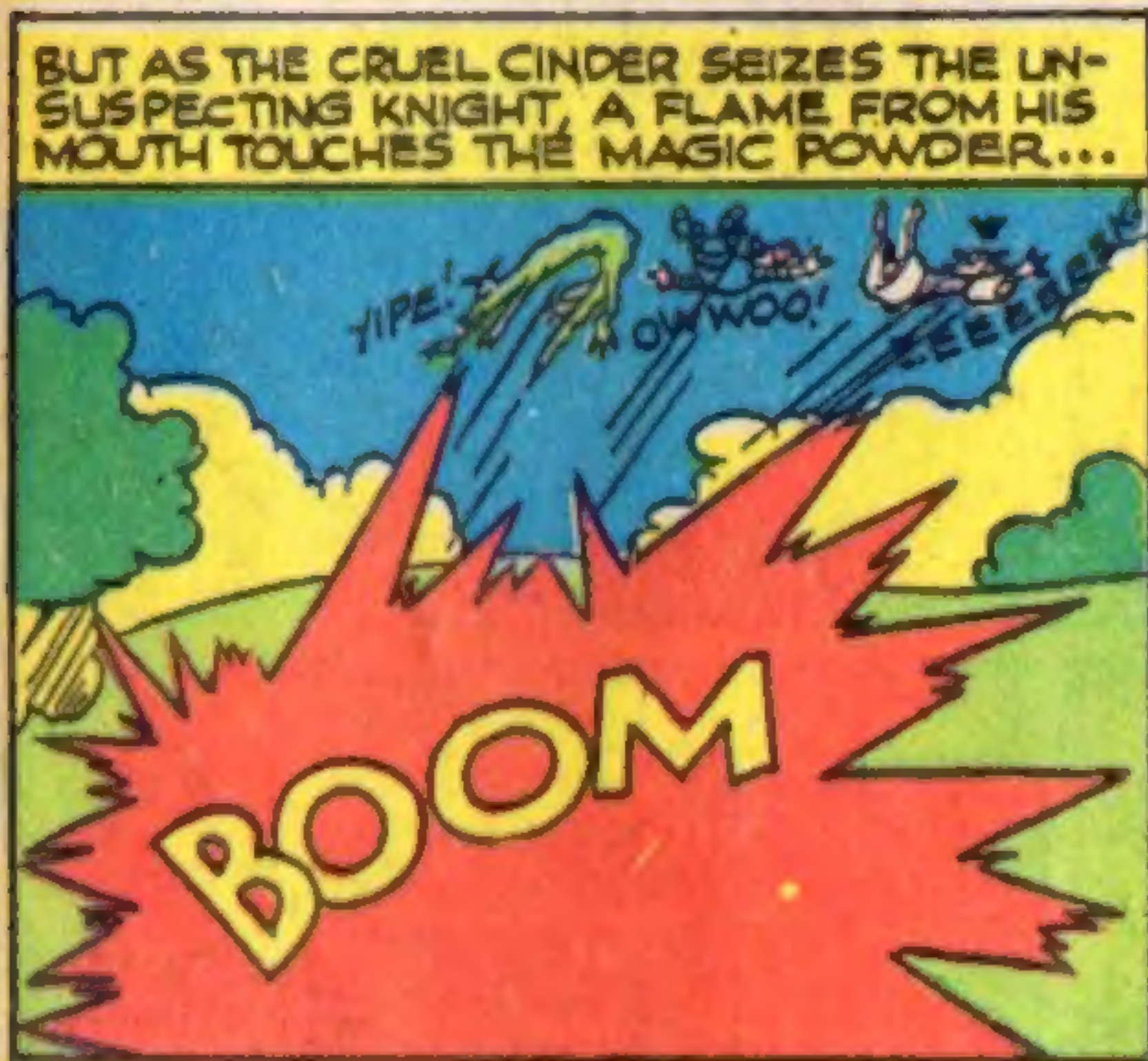
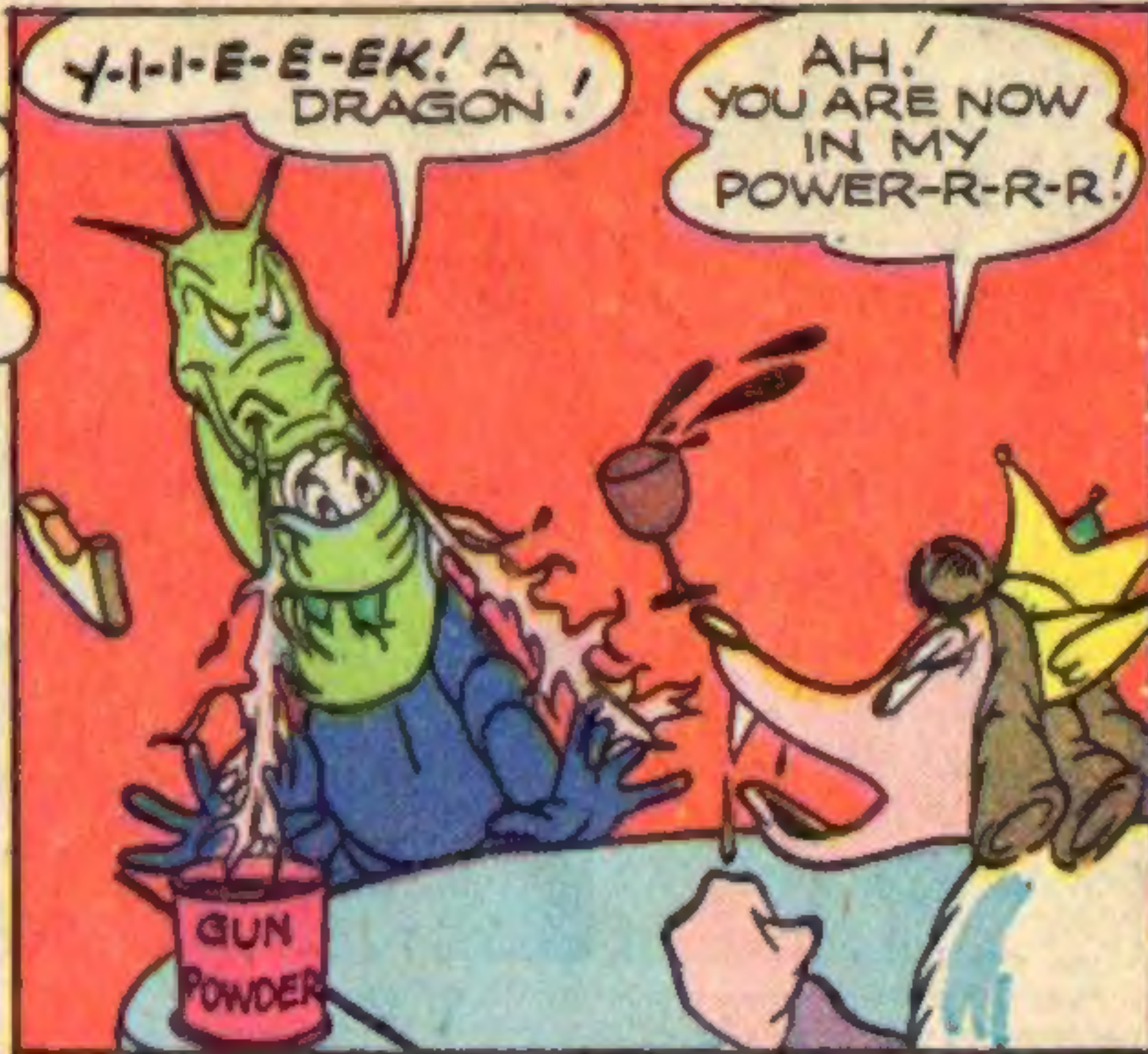
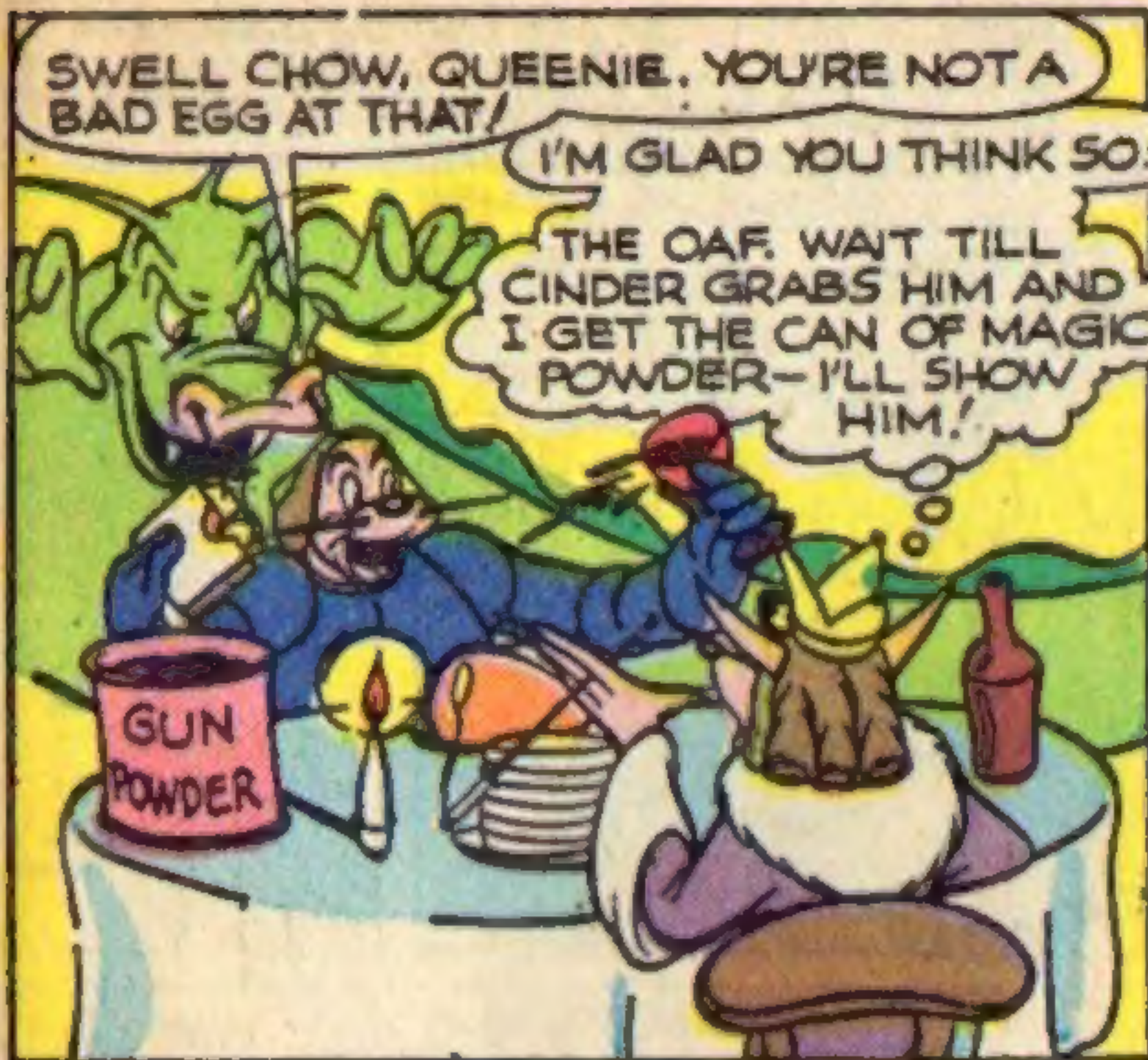
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, SIR SORE-HED!







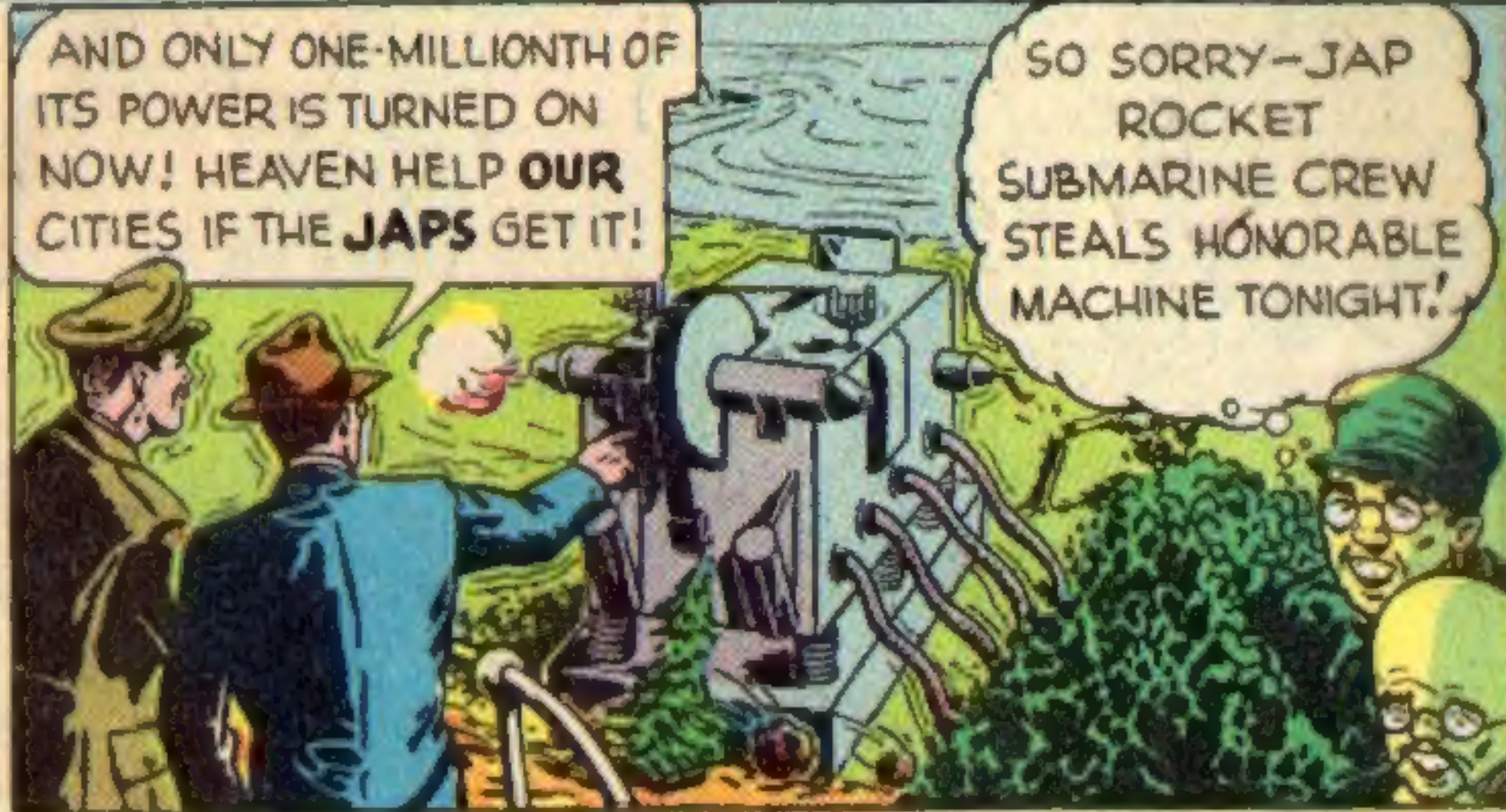




How THOM McAN MADE TOKYO TREMBLE

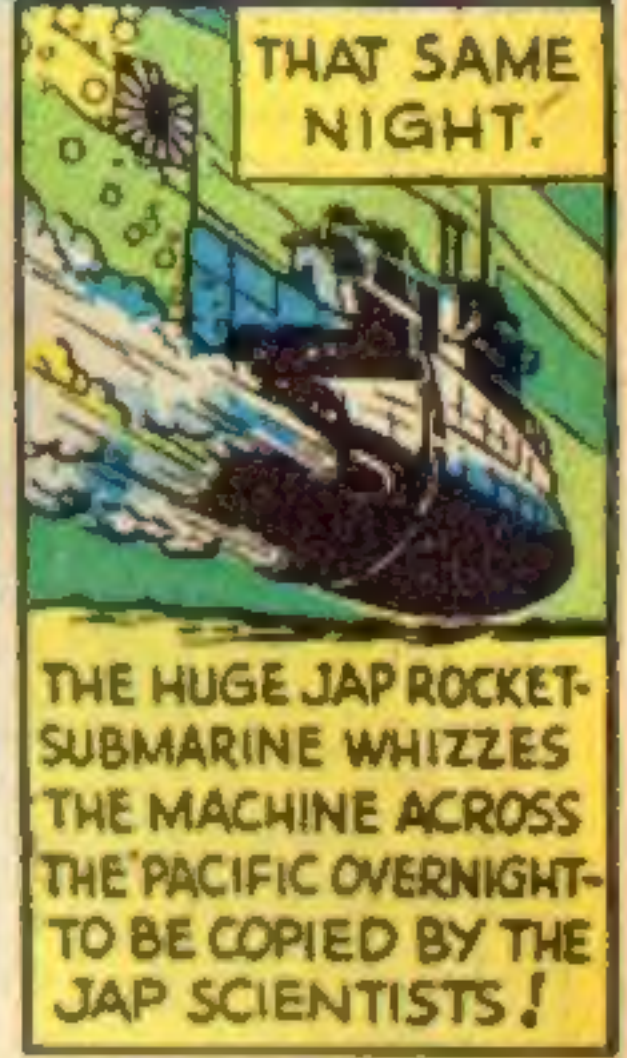
WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

A SECRET EARTHQUAKE MACHINE TO DESTROY TOKYO HAS JUST BEEN INVENTED BY SCIENTIST "DOC" DAVIS—A FRIEND OF YOUNG THOM McAN. NOW "DOC" IS SHOWING A TOP U.S. ARMY GENERAL HOW EVEN A TINY PART OF ITS POWER SHAKES THE EARTH!



AND ONLY ONE-MILLIONTH OF ITS POWER IS TURNED ON NOW! HEAVEN HELP OUR CITIES IF THE JAPS GET IT!

SO SORRY—JAP ROCKET SUBMARINE CREW STEALS HONORABLE MACHINE TONIGHT!



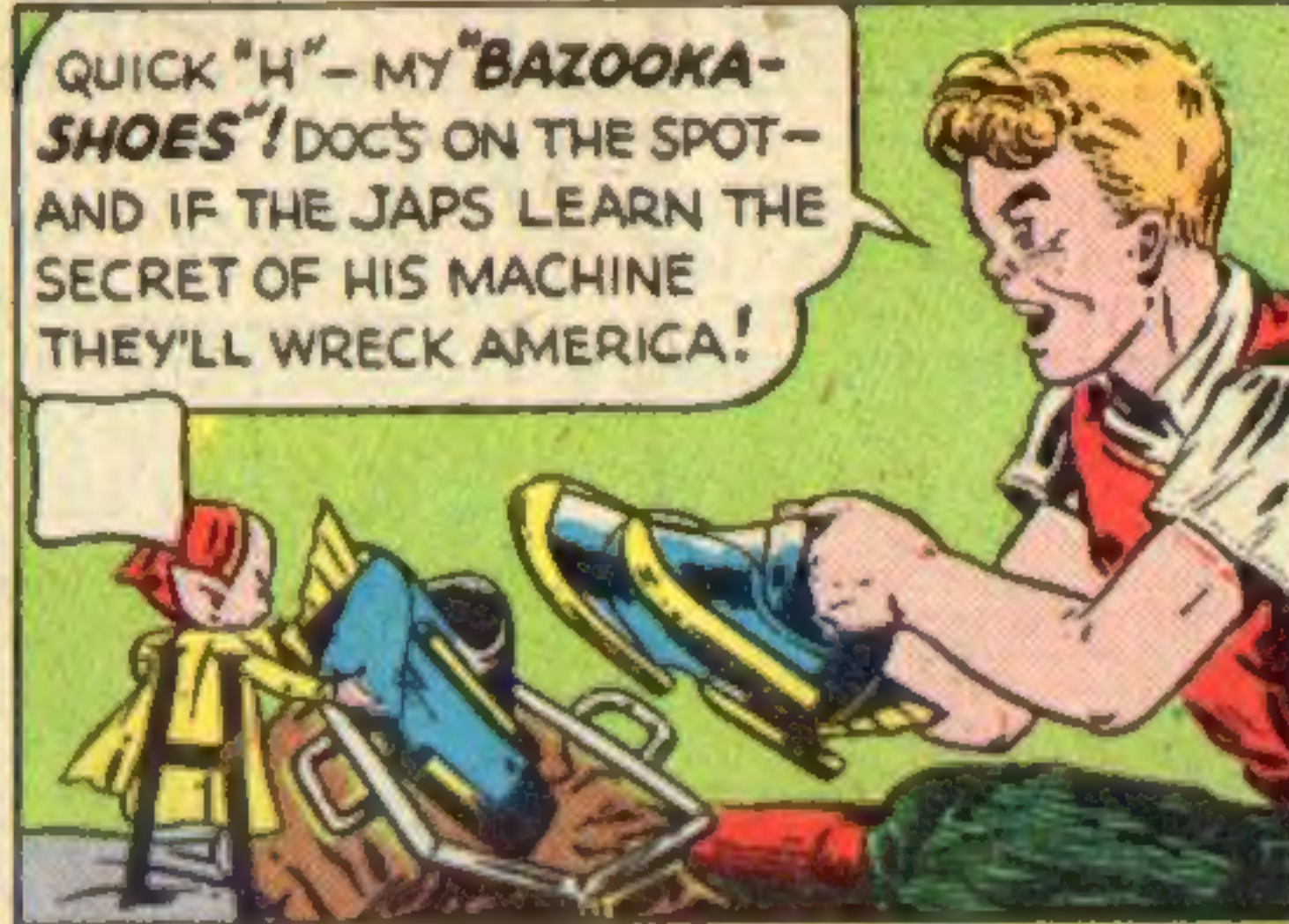
THAT SAME NIGHT.

THE HUGE JAP ROCKET-SUBMARINE WHIZZES THE MACHINE ACROSS THE PACIFIC OVERNIGHT—TO BE COPIED BY THE JAP SCIENTISTS!

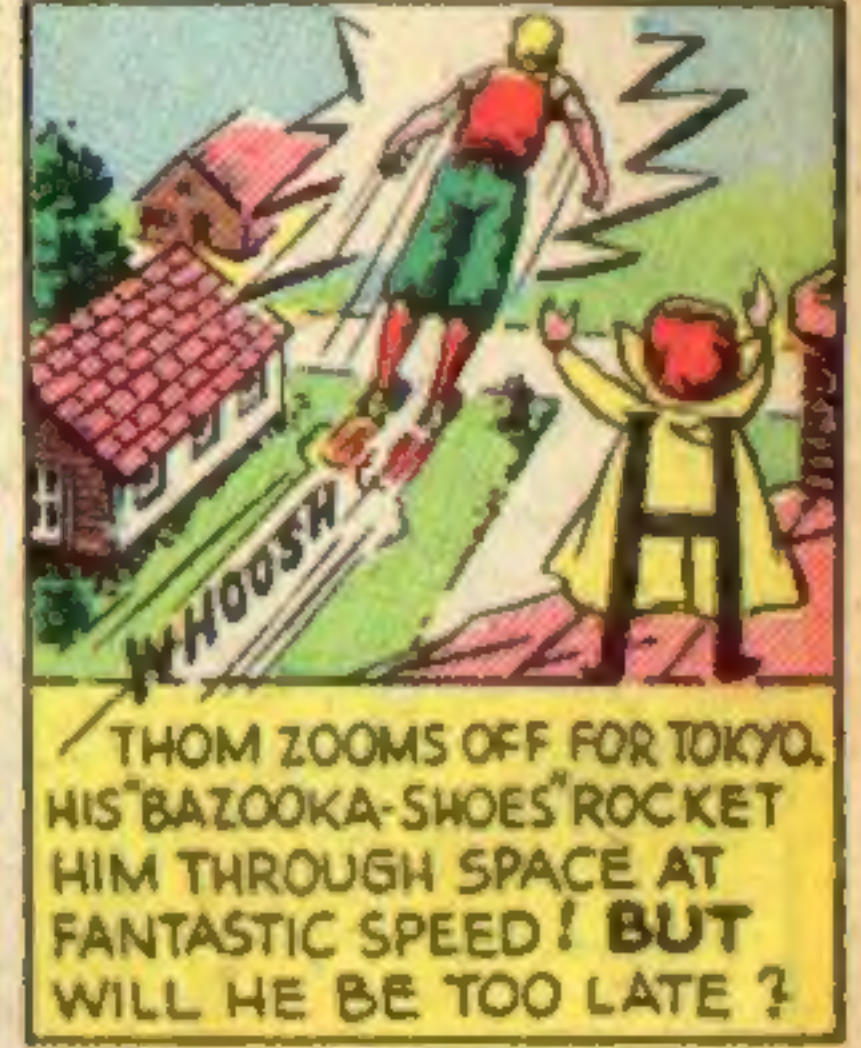


NEXT MORNING.

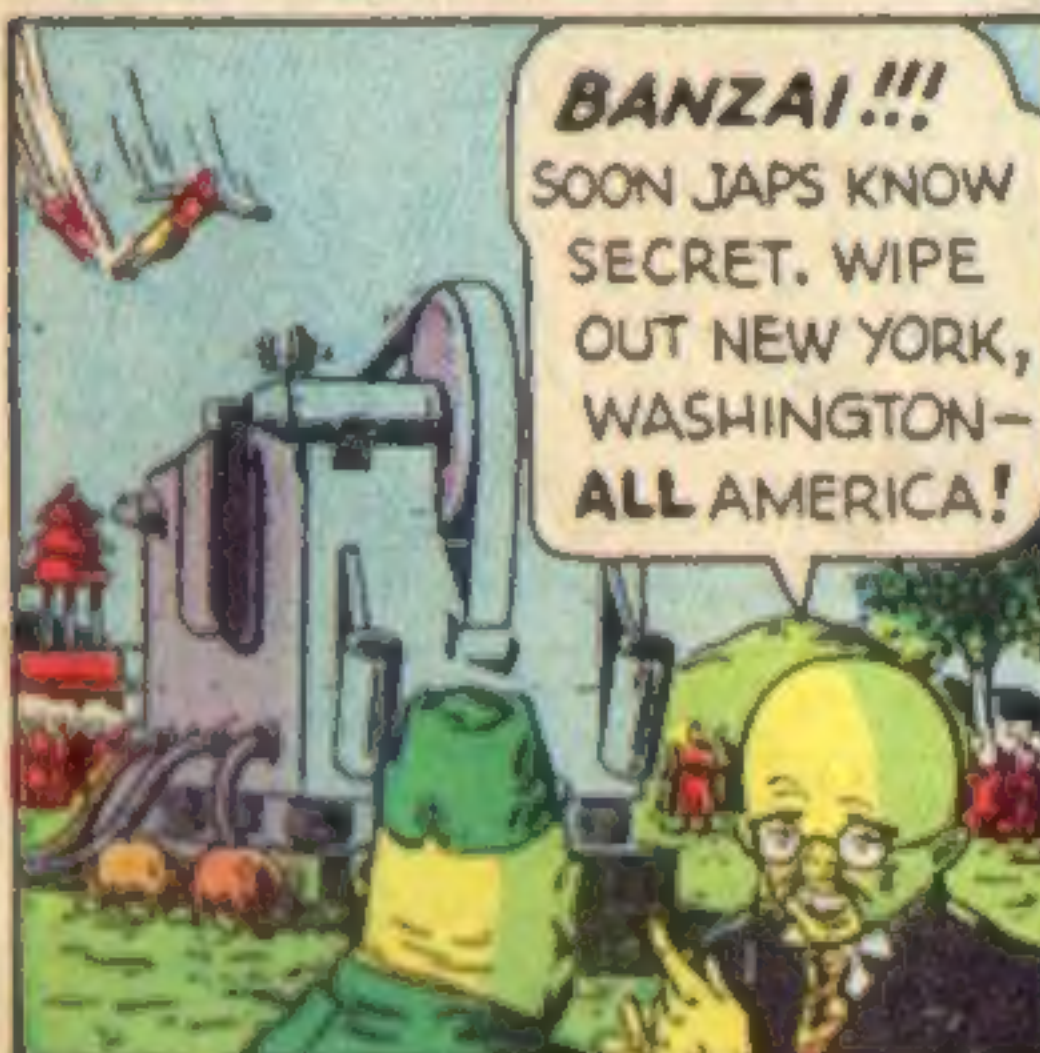
IT'S GONE! STOLEN! IT'S PROBABLY IN TOKYO BY NOW! AND THE ARMY EVEN SUSPECTS ME!



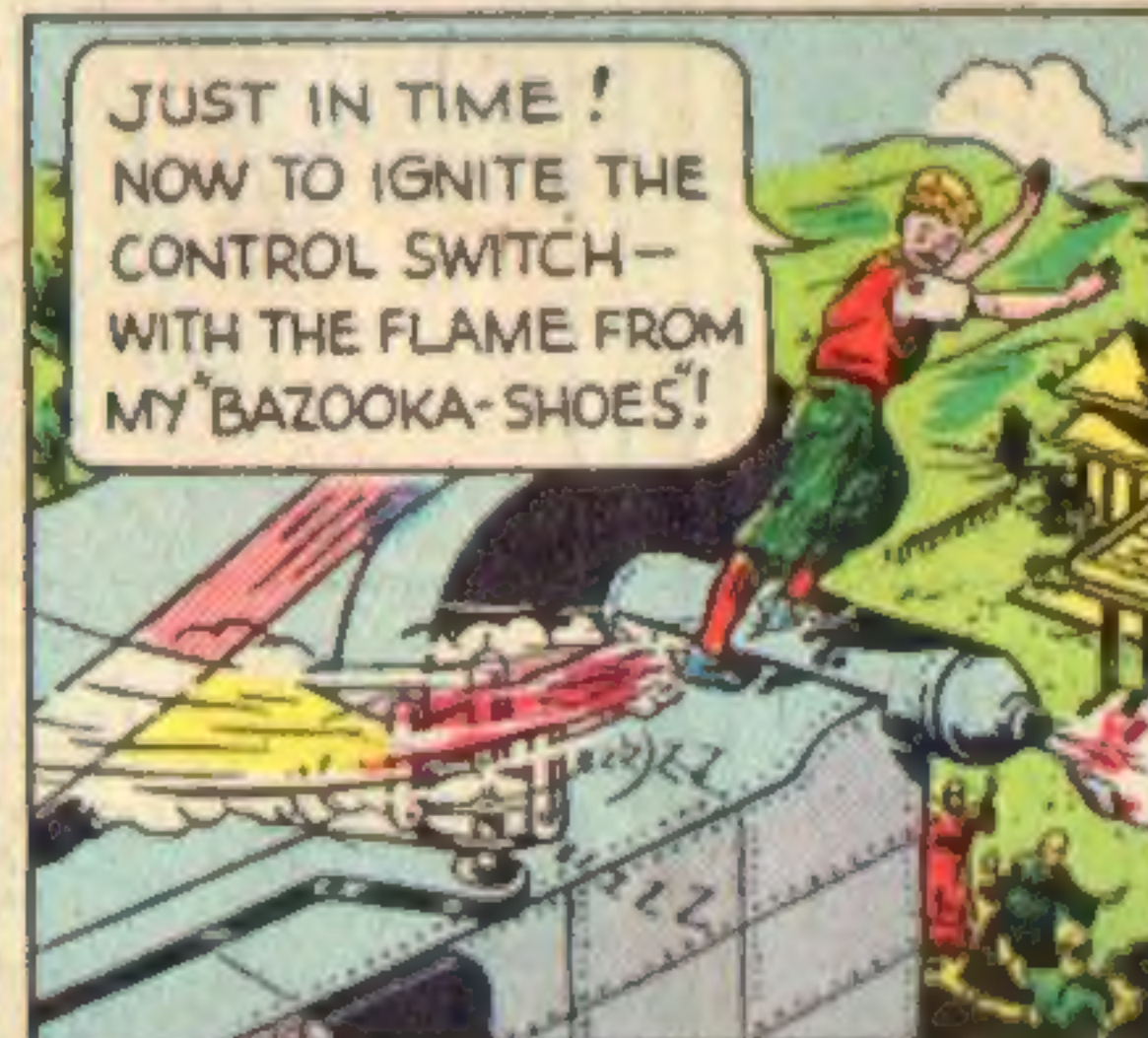
QUICK "H"—MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"! DOC'S ON THE SPOT—AND IF THE JAPS LEARN THE SECRET OF HIS MACHINE THEY'LL WRECK AMERICA!



THOM ZOOMS OFF FOR TOKYO. HIS "BAZOOKA-SHOES" ROCKET HIM THROUGH SPACE AT FANTASTIC SPEED! BUT WILL HE BE TOO LATE?



BANZAI!!!
SOON JAPS KNOW SECRET. WIPE OUT NEW YORK, WASHINGTON—ALL AMERICA!



JUST IN TIME! NOW TO IGNITE THE CONTROL SWITCH—WITH THE FLAME FROM MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"!



BAZ-O-O-O-KA!
BETCHA EVEN HIROHITO'S QUAKING IN HIS SHOES NOW!



YOUR "BAZOOKA-SHOES" SURE SAVED THE DAY! BUT FOR SAVING MONEY ON YOUR EVERYDAY SHOES—AND MINE TOO—HOORAY FOR OUR THOM McANS!

WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN "THOM McAN"—ALWAYS SILENT! (THE "H" IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SPEAKS OUT LOUD!)

Yes—THOM McAN SHOES Are Pretty "Marvelous" TOO!

BOYS—Your feet really "feel at home" in sturdy, comfortable THOM McAN SHOES. So snappily styled they're a big favorite with high school and college crowds. Tough. Husky. Their low price is another marvel! Keen styles in men's sizes too. So—when you buy your next pair of Thom McAns—take Dad with you!



THE THOM McAN X22
Sizes 1 to 5½. Similar Shoe for Men—Style 3080—Sizes 6 to 11.



Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES—IN OVER 300 CITIES

Here's the Greatest **BILFOLD BARGAIN** in all America!

3 BIG VALUES in ONE

All for only
\$2.98

- ★ **SMART ZIPPER LEATHER BILFOLD AND PASS CASE**
- ★ **BUILT-IN CHANGE PURSE**
- ★ **Identification Key Tag**

With Your Name, Address
City and State
Hand Engraved!

It "Zips" All the Way Around



OPEN
VIEW

Clear-View
CELLULOID
WINDOWS

Exteriors Of
These Bifolds
Are Made Of
Such Beautiful
Leathers As SADDLE,
MOROCCO and CALFSKIN!

Complete With
PASS CASE
COIN PURSE
and
CURRENCY
COMPARTMENT

ZIPPERS ARE BACK!!

At Last! Here's the Bifold you've been waiting for since Pearl Harbor. Here's the Bifold most wanted by men everywhere—now for the first time offered at a price that's sensationally low for a Bifold of such unmistakable fine quality. You've never known real Bifold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-all-around" DeLuxe Pass Case Bifold with its Built-in Change Purse and roomy Currency Compartment. When closed it's as neat and safe a Bifold as you've ever seen. Shake it all you want and nothing can fall out. Slips easily into your back pocket or coat and will not bulge out of shape. Yet when you want to get at it, the Bifold "Zips open all the way"—so that everything you carry is in full plain view, ready for instant use. No guess-work. No fumbling into tight corners to get at valuables.

Here without a doubt is the last word in a real man's Bifold. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him—his currency, his change, his credit and membership cards, his personal identification. Along with the all around Zipper Bifold and Change Purse, we also include a hand engraved Identification Key Tag as shown. You get the 3 Big Values in one as described all for only \$2.98. But hurry. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just rush your order on the handy coupon below today. On arrival, pay postman only \$2.98 plus 20% tax and postage with understanding that if this isn't the greatest Bifold Bargain you've ever seen, you can return in 10 days for full refund.

CLOSED
VIEW

Hand Engraved Identification Key Tag
Included With Every Zipper Bifold!



We also send you this beautiful 3-color identification key tag, hand engraved with your full name, address, city and state. It's the ideal key tag. Provides ample room for all your keys with your permanent identification for recovery in case of loss.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 4357
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

☐ Please rush me the "All-around" Zipper Pass Case Bifold with Built-in Change Purse and hand engraved Identification Key Tag. On arrival I will pay postman only \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. Charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the bifold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS _____

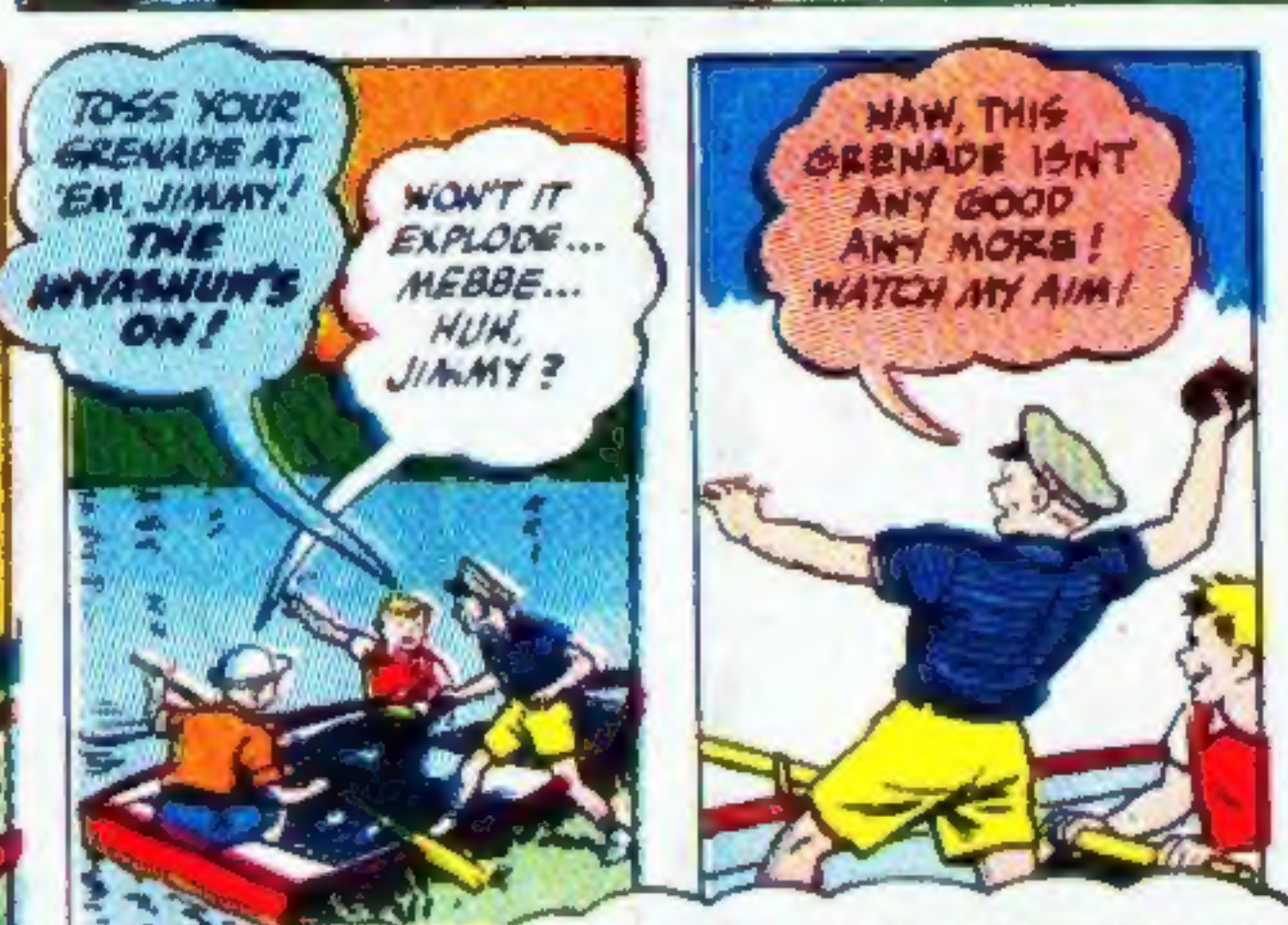
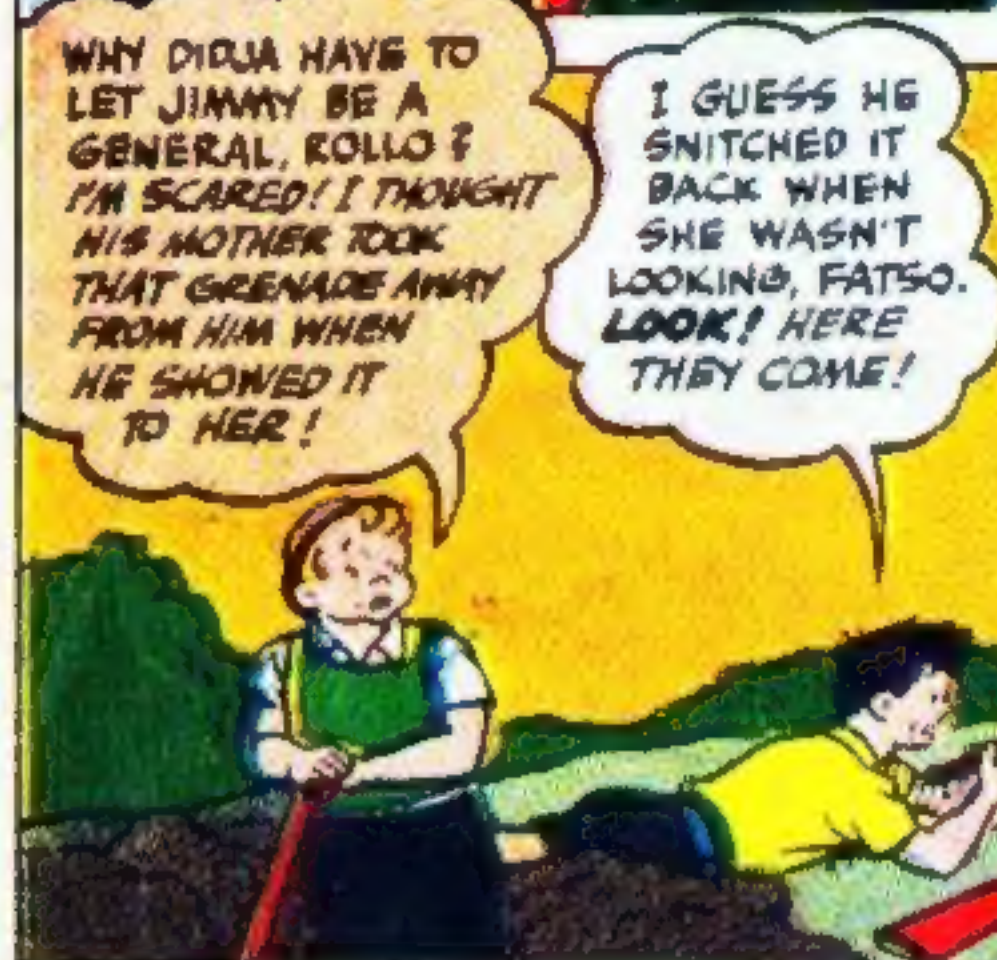
CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (total \$3.58). Please ship my Zipper Bifold order all postage charges prepaid.

Captain Tootsie

AND THE **HAND GRENADE**

BY C.C. BECK AND PETER COSTANZA





HERE'S A TIP!

CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND I GET LOTS OF EXTRA ENERGY FROM **TOOTSIE ROLLS**. SO CAN YOU!

TOOTSIE ROLLS are not only delicious, but a fine food as well! They're made with milk and loads of other body-building ingredients which give you the energy you need to win. And TOOTSIE ROLLS give you energy fast! You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles after you pop a TOOTSIE ROLL into your mouth! Try a TOOTSIE!



STILL ONLY 1¢